June 7, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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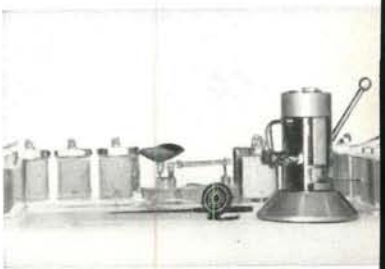

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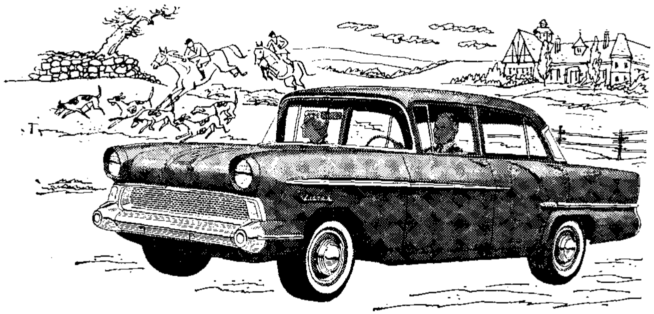

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—A study by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble of the war between the generations. Sombre but plausible and often entertaining, with good performances by June Walker, Chester Morris, Burt Brinckerhoff, Carol Lynley, and Warren Berlinger. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge may have tried to say a little too much in this play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties, but it is still one of the most effective contributions to the season. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the superlative cast; Elia Kazan directed; and Ben Edwards designed the set. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jane Eyre—Except for that pyromaniac in the west wing, there isn't anything to stir you much in Huntington Hartford's adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's novel. With Eric Portman, Blanche Yurka, and Jan Brooks. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

Look Back in Anger—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, and he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

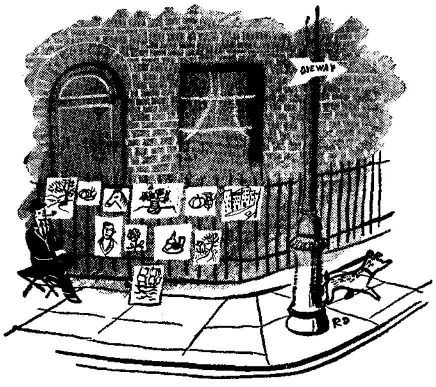
Look Homeward, Angel—The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, expertly stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. With Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, Victor Kilian, Arthur Hill, and Florence Sundstrom. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a lovely part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with tremendous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, and Henry Jones. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—This Anouilh comedy about a delightful collection of lunatics and lovers is enchanting, and Helen Hayes is really dazzling in one of the leading roles. The cast also includes Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 14.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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8	9	10	11	12	13	14

Two for the Seesaw—William Gibson's accurately reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York is impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft serve brilliantly as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Visit—Maurice Valency's translation of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play about a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her, is chillingly effective theatre. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are superb as the vengeful lady and her victim, and Peter Brook's direction of the enormous cast is admirable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, July 5.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—A laugh-a-minute, or thereabouts, comedy by Norman Krasna, full of tricks, mechanical scenery, and first-rate comedians. The latter include Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Larry Blyden, and Roland Winters. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—auntie mame: Beatrice Lillie has replaced Greer Garson as Auntie in this adaptation of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne does a stunning job on some very fetching Harold Arlen songs in this West Indian idyll, but she and her associates are somewhat handicapped by the porous plot. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for the brassy delights of this musical, which has something to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are also in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—A rearrangement of the film called "The Captain's Paradise." It may lack some of the humor of the original, but it is still reasonably droll, largely because of the presence of Tony Randall in the central part. Al Morgan and José Ferrer handled the book, Jay Livingston and Ray Evans supplied the songs, and Mr. Ferrer directed. With Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—"Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Arthur Laurents wrote the book, which seems a bit wanting in emotional content, and Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim did the music and lyrics, which have a high, wide, and handsome range. The direction and choreography, by Jerome Robbins, are exactly right. Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, and Carol Lawrence lead a hard-working cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—bells are ringing: Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is on hand, too. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **li'l abner:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes are the present principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. The cast also includes Ronald Radd, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 8.)

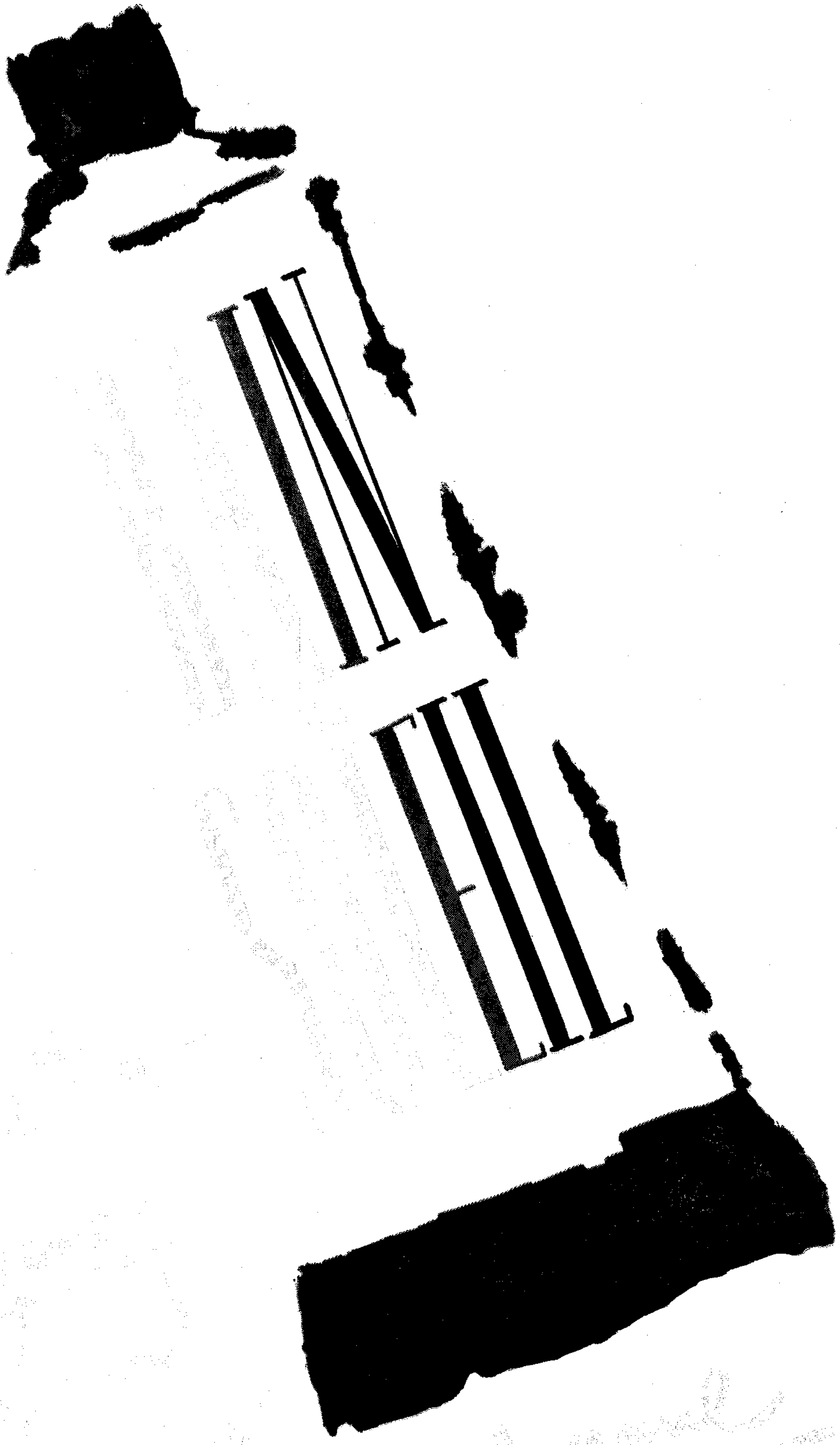
OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, June 6: "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, June 12, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40;

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 16, June 7, 1958. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.


IN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Children of Darkness—Peg Murray and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk, Tom Pedi, Michael Constantine, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Garden District—Two plays—"Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer"—make up this Tennessee Williams double bill. The cast includes Ann Harding and Anne Meacham. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Philanderer—A Shaw item, with William Landis and Del Tenney. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 8.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Elspeth March. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Sign of Winter—Ettore Rella's verse play, with Elizabeth Farrar and Jay Barney. (Theatre 74, 334 E. 74th St. TR 9-4830. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Madeline Lee. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—An adaptation, by Padraic Colum, of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." The cast, directed by Burgess Meredith, includes Zero Mostel and Beatrice Arthur. Opens Thursday, June 5. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Dance Drama Company—A company headed by Mark Ryder and Emily Frankel, in a program of ballet and modern, ethnic, jazz, and comic dance. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. GR 5-9123. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—It looks like a perpetual Academy Award night, which may or may not be the end of a perfect day. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never say die.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Live and let live is the idea back of the Cotillion Room, where even the brass section of Joseph Ricardel's dance band is on its best behavior. Now and again, the surface is mildly ruffled by a drifting covey of violins and by the voice of Betty Benee, a blonde of the type often thought of as dizzying. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Celeste Holm, the coolest, tallest, and blondest cucumber in town, plays to the hilt a song, dance, and short story about womankind's favorite dish, mankind. The engraved invitation to the dance issued by Ted Straeter's virtuoso orchestra and Mark Monte's energetic boys is good all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, a show place for the outer woman and a restaurant to please the inner man, offers dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then play dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill contains Sammy Kaye's band, shuttling between audience participation (which you can get on television almost any old time) and dance music. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The top of the evening, as well as the top of Manhattan, awaits the journeyer from the city streets. Here one can dance all evening to the pink-champagne music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's dance orchestra just keeps rolling along.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave., at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, which clings to its perch despite the wholesale demolition of Park Avenue, the feasting music stops at nine and the prancing music immediately ensues. The prancing music is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

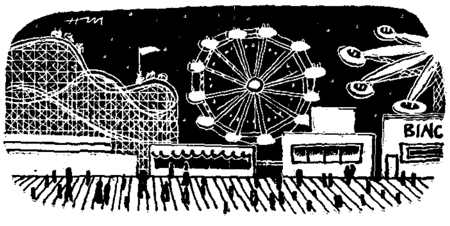
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Aboard the Starlight Roof, the constellations in the ceiling are the work of Consolidated Edison, but the music on the floor comes from an exotic world of tumultuous Latins who make up Xavier Cugat's vast orchestra and Tito Guizar's band. Abbe Lane sings with the Cugat boys after the theatre. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On a picturesque island of the voluminous Peacock Alley, the trio of Jozsi Ribari does débutante-speed dance music from eight until one every night but Sunday, when, from eight to twelve, the Béla Babai band is the stand-in.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a well-known promontory, presents hushed non-dance tunes by Joseph Sudy's trio from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday, to say nothing of cocktails and such. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Still, after all these years, a green pasture for the taking of ease, nourishment, and the piano of Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper with tunes that bring back fond memories. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The mixture is varied—fresh-water pearls with their first beaux, lifetime nighthawks out (or in) for the air. The professional part of the roundelay is Al Mello's piano. It starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' Louisiana houseparty involves a bar-and-grill, a great deal of piano (both solo flights and teamwork) by the innkeeper and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the house guests, all of whom seem to have known one another since the cradle, and some of whom haven't been long out of it. The first chord is struck at five. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, which deal, tersely or lightly, with the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid. Sam Hamilton puts music to her words. Miss Mercer arrives around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Holiday in Rome, under the guidance of veteran chefs; holiday with strings, under the guidance of Teo Fanidi, whose lilting and circumnavigating violinists go, go, go all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): You could cut the decorum with a knife. A better plan is to just listen to the guitar recitals of Renato Rossini, who runs a warm, nostalgic gamut from A (for Albéniz) to Z. His hours are nine to one, and his last night will be Friday, June 13. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence—peaceful old Florence before it was punctuated by backfiring Vespas and Lambrettas—has been reëstablished by Arturo Sacco, for nearly a generation the major-domo of the Blue Angel. Calm, clear piano at intervals from dinnertime on. Through Saturday, June 7, there'll also be a brief revue, mostly whipped cream, operated by four personable young people. This happens after the theatre. Closed Mondays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, playing old black magic on the dark keys and old white magic on the others, has the run of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards having a good, tense, hot-blooded, folksy old time, which leads to plenty of native singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Comic-opera life in the Middle Ages, with armor plate, halberds, and round tables, but no knights. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Chamber music, piano, and voice—always quiet, but always, too, a typical Spanish blend of fire and sorrow. It begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. The décor is Iberian midsummer night's dream. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): After ten in this odd little art gallery, Johnnie LaSalle's quartet makes the noise. Cecil Young, whose piano is augmented by a bass, sings, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The way Mittel-europa should be at night—sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbalons, and other quaint regional artifacts. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. Off and on, there's rambling piano by George Feyer all the way from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Sunday, is giv-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing it more lively touches than he used to. . . . CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has someone scampering up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays. . . . CASANOVA, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Casanova, the original fun-loving Rover Boy, would have liked this fashionable boudoir. The music—table-to-table violin all evening and heartfelt outbursts of opera around suppertime—is hand in glove with the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . STANHOPE GATE, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): After a hard day at the Metropolitan Museum, you might try a stirrup cup in the decorator's-delight bar of the Stanhope Hotel, between nine and around midnight, when the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, who takes his work (mostly Spanish) seriously, is audible. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): An odd place for the likes of Ella Fitzgerald, who probably sings her best draped casually against a mahogany bar, not embedded in a floor show whose motif is carnival in storied old Peoria. Dancing. . . . LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Les girls, les girls, les girls, served on the half shell or none at all, and presented in haphazard collaboration with the Bernard Brothers (rapscallion pantomime), tumblers, dancers, flying bird cages, for-real rainstorms, fevered tempos, and (by no means least) Johnnie Ray, a cakewalking, sidewinding troubadour when he's not engaged in doing the Lord's work. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Shelley Berman, a deep thinker quite capable of keeping his powder and his wit dry no matter how stormy the weather, ends his term of office on Monday, June 9. The rest of the cast—George Matson, whose mimicry of American womanhood would be libel if it weren't so funny; Michelle Laura, a French calla lily in full bloom, with songs to match; and Randy Sparks, purveyor of ballads from the wide-open spaces—will remain on duty. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the pulsing background. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays, from 2 to 4 A.M., the Lyons trio runs riot. . . . DOWNSTAIRS ROOM, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's third annual portmanteau revue is a graphic example of what happens when you don't put big-city children to bed early. The children are Ceil Cabot, Jenny Lou Law, Jean Arnold, and Gerry Matthews; their bellwether is Mickey Deems, who is just as irresponsible. The disrespectful words and music come from such clear thinkers as Ronny Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestra is the double piano of Arthur Siegel and Carl Norman. Nine-thirty and twelve are the starting hours, and Sunday is the day of rest. . . . UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The annex of the Downstairs Room, and a promenade where hearts are light and gay. Isobel Robins, a handsome child no taller than a daisy but twice as fresh, sings songs of cajolery; Ralph Strain has the run of the piano, which is dulcet most of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The small bar is a rostrum for Joey Carter, a jokester with the memory of an elephant, and Mardi Bayne, a recent arrival in the realm of balladry. He is off Sundays; she is off Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. Sundays, old movies, too; Mondays, amateur talent, too. . . . DAQ ROOM, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): Astern of the Midtown Café *lies this little-known port on the seacoast of* Bohemia, without any modern inconveniences,

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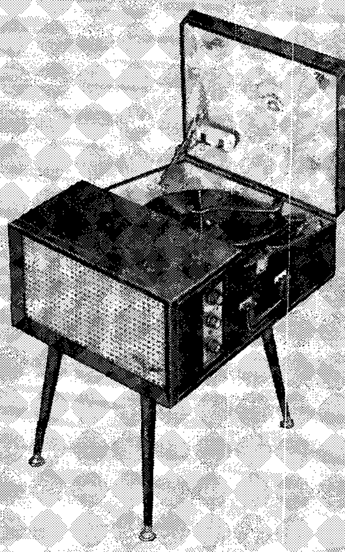

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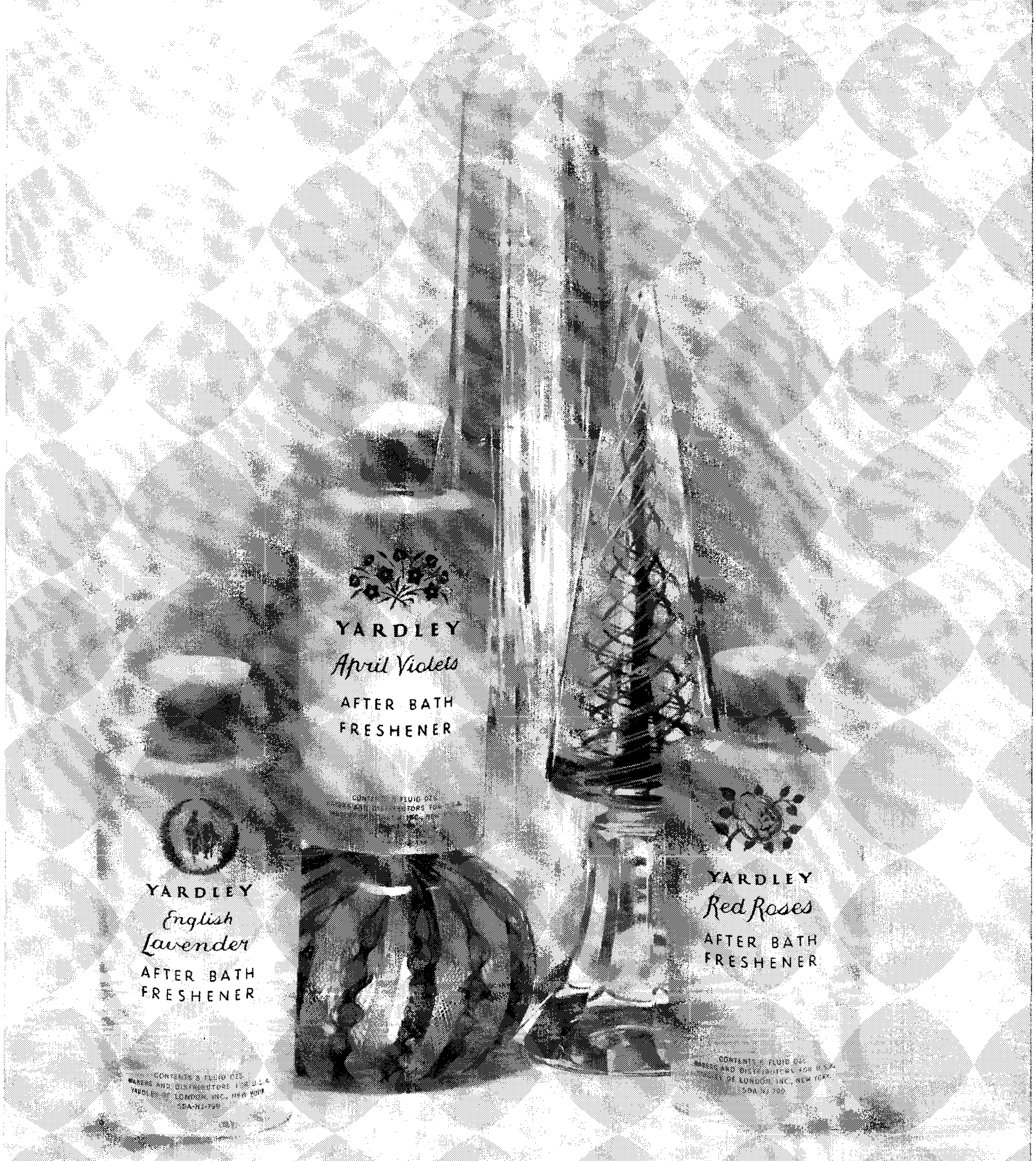
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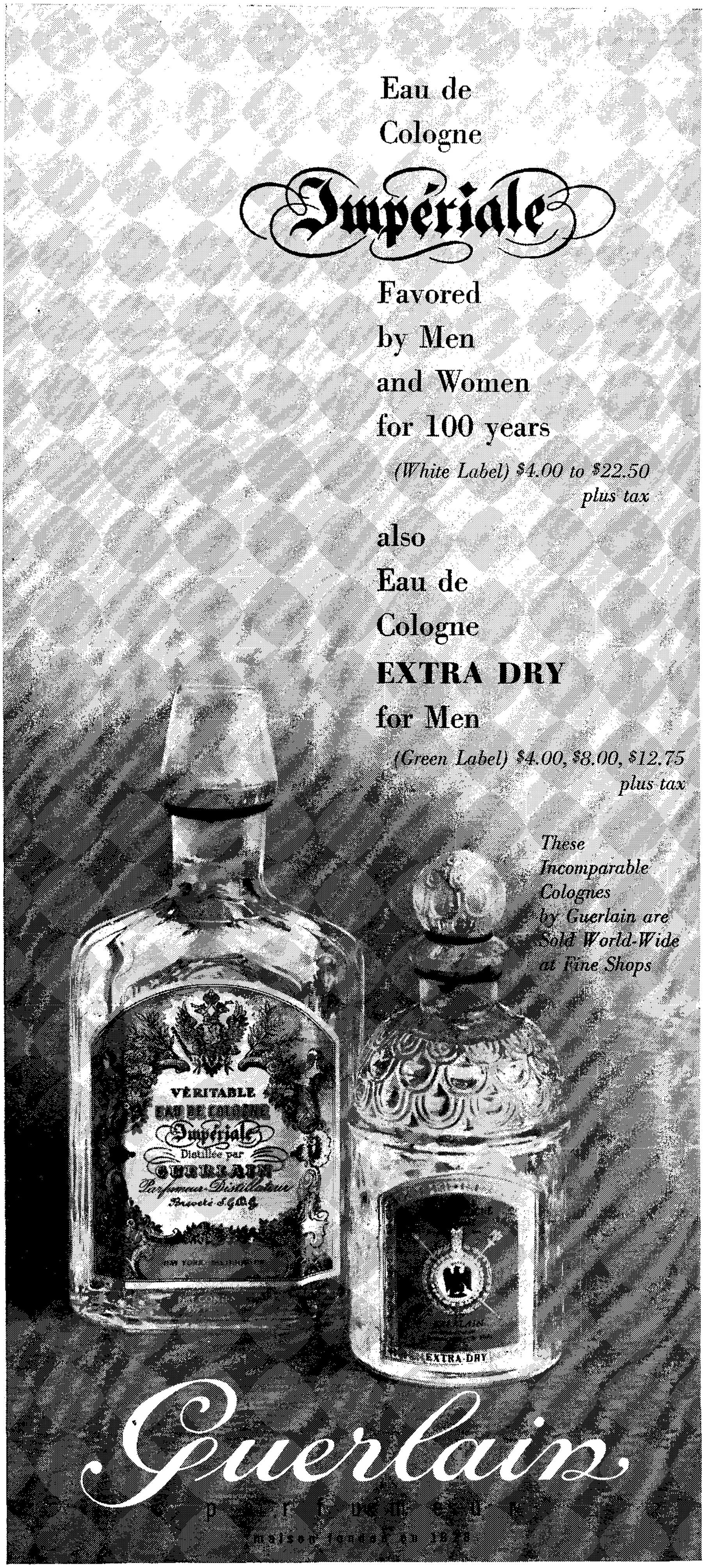
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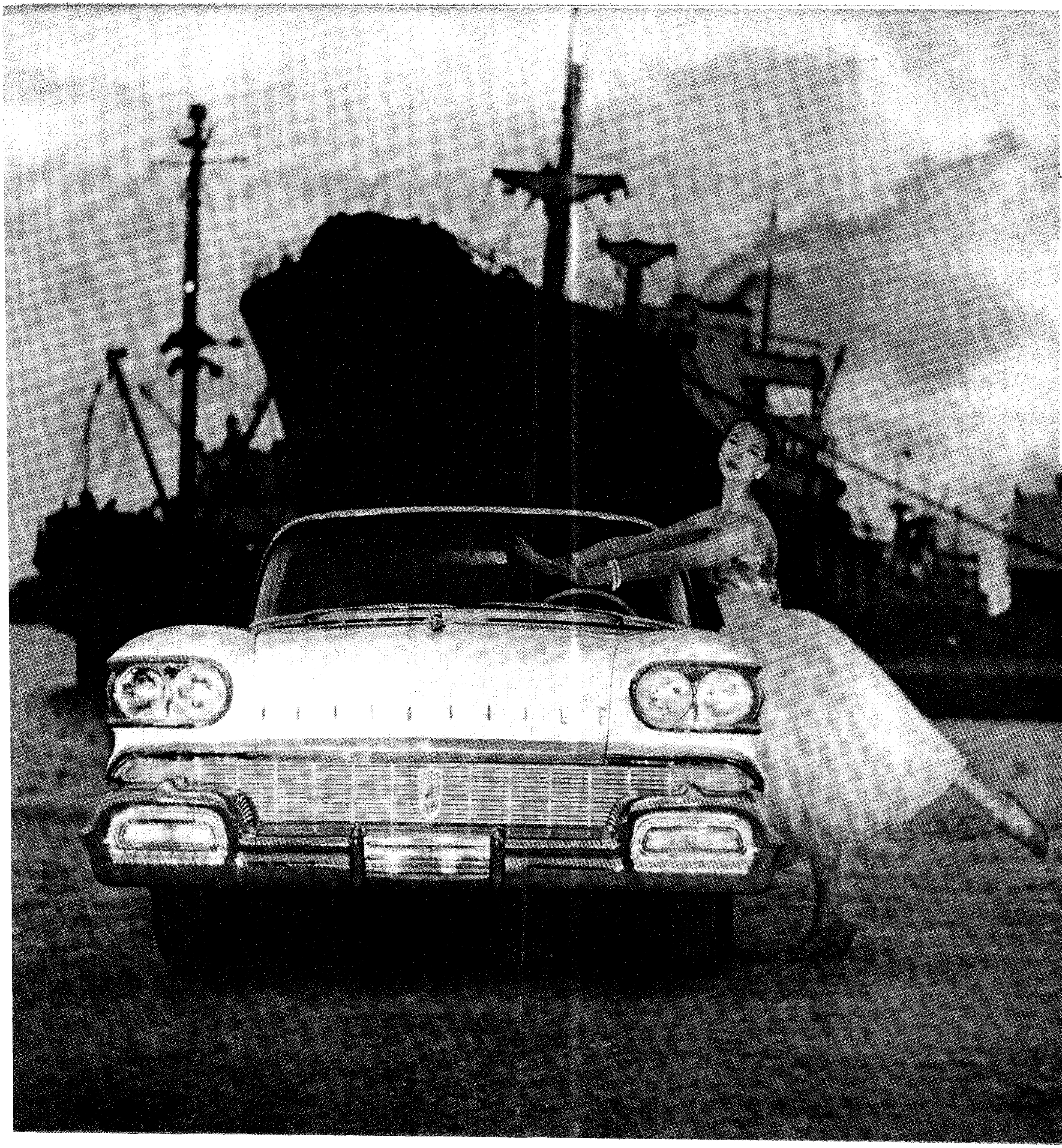
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

such as chromium and microphones. Janice Mars sings with vast simplicity some of the best-put-together words you ever heard, and Baldwin Bergerson, who writes the sort of music that goes with them, assists at the piano. No action Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Just about the littlest stopover on the little-theatre circuit, and faintly helter-skelter. The revue it houses has, along with some flotsam and jetsam, several moments of pure joy, as well as a singer of sad songs, Fia Karin, who does rather well for herself. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at ten and twelve, and Sundays at five-thirty and ten; Mondays are the night before Christmas.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin in a great big debate with Bud Freeman's trio (in which Mousie Alexander is encased) on the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Mr. Condon chips in once in a while with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day, a fine, healthy monument to the latter-day manner of singing, is escorted on her airy way by a trio including Jimmy Jones on piano and John Poole on drums; the rest of the time, Mose Allison, a graduate of the Stan Getz and Gerry Mulligan schools of musical knowledge, plays piano at the head of a trio. They pack up on Sunday, June 8; on Tuesday, June 10, the town gets its first look at the lark named Dakota Staton, whose imitations of nature—from storm at sea to gentle spring rain—are brimful of emotion. The soirée goes on every night but Monday, and there's an additional session from four to seven-thirty on Sundays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): How Camelot has changed since King Arthur was a pup! Redone in pine panelling and any number of microphones, it reverberates to the quartet of Tyree Glenn, who has the electric drive of Gabriel's horn, and a quintet operated by Terry Gibbs, the ecstatic vibes man, which includes Mundell Lowe on electronic guitar and Steve Allen, a utility outfielder from the television studios, on piano. Both groups are away on Sundays, when other musicians take over. On Monday, June 9, Peter Appleyard's quartet will replace the Gibbs platoon. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and others of the faith reliving the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected, unbelievably noisy jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. On Mondays, the evening breeze is shot by house guests. The shop is shut Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The power of positive piano-playing is magnificently demonstrated by Billy Taylor, a young man who has left his fingerprints, all twenty of them, on the annals of the new music. John Bunch, a rather less spectacular pianoforte man, is also around. Each owns a trio. The Bunches stay away on Sundays and the Taylors on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, whose sound is introvert abstract, has the piano in tow from cocktails to nine every night except Sunday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Devoted to those who are eager to fall under the swing and sway (if any) of the new music. The spellbinding is now being done—and neatly, too—by the quintets of Chico Hamilton and J. J. Johnson and the quartet of Johnny Smith, who will all blow out to sea on Wednesday, June 11. A day later, the Hi-Lo's, a most persuasive example of complex part singing, will be moving in, along with Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, which is sometimes nervous energy gang agley, and the eloquent Mitchell-Ruff duo. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Hearings of the interesting case of Don Shirley, a pianist whose legerdemain is second to none but who can't quite decide between jazz and a trip to the moon on gossamer wings. Both



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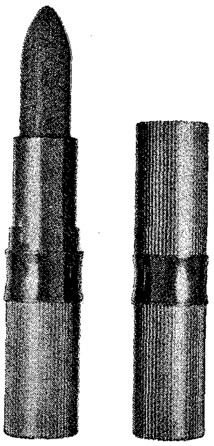

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his aides are bassists. Nine-thirty is take-off time. No music Mondays. The Shirleys call it quits on Sunday, June 8. On Tuesday, June 10, Toshiko Akiyoshi, the little Japanese schoolgirl (Boston's Berklee School of Music), will begin her summer vacation with a trio, two firm hands on a piano, and an eye on the future of American jazz. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the headquarters of Billy Maxted's pepper pots. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Vic Dickenson, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, and Cozy Cole. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, and Pee Wee Erwin join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The pet sport of the beer-and-pretzels customers is turning time backward in its flight to an era they're too young to remember. Among the familiar faces on Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, should be Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, Herb Fleming, and Panama Francis. They'll be joined on Saturday by Bob Scobey's Frisco Band. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): In case you can't tell who's on first because of the uproar in the stands, the players are the trios of Dorothy Donegan and Eugene Smith. She gives the piano everything she's got, including her elbows and the back of her hand. Sunday nights are set aside for guest shots. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The on-with-the-new musicians who ebb and flow through these portals wait for no man, but it's roughly even money that the quintet of Gigi Gryce will be on hand through Sunday, June 8, and that Bobby Scott, a pianist whose attack and conversation may call to mind the revered and legendary Harry the Hipster Gibson, will be staying on. On Monday, June 9, Sam Donahue's quartet may or may not join Mr. Scott. The room is closed Tuesdays, but the players make up their homework by reporting at 5 P.M. Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The Lee Konitz quartet, for which Warne Marsh is the saxophone, goes its eerie way down the highways and byways of progress. The Sunday hours are six to twelve; other nights run later. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Blue jeans are the New Look of the fashion show in this Village apothecary. The soothsayers on the stand are Randy Weston's quintet. Mondays, when they take the evening off, Mal Waldron's band fills in. On Thursday, June 12, the Weston group will yield place to Thelonious Monk's quintet. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM**, Hotel Duane, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A youth movement known as the Commuters makes dance music of a progressive flavor beside a tiny exercise area and, led by Helen Streiff, a merry little cricket, engages in a bit of sideplay, too. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

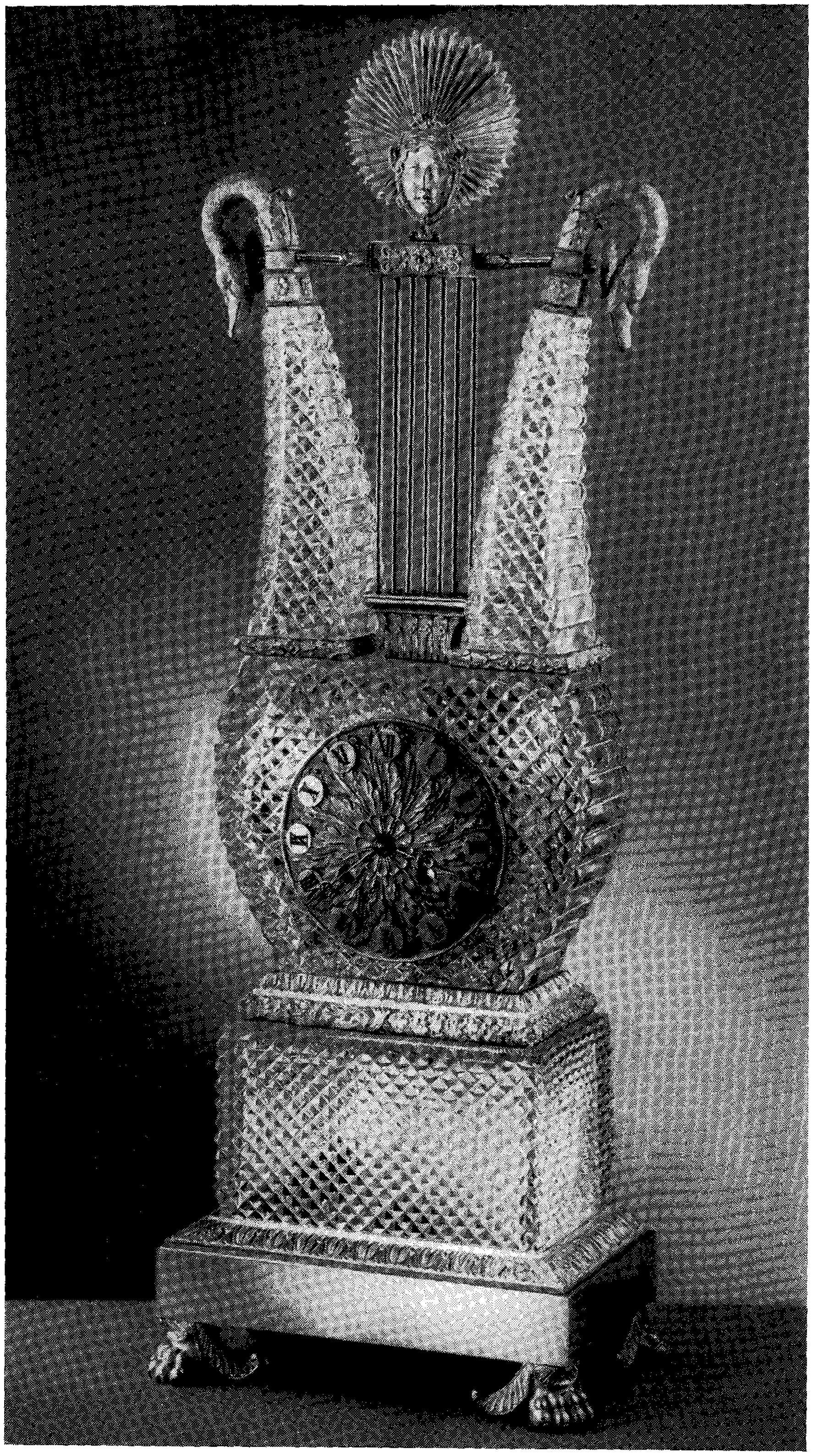
CHARLES DEMUTH—Water colors mostly; through Friday, June 6. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

LEE GATCH—Recent oils; through Saturday, June 14. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Saturdays.)

RUTH GIKOW—Circus subjects and other paintings; through Friday, June 6. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

FRANZ KLINE—New Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, June 14. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his mother, Suzanne Valadon; and his



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

widow, Lucie Valore. Through June 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters—Paintings, sculptures, etchings, and architectural photographs and models by newly elected members of the Institute and by winners of this year's Academy and Institute awards, including Abraham Rattner, Raphael Soyer, Seymour Lipton, Jean de Marco, Henry R. Shepley, and Edward D. Stone; through June 22. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Outdoor Sculpture Shows—At the **BRATA**, 89 E. 10th St.: Rhys Caparn, Sidney Gordin, Ibram Lassaw, and others of the New Sculpture Group; through June 20. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **48 W. 10TH ST.:** The third biennial showing in this Village garden. The dozen participants include Jacques Lipchitz, Hugo Robus, and Helena Simkhovitch; through Sunday, June 8. (Daily, 2 to 6.)

English Sporting Paintings—Works by J. N. Sartorius, John Wooton, Alfred Munnings, and others; through Friday, June 13. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, Alton Pickens, Herman Rose, and Moses Soyer; through Saturday, June 14. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Such painters and sculptors as George L. K. Morris, Reuben Tam, and William King; through June 27. . . . **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A painting apiece by a number of artists, including Harold Baumbach, Geoffrey Holder, and Ralph Rosenborg; through June 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **DE NAGY**, 24 E. 67th St.: Oils by Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Goodnough, Larry Rivers, and others; through June 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: Adolph Gottlieb, Jacques Lipchitz, Saul Steinberg, and several others in a showing of paintings and sculptures, along with selections from their own art collections; through June 28. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A summer exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by gallery members, including Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, and John Costigan; through Sept. 26. . . . **HEWITT**, 29 E. 65th St.: John McClusky, George Tooker, and other painters, plus one sculptor, Jared French; through June 27. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: The roster here lists both members and guests, among them painters Lawrence Calcagno and Seymour Boardman and sculptress Louise Kruger; through June 27. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Participants in a showing of oils include Adolf Dehn, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni; through June 27. . . . **NORDNESS**, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with works by Julian Levi, I. Rice Pereira, Milton Hebald, and others; through June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Grillo, Boris Aronson, Joseph Konzal, and others, each represented by a single painting or sculpture; through Aug. 29. . . . **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: An invitation exhibit of paintings and sculptures by Matsumi Kanemitsu, Herbert Kallem, and others; through Saturday, June 14. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: Lyonel Feininger, Mark Tobey, and Richard Lippold are three of the painters and sculptors in this gallery-group show; through Saturday, June 7.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Eleven Europeans (including Jean Arp and Giorgio de Chirico) and one American (Jackson Pollock) in a showing of paintings dated 1910-50; through Saturday, June 14. (Weekdays, 2 to 6.) . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Hyman Bloom, Leonid, Ben Nicholson, and others; through July 25. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Henry Botkin, André Lanskoy, David Smith, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, June 14. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Loren MacIver, Jean Dubuffet, Theodore Roszak, and others in a painting-and-sculpture exhibit; through June 27. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such modern masters as Utrillo,

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Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Kleemann**, 11 E. 68th St.: German artists, among them Willi Baumeister, Emil Nolde, and Hans Uhlmann, in a showing of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **Saidenberg**, 10 E. 77th St.: A review of the season, consisting of paintings by Klee, Miró, Léger, and others; through June 28. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **Tretyakov**, 11 E. 57th St.: Large academic paintings by a group of Russians, mostly of the nineteenth century and interesting for the view they give of life under the Czars; through June 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Sculptures, oils, drawings, and prints by a dozen artists; through June 28. (Galeria Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through June 29.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Panoramic views of European and Near Eastern cities, as they appeared in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, make up a travelling exhibition of prints from the Swedish Royal Library, in Stockholm; through June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum is closed at present for carpentry and such, and the date of reopening is uncertain.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eleventh national print exhibition; through June 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge by Childe Hassam, Joseph Stella, Lyonel and Andreas Feininger, and others; through July 27. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordin, and Aubrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—About twenty recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Léger, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through July 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of the works of Zvi Gali, an Israeli artist. Included are oil and encaustic paintings (Biblical themes, Israeli scenes, and abstractions), ceramics, and tiles. Through June 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects, in bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A loan exhibition of more than a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by, among others, George Bellows, Stuart Davis, Hans Hofmann, Alexander Calder, and William Zorach) from the private collections of the Friends of the Whitney Museum; through June 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Lyric Chamber Theatre—Milton Rosenstock conducting a program of works by Hugo Weisgall, Wallingford Riegger, and other contemporary composers, with Adelaide Bishop, soprano; Jean Handzlik, contralto; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, June 8, at 2:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 5, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, June 6, at 8; Saturday, June 7, at 2; and Sunday, June 8, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, June 10, at 8; Wednesday, June 11, at 1:30 (doubleheader); and Thursday, June 12, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 13, at 8, and Saturday, June 14, at 2.

Boxing—Willi Besmanoff vs. Harold Carter, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square

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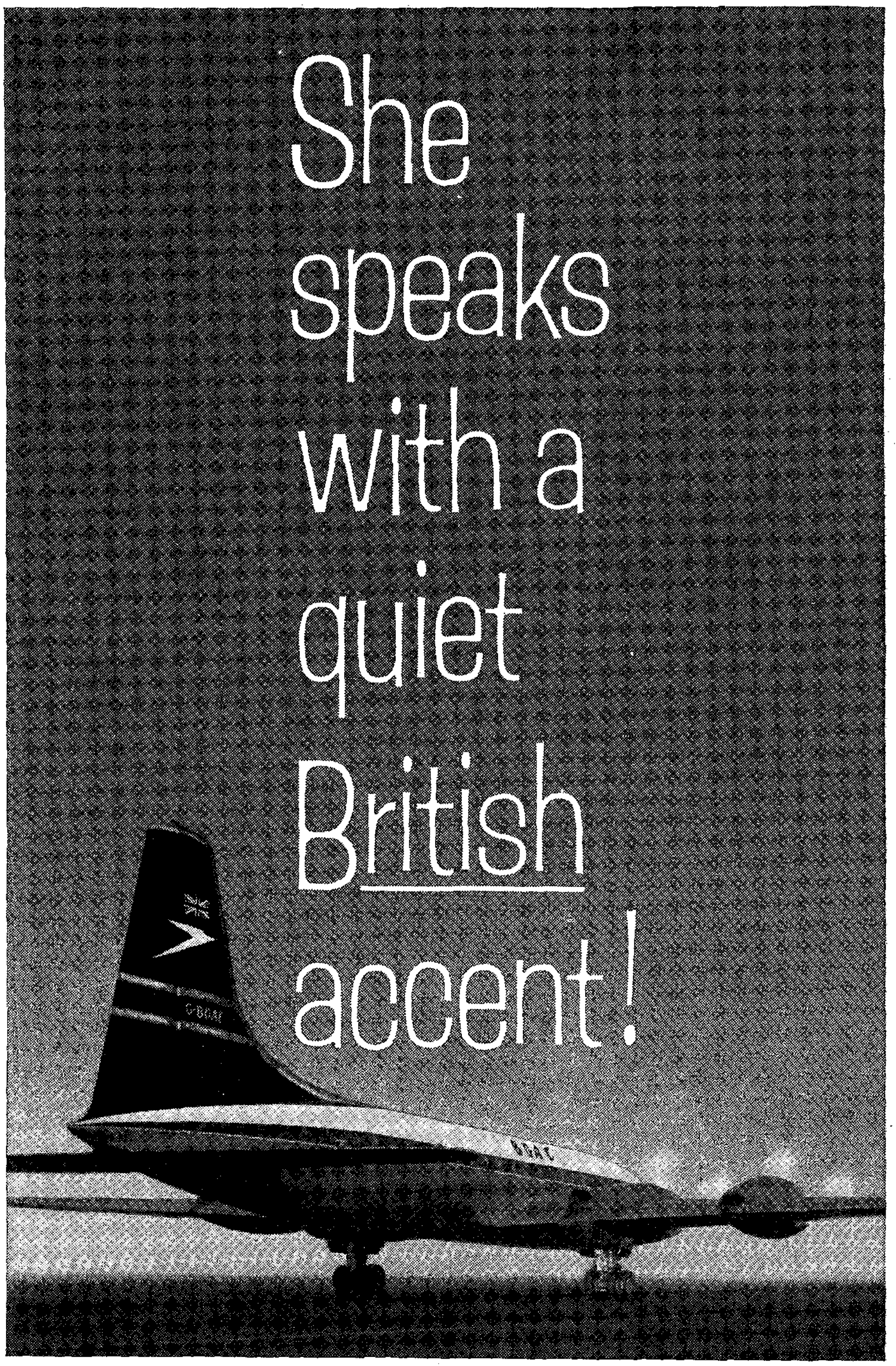

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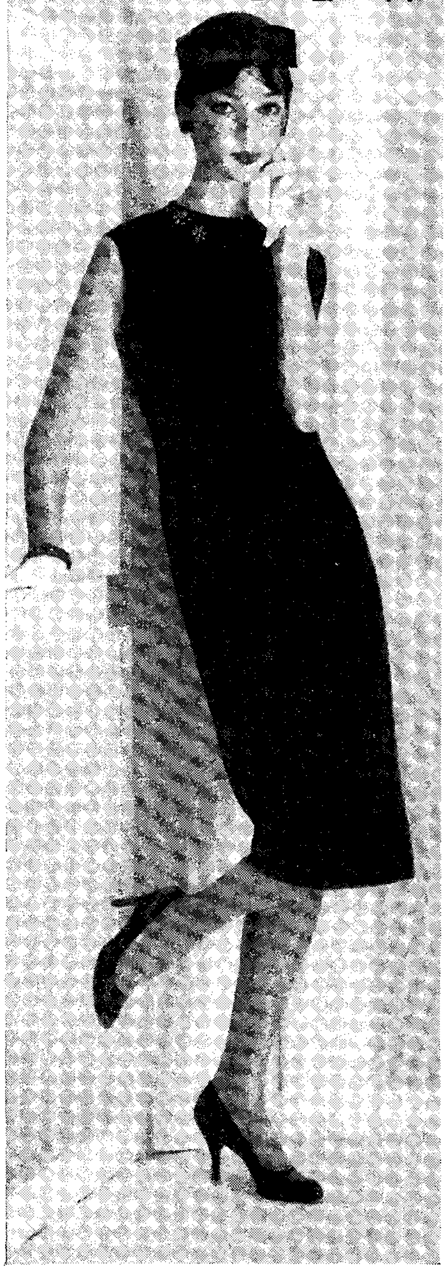

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, June 13. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 14; varsity race at 7:15.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday, June 7.)

Golf—United States Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Thursday and Friday, June 5-6.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Southern Hills Country Club, Tulsa, Okla. Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 12-15.)

Horse Shows—Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington, L.I. Friday through Sunday, June 6-8.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 13-15.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 13-15.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 5. The Belmont, Saturday, June 7; the National Stallion (for fillies), Monday, June 9; and the Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, June 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . NEW WOODBINE PARK, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 7. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Tuesday, June 10, through Wednesday, Aug. 6. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat will leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, June 8, at 2.

Tennis—Amateur matches: Church Cup Matches. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md. Friday and Saturday, June 13-14.) New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Arlington, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 14.) . . . ¶ Professional matches: Pancho Gonzales, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Frank Sedgman, Pancho Segura, Tony Trabert, Rex Hartwig, Donald Budge, and Jack Kramer. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 8-2300. Starting Saturday, June 14, at 2.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, June 5, through Saturday, Oct. 4.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 14.

OTHER EVENTS

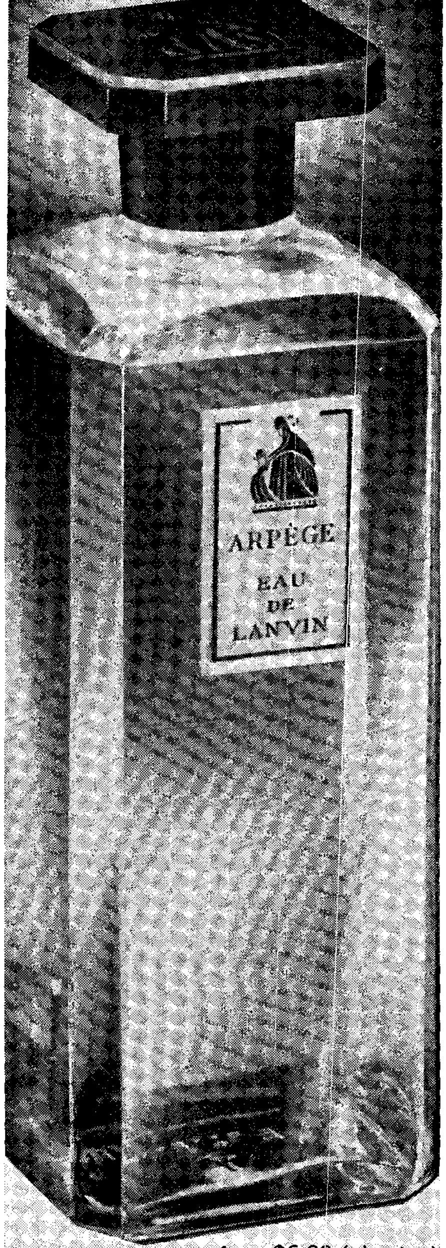
United Nations—The Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene on Monday, June 9. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Flower Show—The twenty-sixth annual flower mart, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Tuesday, June 10, from 10 to 5:30, or, if it rains, on Wednesday.)

Manuscripts and Books—Original manuscripts and related material by newly elected members of, and winners of this year's awards from, the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters. Some of the authors represented are Edith Hamilton, Kay Boyle, Robert M. Coates, Arthur Miller, S. J.

EAU DE LANVIN

ARPEGE



4 oz. $6.00 (plus tax)

LANVIN

Perelman, Robert Graves, and William Maxwell. Through June 22. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "A Trip to Palomar," visits the famous observatory in California; through June 30. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Thursday and Friday, June 5-6, at 1:45: Garden and terrace sculpture, furniture, and decorative objects; from the estate of Cornelius F. Kelley and from other sources. (Exhibition hours: Thursday, June 5, from 10 to 5.) . . . **HERITAGE HOUSE**, Tarrytown. Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 10:15 and 1:45: The Parke-Bernet Galleries will conduct a two-day auction here of the property of the late Lillian J. Ullman. Included are Early American furniture and decorations, pottery, porcelains, glass, linens and laces, and a small group of American paintings. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12, from 10 to 5.)

Commencement Dates—Dartmouth and Smith, Sunday, June 8; Vassar and Yale, Monday, June 9; Harvard, Thursday, June 12; and Princeton, Tuesday, June 17.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: June 15, July 5-6, and July 10-15.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 21.) . . . ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 2-5.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Forest Lake Country Club, Bloomfield Hills, Mich. June 26-28.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 10-13.) . . . ¶ National P.G.A. Championship. (Llanerch Country Club, Havertown, Penn. July 14-20.)

Horse Shows—Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. June 19-22.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. June 28.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. July 5-6.)

Racing—At **ASCOT**, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 17-20. . . . **JAMAICA**: July 7-29.

Sports-Car Racing—At **LIME ROCK PARK**, Lime Rock, Conn.: June 15 and July 5. . . . **WATKINS GLEN**, N.Y.: June 28.

Tennis—Sears Cup Matches. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. June 20-21.) . . . ¶ Eastern Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. June 21-29.) . . . ¶ New York State Women's Championships. (Beach Point Club, Mamaroneck. June 23-28.) . . . ¶ International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 23-July 5.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. June 30-July 6.) . . . ¶ Eastern Women's Clay Court Championships. (New Rochelle Tennis Club, New Rochelle. July 7-12.)

Trotting—At Historic Track, Goshen: June 30-July 4.

Music—Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 18-Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, June 23-Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Castle Hill Concerts, Ipswich, Mass., June 27-Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Sunday chamber-music concerts by the Berkshire Quartet, at Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., June 29-Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Jazz and folk-song concerts, at the Berkshire Music Barn, Lenox, Mass., June 29-Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 2-Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, R.I., July 3-6.

Dance Programs—Moiseyev Dance Company, at Madison Square Garden, June 20-22, June 24-25, and June 28.

Other Dates—Federal estimated income-tax payments are due Monday, June 16. . . . ¶ June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, June 18. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Friday.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

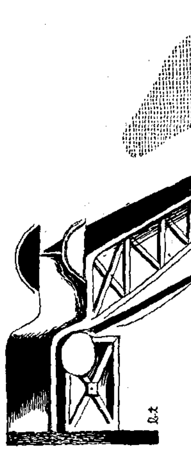
Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny review of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Awakening—Anna Magnani is superb in this story of a nun who, after being sent from Rome to an island off Naples to sell a convent that is going broke, decides to save the place in order to stay near a small boy for whom she has built up an overwhelming maternal feeling. At once humorous and pathetic, the film, which was written by Cesare Zavattini and Mario Camerini, and directed by Mr. Camerini, has a first-rate cast. An Italian film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 11, tentative.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which describes the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gates of Paris—Created by René Clair, this French film examines, with sympathy and humor, an assortment of interesting inhabitants of a seedy district in Paris. Prominent among those on view are a likable bum, a rather morose artist, a fugitive from justice who takes refuge in the artist's residence, and a young lady who excites the emotions of the gentlemen. Played, respectively, by Pierre Brasseur, Georges Brassens, Henri Vidal, and Dany Carrel, the principal characters are all quite captivating, with M. Brasseur proving conclusively that he is a comedian of a very superior order. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 5.)

Gigi—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a lot of nice songs, and some beguiling performances by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)



No Time for Sergeants—An excellent knockabout comedy in which Andy Griffith is remarkably good as a Southern hillbilly who makes the Air Force rue the day it took him on as a private. Adapted by John Lee Mahin from the novel by Mac Hyman and the play by Ira Levin, the picture also has the valuable services of Myron McCormick, Nick Adams, James Milhollan, and several other sound performers. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Rouge et Noir—Maybe this isn't the best of all possible interpretations of Stendhal's celebrated novel, but quite a few of the author's ideas about life and love in the post-Napoleonic era in France come through entertainingly. Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi are all charming in the leading roles. In French. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Agatha Christie's first-rate play about a young man who is suspected of knocking off an elderly lady has been made into a movie by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. The young man's defense is taken over by a barrister portrayed by Charles Laughton, and while his work in the role is not particularly crisp, he keeps the trial scenes going at a whale of a clip. He has among his supporters Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, John Williams, and Elsa Lanchester. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 5.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 5.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting June 11.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Alfred Hitchcock's version of the thriller about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting June 11.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through June 8.)

Mister Roberts (1955)—Life on a Navy cargo ship, based on the Heggen and Logan play. Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell are among the diverting tars. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 8-10.)

Passage to Marseille (1944)—Adventures among the Fighting French. Humphrey Bogart and Michèle Morgan. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 9-10.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; June 9-10. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; June 10.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting June 11.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 6.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through June 10: "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel, Anita Ekberg.
From June 11, at 8:30: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Crown Princess Martha Friendship Fund. For information about tickets, call TR 9-9779.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak, Barbara Bel Geddes.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Horror of Dracula," Peter Cushing, Michael Gough.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
June 5: "Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn.
From June 6: "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi, Suzy Parker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30; no reserved seats.)

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through June 10: "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens, Rod Steiger.
From June 11, at 8:30: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Crown Princess Martha Friendship Fund. For information about tickets, call TR 9-9779.)

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," revival. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Diary of a Bad Girl" (in French), Danik Patisson, Anne Vernon.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 10 (tentative): "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.
From June 11 (tentative): "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 7: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, *Joanne Woodward; and* "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.
June 8-10: "Fraulein," Mel Ferrer, Dana Wynter; and "Blood Arrow," Scott Brady.
From June 11: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 10 (tentative): "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.
From June 11 (tentative): **THE AWAKENING** (in Italian); and "Paradise Lagoon," Kenneth More, Diane Cilento.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through June 9: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.
June 10: **THE ROSE TATTOO,** revival; and "The Proud and Profane," revival, William Holden, Deborah Kerr.
From June 11: "Another Time, Another Place," Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan; and "St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
ROUGE ET NOIR (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Rooney," Barry Fitzgerald, John Gregson.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 7: "From Hell to Texas," Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "God Is My Partner," Walter Brennan.
June 8-10: "Fraulein," Mel Ferrer, Dana Wynter; and "Blood Arrow," Scott Brady.
From June 11: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Folies Bergère" (in French and English), Jeanmaire, Eddie Constantine.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 10 (tentative): "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.
From June 11 (tentative): **THE AWAKENING** (in Italian); and "Paradise Lagoon," Kenneth More, Diane Cilento.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 11: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through June 9: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.
June 10: **THE ROSE TATTOO,** revival; and "The Proud and Profane," revival, William Holden, Deborah Kerr.
From June 11: "Another Time, Another Place," Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan; and "St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.
June 8-10 (tentative): "Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster.
From June 11: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 7 (tentative): "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver; and "Cast a Dark Shadow," Dirk Bogarde, Margaret Lockwood.
June 8-10 (tentative): "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.
From June 11 (tentative): "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8000)
Through June 7: "From Hell to Texas," Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "God Is My Partner," Walter Brennan.
June 8-10: "Fraulein," Mel Ferrer, Dana Wynter; and "Blood Arrow," Scott Brady.
From June 11: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 8: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.
June 9-10: **THE ROSE TATTOO,** revival; and "The Proud and Profane," revival, William Holden, Deborah Kerr.
From June 11: "Another Time, Another Place," Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan; and "St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.

WEST SIDE

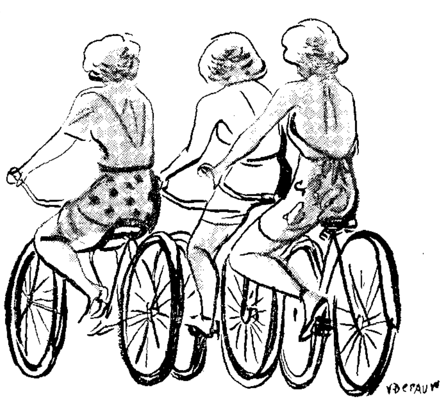
WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
June 5: "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne; and "Rebel *Without a Cause,*" revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.
June 6-7: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter.
June 8-10: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.
From June 11: **CASABLANCA,** revival; and **DIAL M FOR MURDER,** revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.
June 8-10 (tentative): "Manon" (in *French*), revival, Cecile Aubry; "The Strange One," revival, Ben Gazzara.
From June 11 (tentative): **THE AWAKENING** (in Italian); and "Paradise Lagoon," Kenneth More, Diane Cilento.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 9: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.
June 10: **THE ROSE TATTOO,** revival; and "The Proud and Profane," revival, William Holden, Deborah Kerr.
From June 11: "Another Time, Another Place," Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan; and "St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 7: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter.
June 8-10: **MISTER ROBERTS,** revival; and "Room for One More," revival, Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.
From June 11: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands.



R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through June 7: "From Hell to Texas," Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "God Is My Partner," Walter Brennan.
June 8-10: "Fraulein," Mel Ferrer, Dana Wynter; and "Blood Arrow," Scott Brady.
From June 11: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
June 5: **BEAT THE DEVIL,** revival; and **THE BRAVE BULLS,** revival.
June 6-7: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli; and "Decision at Sundown," Randolph Scott.
June 8: "The World Was His Jury," Edmond O'Brien, Mona Freeman; and "Domino Kid," Rory Calhoun.
June 9-10: **PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE,** revival; and "So Big," revival, Jane Wyman, Sterling Hayden.
From June 11: **THE THIRD MAN,** revival; and "O. Henry's Full House," revival, Charles Laughton, Jeanne Crain.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 9: "Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.
From June 10: "Poor but Beautiful" (in Italian), Marisa Allasio.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through June 6: "Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.
From June 7: "No Sun in Venice" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 8: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES,** revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
June 9-10: **THE ROSE TATTOO,** revival; and "The Proud and Profane," revival, William Holden, Deborah Kerr.
From June 11: "Another Time, Another Place," Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan; and "St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.

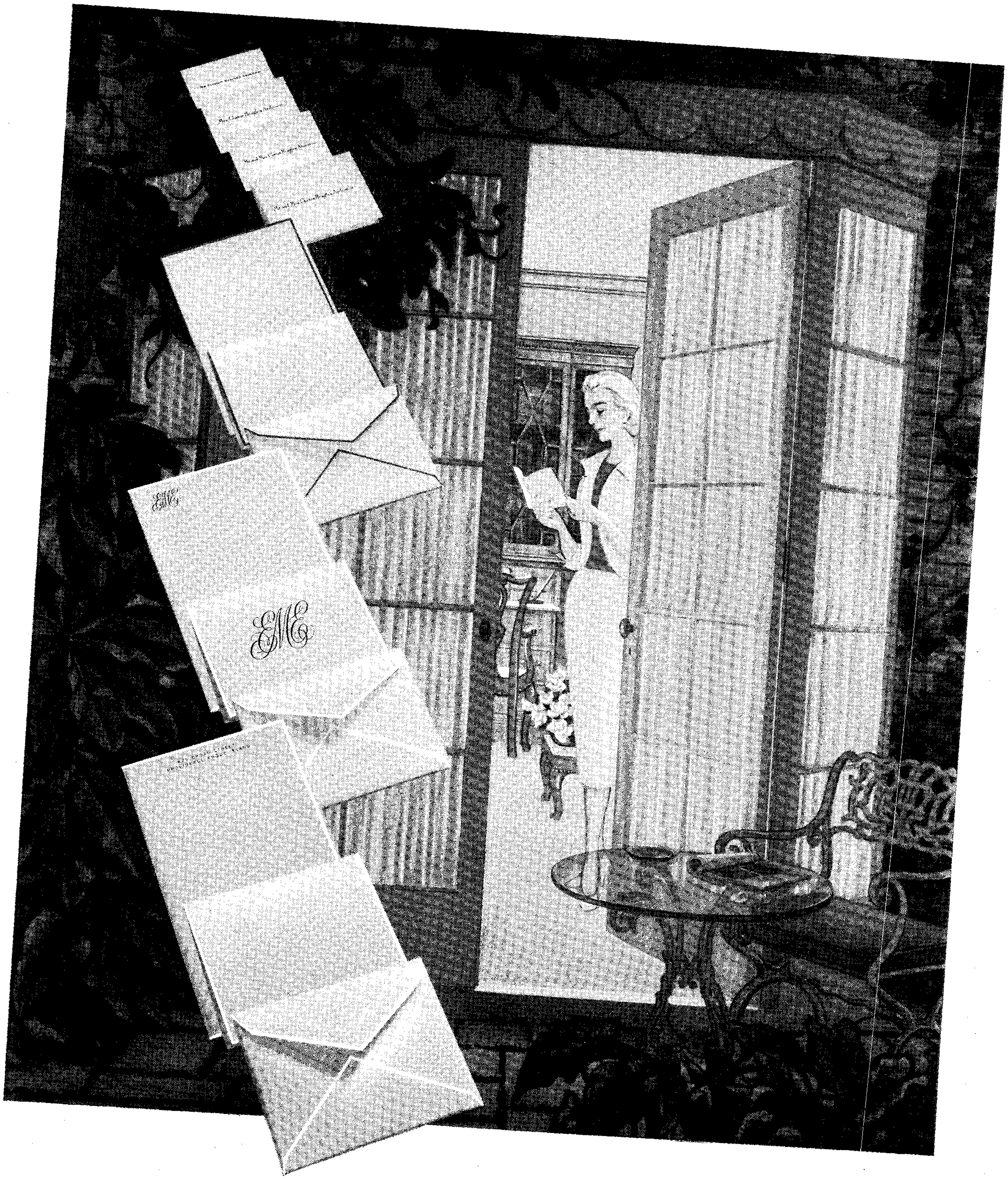
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 5: **GATES OF PARIS** (in French); and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
From June 6: **TORMENT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Passionate Summer" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 7: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Thundering Jets," Rex Reason, Audrey Dalton.
June 8-10: "Fraulein," Mel Ferrer, Dana Wynter; and "Blood Arrow," Scott Brady.
From June 11: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 8: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES,** revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
June 9-10: **THE ROSE TATTOO,** revival; and "The Proud and Profane," revival, William Holden, Deborah Kerr.
From June 11: "Another Time, Another Place," Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan; and "St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through June 7: "From Hell to Texas," Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "God Is My Partner," Walter Brennan.
June 8-10: "Fraulein," Mel Ferrer, Dana Wynter; and "Blood Arrow," Scott Brady.
From June 11: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through June 7: "From Hell to Texas," Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "God Is My Partner," Walter Brennan.
June 8-10: "Fraulein," Mel Ferrer, Dana Wynter; and "Blood Arrow," Scott Brady.
From June 11: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.



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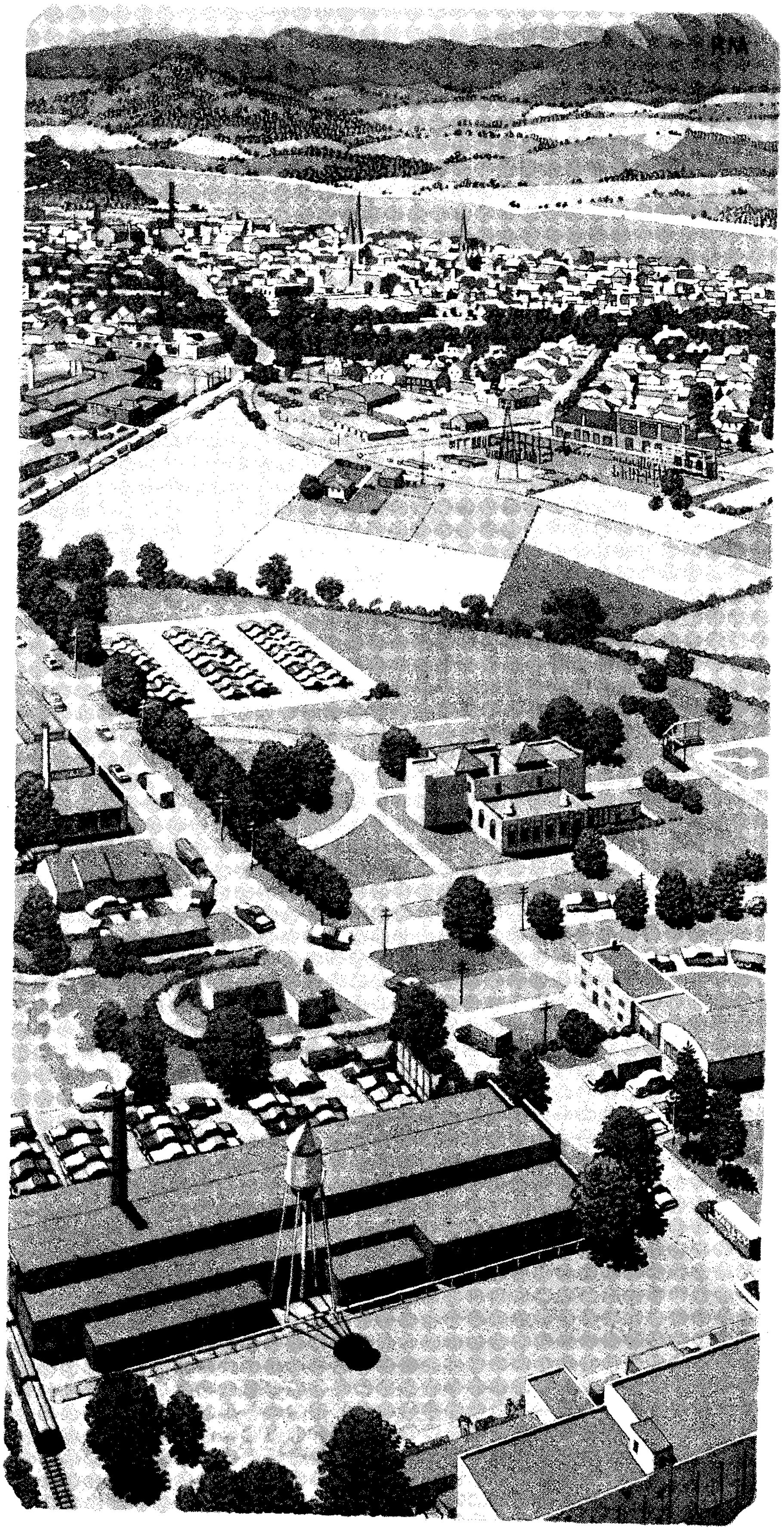

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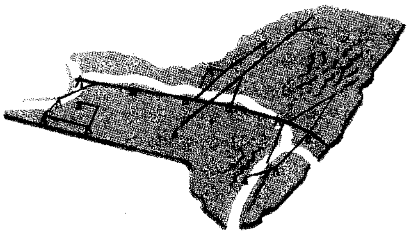

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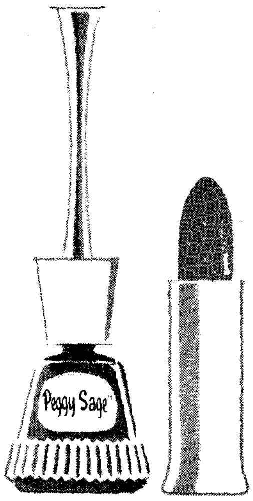

Peggy Sage

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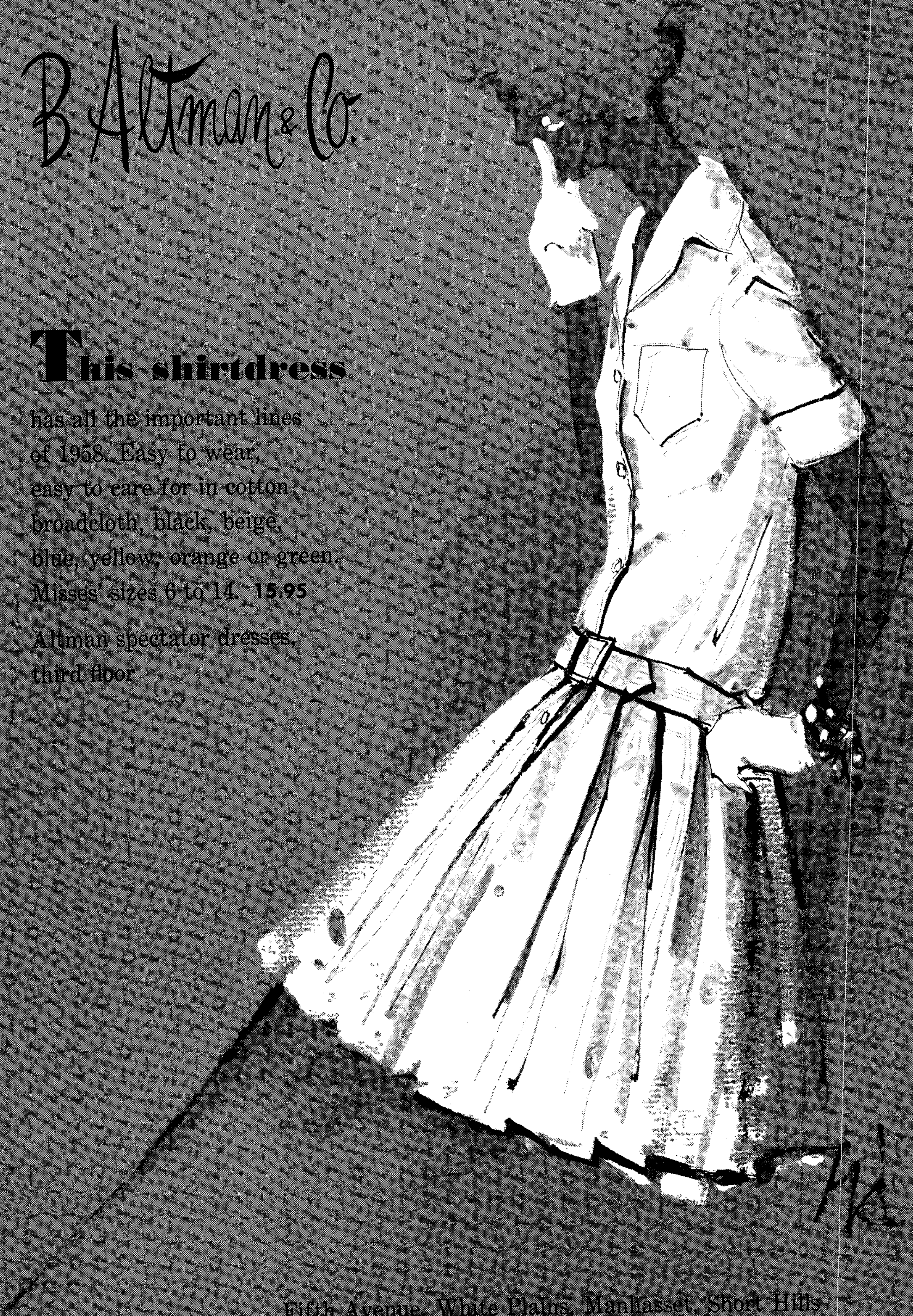

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT the Harvard Club, a few days ago, a mustachioed elder was seen writing on his luncheon-order pad, in a hand that admitted of no uncertainty, "One Mellon."

LAST month, we had a few words to say about Lieutenant-Colonel George Flint, of the Canadian Army, a United Nations volunteer observer attached to the Israeli-Jordanian Mixed Armistice Commission. Colonel Flint, we noted, had on two recent occasions been accused by one party of being unduly favorable to the other. He bore the scars of twenty or thirty wounds received when his jeep ran over a land mine, in 1956, as he was investigating a complaint. The wounds were the best evidence of his impartiality, as of his courage; a referee who has prejudged does not risk his life to find out the truth. A week ago Monday, Colonel Flint was killed while on his way, with a flag of truce, to Mount Scopus, an Israeli islet in Jordanian territory, to bring back to hospital two Israelis who had been wounded in one of those sudden bursts of firing that express overstrained nerves. "Both the Israelis and Jordanians complained about sniping from the other side," the papers reported. "He was hit . . ." And, as usual: "There was confusion about which side the bullet came from." It seemed to us a shatteringly bleak epitaph for a man who had volunteered his services to sort out confusion and had died in a cause transcending nationalism.

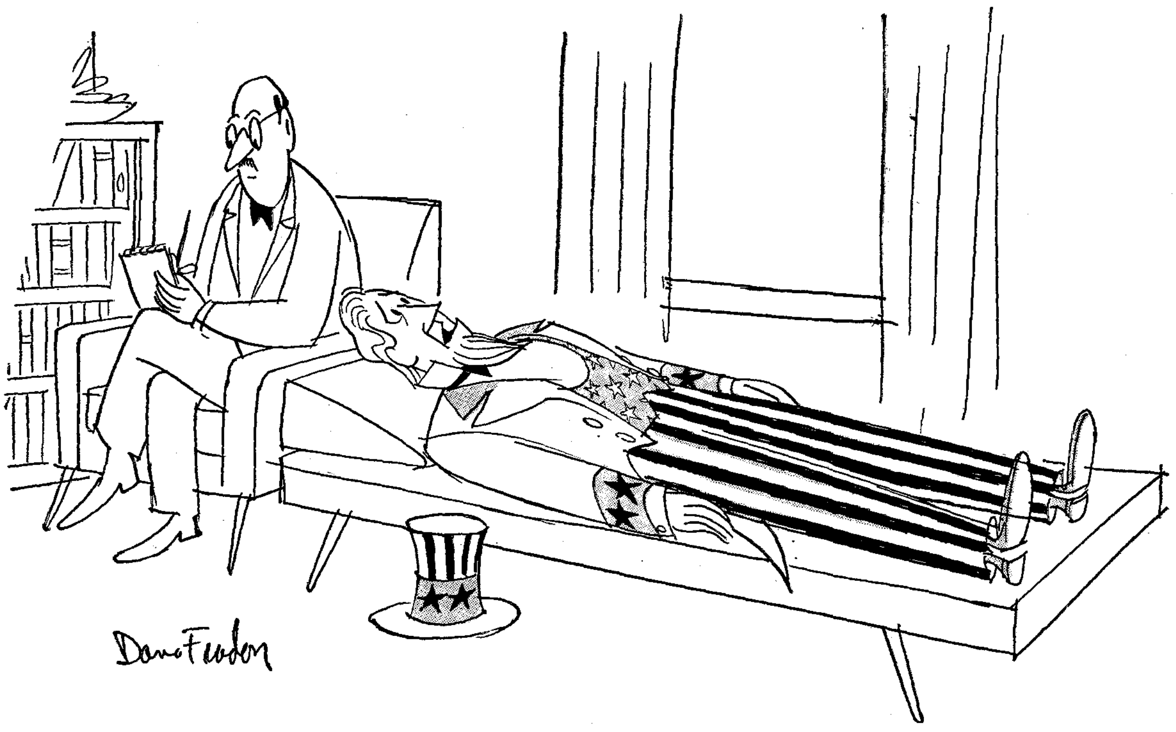
Back Aloud

E. POWER BIGGS, the celebrated organist, has spent the past few summers touring Europe and making recordings of the works of such famous organ composers of the past as Mozart, Bach, Handel, and Purcell on famous old instruments—whenever possible, on the ones used by the Masters themselves. When Mr. Biggs was in town the other day for a concert at St. Thomas Church, we telephoned him, and were quickly rewarded with an invitation, which we quickly accepted, to lunch with him and Mrs. Biggs at the Lotos Club. We found Mr. Biggs, a hearty, keen-eyed man of fifty-two, to be as cheerfully informal a musician as ever played solitaire in an organ loft during a sermon. "To misquote Frank Buck, we brought 'em back aloud," he declared when we introduced the topic of his European recordings. "The impulse to do it arose from the badness of most contemporary organs. Over the years, the organ has appealed to most of the greatest musicians, but it has also appealed to many ingenious mechanics who weren't musicians at all. Everything was fine until Ben Franklin discovered electricity. It's all right to use electricity to supply the wind for an organ, but when the keys and playing action are operated electrically, you lose the direct, sensitive control of the instrument. Gee whizz, the organ tends to become a machine! Of course, some of the classic organs of Europe don't have electrically supplied wind. They have to be pumped by manpower."

"Or womanpower," said Mrs. B.

Mr. B. inclined his head to her, and then launched into an account of their travels, which took place in a Volkswagen Microbus loaded, except for the front seats, with recording equipment. The first year, 1954, they covered most of the leading organs of Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, West Germany, Holland, and England. The East German authorities allowed them to go to East Berlin, where there are a couple of fine organs, but barred them from Halle, Handel's birthplace, deep in East Germany. In 1955, they went down what Mr. Biggs calls the Mozart Trail, which winds through southern Germany and Austria; in 1956 they concentrated on Spain and Portugal, and last year were back in Holland and England. "In addition to the works of Masters who were known to have performed on the various organs, I played the Bach D-Minor Toccata on each instrument, for purposes of comparison," said Mr. Biggs. "Yah da hum diddle iddle umpee. Golly, how grandiose! Some of our visits were gambles; an instrument might prove to be hopelessly out of tune, and there was the hazard of local lack of information. At St. Thomas, in Strasbourg, I asked the caretaker whether Mozart had played there, and he said, 'Not last year or this.' At Zwolle, in Holland (we were stretching a point there; Bach never played on that particular organ, but it's a wonderful instrument, and he played organs just like it), we had to record at night, because the crowds and motor scooters made so much noise in the daytime. Some guests of a nearby hotel protested, but the police saw it our way. Trondheim Cathedral, by the way, has a ghost. Wouldn't want to record *there* at night."

Before lunch was over, we knew that Mr. Biggs was born in England; that he planned, until he was eighteen, to be-



"Everybody hates me."

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come an electrical engineer; that he came to this country to live shortly after his graduation from the Royal Academy of Music, in London; and that Mrs. Biggs, whose first name is Margaret, comes from Greenfield, Massachusetts, and doesn't know anything about music except what she has picked up along the Biggs Trail. The Biggses live in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "It's practically impossible to be an infant prodigy on the organ," Mr. Biggs remarked. "Pedals are so low a tot can't reach 'em. Mozart did it at six, but he had to walk up and down on tiptoe, reaching above his head all the time. Organists are often considered to be on the lunatic fringe of musicians, probably because they hang around churches all the time. I advise my pupils to mix with other sorts of musicians, never with organists. The organ is among the most ancient of instruments. Nero played it, which is greatly to his credit."

"That's your opinion," said Mrs. B.

"Oh, he had a public-be-damned attitude, but so do most organists," said Mr. B.

Source Material

A LADY we know who is strong for progressive education, as her husband is not, was much pleased the other evening to hear her ten-year-old daughter, who attends a most modern school, announce at dinner that she had learned something important. After a pause to get her audience in line, the little one said, "Angel Falls, in Venezuela, are the highest in the world." Our lady tossed her head at her husband, and then beamed and said, "Did you learn that in social studies, Teresa?" "No," said Teresa. "I got it off a package of Rice-Chex."

A Guide for Idlers

THIS is the time of year when people who love the city would like nothing better than to be able to stroll unimpeded along its shores, admiring the comings and goings of ships and the skyscape's changes, but, alas, the gridiron of New York was laid out to serve commerce, not beauty, and there are few places where its inhabitants can stand and see it for what it is—an island city, forever headed out to sea. Room has been found here and there for pinched strips of park and promenade, especially on the West Side above Seventy-second Street, but very little of Manhattan's forty-three miles of waterfront is accessible to the casual stroller, and a point of vantage where one meets water face to face, without a single road, fence, or chimney intervening, is almost unknown.

Plainly, the city is in dire need of more piers for idlers, on which, these fine spring days, one might walk and talk with friends, or make a pass at fishing, or merely sit and doze in the sun. In the course of a search for such a pier last week, we were dismayed to discover that while there are a hundred and nine city-owned piers in Manhattan, only five of them are open to the public. Of these, one belongs to the Department of Parks, and four belong to the Department of Marine and Aviation. The popular pier that juts out into the East River at the foot of Forty-ninth Street, a few hundred yards upstream from the United Nations Building, belongs to the U.N. A tiny structure, compared to most of our local piers, it measures about thirty-five feet by forty. Access to it is by way of the pedestrian bridge across the East River Drive at Fifty-first Street and a narrow footpath running south between Drive and river. The day we visited it, ten or twelve people were lying about on its worn wooden deck, sunbathing. One of them warned us that there was no swimming off the pier; the strong East River currents made it far too dangerous. A year ago, he added, a visiting Englishman had tripped and fallen off the pier at night and, the roar of traffic along the Drive having muffled his cries for help, had had to cling to a piling in the water for nine hours, until a Coast Guard patrol boat happened by and rescued him.

The Department of Parks pier is at 107th Street and the East River. It extends into the river for nearly three hundred feet and is some fifty feet wide. A yard or so above the main deck of the pier, which is provided with a prodigiously long concrete bench, is a roofed-over gravelled promenade. From this, one gets a fine view up and down the river and across to Wards Island. People fish from the pier, but what they catch we cannot say. At Twenty-sixth Street and the East River, in the shadow of Bellevue, are a couple of the Department of Marine and Aviation piers; about two hundred feet long, they reach out like a pair of tongs toward Brooklyn and a giant sign reading "JACK FROST SUGARS." The pier to the north is narrow, with a plank deck; the one to the south is much more ample and has a smooth concrete surface, ideal for roller-skating. Wooden seats march along the edge of the concrete, six lamps on curved posts provide light and decoration, and three signs warn off sea traffic with the message "POSITIVELY DO NOT TIE UP AT THIS PIER." From the far end, a one-star view of Manhattan and the Bristol Basin.

The next East River pier we found it possible to gain access to was Pier 8, off Cuylers Alley, a few blocks below Wall Street. Pier 8 is an open wharfage pier, which means that it has no warehouse built on it and isn't under lease to a private party. We visited it at lunchtime, and found a handful of young office workers—the young men in a tight cluster, the girls in a second cluster a few yards away—eating sandwiches and enjoying the sun at the seaward end. A tugboat was practicing berthing maneuvers alongside the pier. Once, the tug gave the old pilings an unexpected shove, and the pier trembled and uttered an eerily human groan in protest. This is the pier for lovers of noble prospects; from it one looks out to the surprisingly green heights of Brooklyn, the greater heights of Staten Island, the neat red brick walls of Governors Island, and the bright waters of the bay.

Our favorite pier, however, is the one at the foot of Gansevoort Street, on the Hudson—the only pier on the West Side that we found open. A plain, old-fashioned, rather ramshackle affair, it struck us as a splendid place for idling. The city was at our back and the busy river before us, but we had no sense of pressure. Things evidently took their own sweet time there; a few fishermen sat waiting for a nibble, and it seemed from their patient silence that a nibble a week would suit them well enough. A couple of adventurous boys peeled to their shorts and went swimming off the end of the pier. A Coast Guard boat drifted slowly up, and a sailor aboard her shouted to the boys to get out of the water. Clambering back on the pier, the boys pelted the boat with rubber balls. The sailor laughed and fished the balls out of the Hudson and lobbed them back at the boys on the pier. We had a feeling that this was a game that had been played before and would be played again, and that nobody ever bothered to get angry on that pier. An ice-cream man came by, and we treated the boys and ourself to a round of orange popsicles and settled down to spend the afternoon.

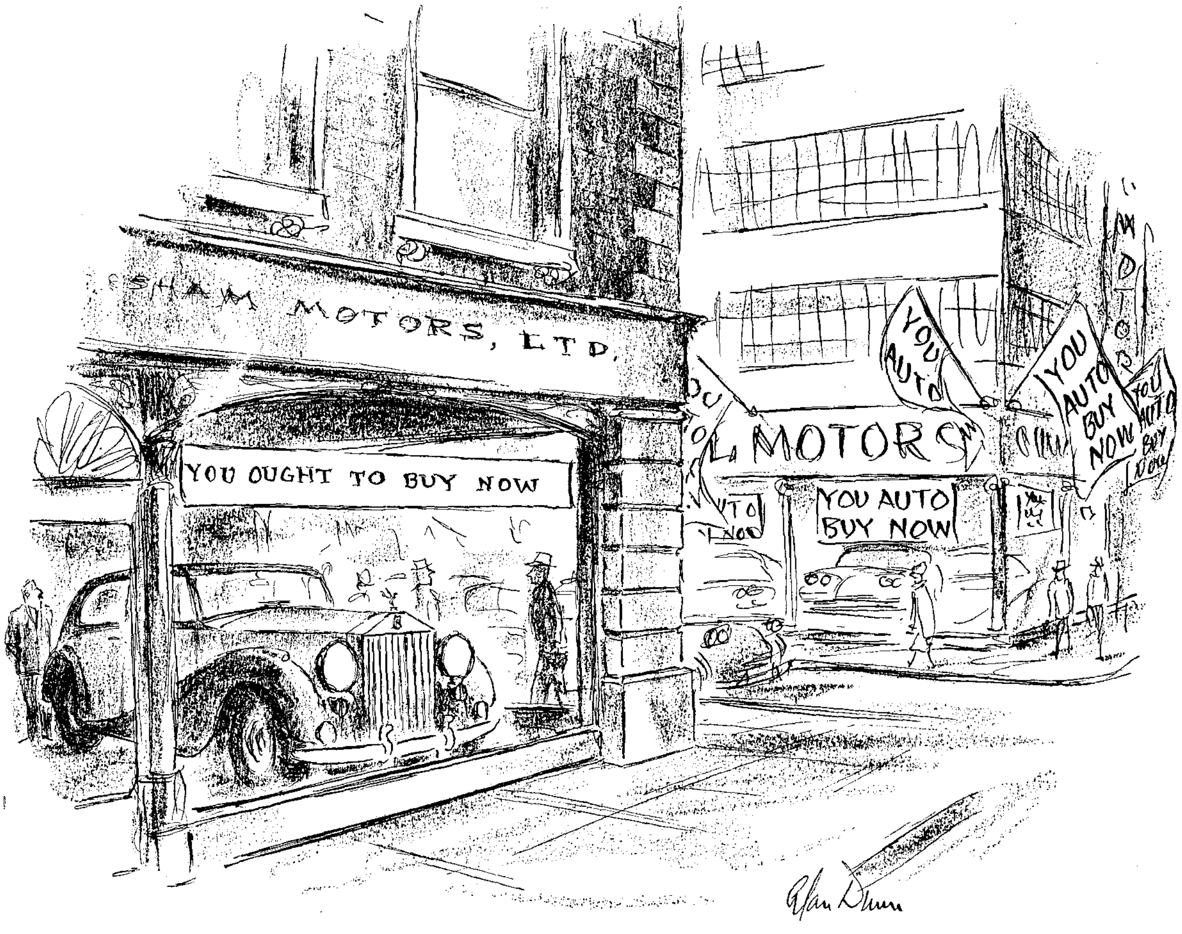
Upkeep

A Gentleman who maintains a summer cottage on Cape Cod has just forwarded an itemized bill from the contracting outfit that keeps an eye on the place during the winter. Here it is:

2/28—Inspect building near end of hard S. E. storm	$1.25
3/5—Get mower out and cart to machine shop	.50
3/13—Return mower from machine shop	.50
3/15—Inspect building near end of hard easterly storm	1.25
3/21—Inspect building after very hard storm	1.25
4/12—Inspect building at end of long storm	1.25
4/30—Mow grass with power mower at $3.50 per hour	3.50
5/1—Guarding building against high winds before your arrival	.50

New Haven Gimbel

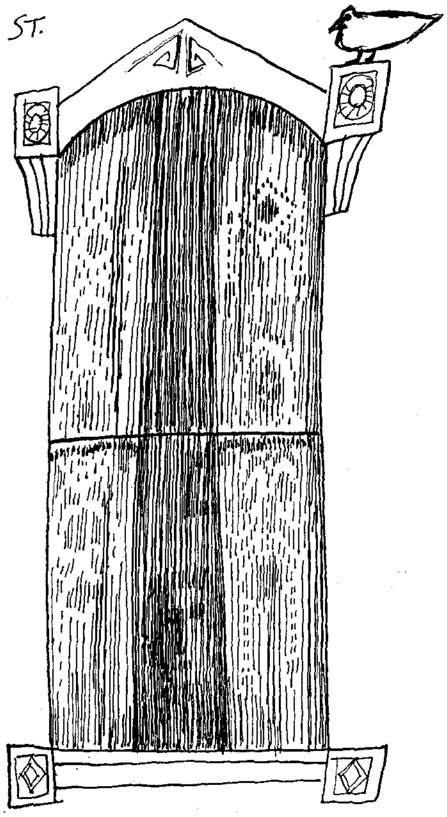
Colonel Richard Gimbel, Curator of Aeronautical Literature at the Yale University Library, gets to town every couple of weeks, and the other night, at a local scientific reception, he talked to us so compellingly about an exhibit called "Early Voyages to the Moon," which he had arranged at Yale recently, and about his aeronautical collection in general, from which the show was largely drawn, that we went up to New Haven the very next day to call on him and on some of his treasures. We found him in a big, higgledy-piggledy office in the Library, hemmed in by books, prints, drawings, and paintings. "I was fortunate in being born with a sort of silver spoon in my mouth," he said. "I'm a grandson of Adam Gimbel, the founder of Gimbel's; my father, Ellis A., was chairman of its board. I was born in 1898, in Atlantic City, where my parents were spending the summer. I graduated from Yale in 1920, having left for a while during the First World War to serve in the Field Artillery. After taking a trip around the world, I joined the family business, and presently I became head of the Philadelphia store. In 1935, after nearly fifteen years, my cousin Bernard threw me out. There was a heated proxy fight, and the whole thing blew up in smoke. I'm very fond of Bernard. We just had a basic disagreement; he and his group wanted outsiders in the management, and I didn't. I wanted the business run by the family; there were fifteen Gim-



bels in it at one time. That way, you can take longer vacations and sort of rotate. I know that some Gimbels are better at business than others, but I believe that owner management makes up for lack of brilliance, and anyway my motto is 'Let the strong carry the weak.' I still have a big hunk of stock in Gimbel's."

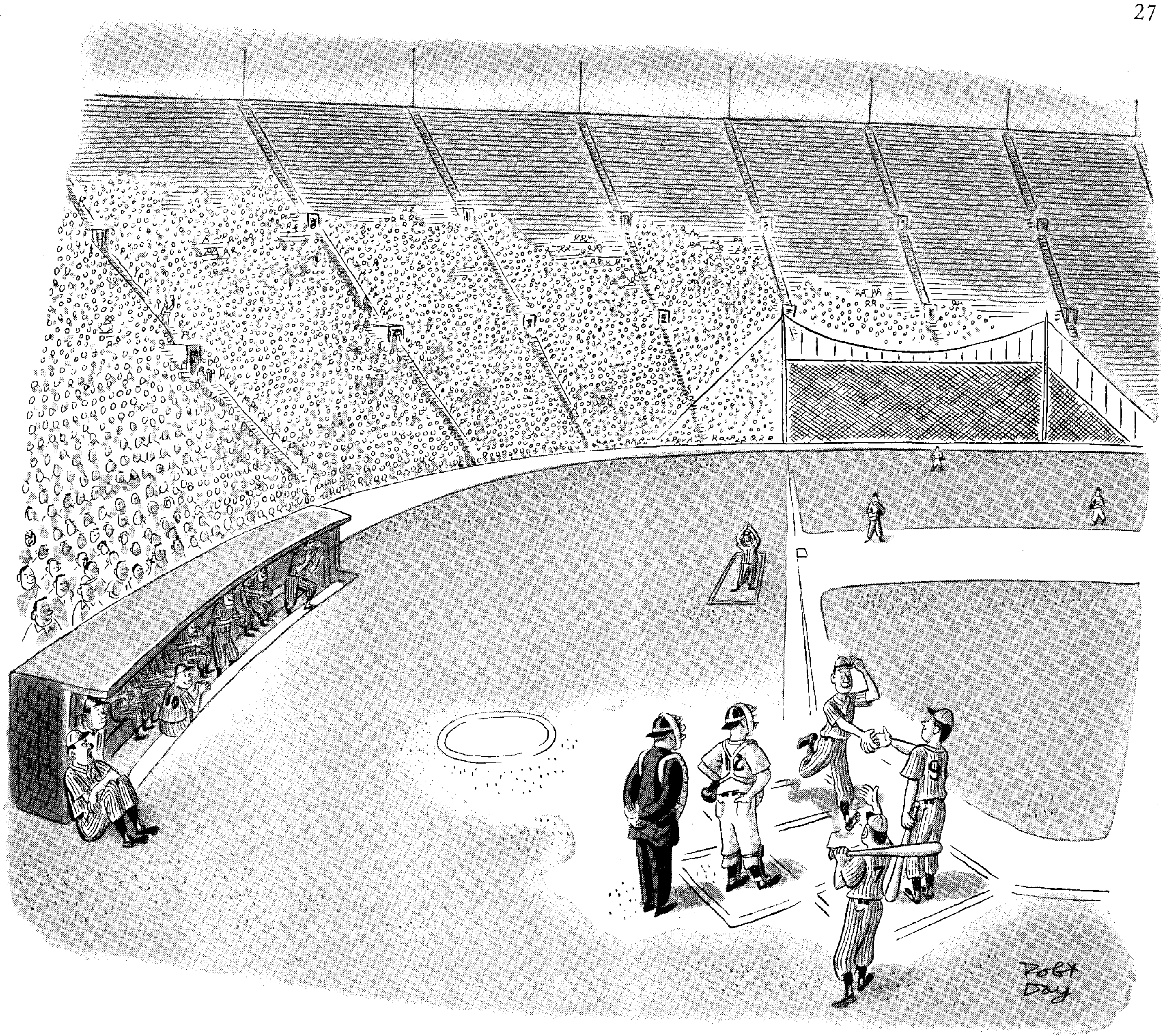
Colonel Gimbel smiled, and told us that after the smoke had cleared, he took over a department store, Richard's, in Miami, and ran it successfully for three or four years. "It's still there," he said, and went on, "I'd always been interested in aeronautics. I remember my excitement at the air meets I saw in Europe with my family when I was twelve, and how, the following year, when Father arranged the first intercity airplane race, between New York and Philadelphia, to advertise the store, it stirred my blood to meet the fliers. Well, the minute I left Gimbel Brothers—the firm didn't approve of its executives' flying—I got my pilot's license, bought a Fairchild, and flew it all around. I've also flown in balloons, helicopters, and jets. In 1940, when I was a lieutenant colonel in the Field Artillery, I got transferred to the Air Force, and after we entered the war, I served as a pilot with the Eighth Air Force, in England. I was quite a book collector by then—I'd specialized in Dickens, Poe, and Thomas Paine, and I'd bought the Poe House, in Philadelphia, filled it with my collection, and given it to the city as a museum—but my aeronautical collection started late, and more or less by chance. In 1942, during the blitz, I visited a bombed-out bookstore in London that advertised 'Open for Business as Usual.' I admired the owner's spirit and wanted to encourage him by buying something, but he didn't have much available in my fields, so I asked whether he had some white elephant I could take off his hands. He looked at the wings on my uniform, took me to the cellar, and sold me a trunkful of air material. I examined its contents in shelters during air raids and made it the cornerstone of my aeronautical collection. I've never catalogued it, but I must have over a hundred thousand items now, including books, manuscripts, pictures, Babylonian cylinder seals, coins, stamps, postcards, fans, cigarette cards, Siege of Paris balloon mail, carrier-pigeon mail, aeronautical dinner plates, watches, snuffboxes—everything reflecting man's endeavor to fly and his interest in flight. Everything up to the Wright brothers, that is; to keep from being swamped, I end the collection there. As it is, people send me doorknobs and shower curtains with balloons on them, and I'm in constant communication with about four hundred dealers, all over the world. Well, I thought at first that I'd arrange my collection chronologically and start with the Bible—angels, you know—but I found that the angels in the Bible didn't get wings until quite late; the cherubim guarding the tree of life, in the third chapter of Genesis, don't have any in the early illustrations. So I started with the Babylonian legend of Etana. Etana, a prince who couldn't have children and was worried about high taxes, was advised by local holy men to consult an eagle. He found a beat-up eagle on a mountaintop, nursed it back to health, and talked it into flying to Heaven with him on its back. I haven't been able to get an Etana seal myself, but the Morgan Library has one and was kind enough to give me a wax impression of it."

The Colonel disappeared into the rear of his office and emerged with the impression, as well as several original Babylonian seals depicting winged lions and winged sphinxes, mostly from about 2000 B.C. "I'm not sure how Etana made out," he said. "One version has it that after his flight he had a child; another, that the gods, furious at his presumption, destroyed him. Daedalus and Icarus came later, of course; their flight is shown in a woodcut in a German book printed in 1493. I have it downstairs in the vaults, where my choicest things are stored, and I also have one of three known copies of the first American aeronautical item—an account, published in 1793, in French and English, of a voyage by Jean Pierre Blanchard, a Frenchman visiting here, who ascended in a balloon in Philadelphia, went some seventeen miles, and came down in New Jersey. He had a letter from George Washington, to identify him in case he landed among hostile Indians, but he didn't have to use it. I have the first edition—the French one—of Blanchard's story. I bought it from Dr. Rosenbach. It cost a small fortune. I also have a unique copy of Poe's 1843 balloon hoax—a newspaper story he wrote about five people who were taking a balloon from England to France and were blown to South Carolina. Not a word of truth to it! The *Sun* printed it first, and then the *Times* fell for it. The *Times* doesn't have a copy of it. Nobody has a copy but me."



We asked the Colonel how he had reached his present post, and he said that he remained in the Air Force when the war was over and, after being stationed in Okinawa, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan, was assigned in 1951 to Yale as professor of air science. "I was retired, as a full colonel, in 1953, and stayed on here, with the Library, of which I'm a trustee," he said. "The university offered me space, a curatorship, and two bursary students to work on my collection. I have a house near the Bowl, where my wife and I live with our two youngest children—thirteen-year-old girls, identical twins. We have two grown-up sons and three married daughters. I'm a Fellow of Pierson College; I attend some classes that interest me; I gave a dinner for forty professors last night; and all I can say is my cup runneth over. Now let me show you the moon exhibit." Escorted by the Colonel, we headed for the main floor. "When the first sputnik went up," he said on the way, "it excited me no end. I decided to get together an exhibit on early voyages to the moon. I think it aroused even more interest than my last show, four years ago, on 'Five Thousand Years of Going Up.' "

We inspected sixty-eight items, among them a 1496 edition of "A True Story," by Lucian, a second-century Greek satirist, who described a fight between the men of the moon and the men of the sun; a 1650 "Histoire Comique," by Cyrano de Bergerac, who told of reaching the moon after festooning himself with vials of dew, which caused the sun to suck him up into space; a 1692 "Voyage to the World of Cartesius," by Gabriel Daniel, in which the vehicle of lunar



"I'll be damned if I'll shake his hand for hitting one over that *fence."*

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ascent is a sneeze; Daniel Defoe's "A Journey to the World in the Moon" and "The Consolidator," which forecasts rocket fuel; a 1727 "Voyage to Cacklogallinia," by Samuel Brunt, a South Sea Bubble satire, in which a trip to the moon is financed by a stock offering and birds report its progress to the stockholders; and another newspaper hoax, again in the terrestrial *Sun*, which in 1835 ran what it thought was a reprint of an article by Sir John Herschel, the British astronomer, describing moon "man-bats" as seen through a powerful telescope. The article was actually written by Richard A. Locke, a staff reporter on the *Sun*. "The *Sun* sold nineteen thousand three hundred and sixty copies that day, a world's record at the time," Colonel Gimbel said. "Getting to the moon is just a question of money. I'd be willing to go on the first trip. What greater honor could one have?"

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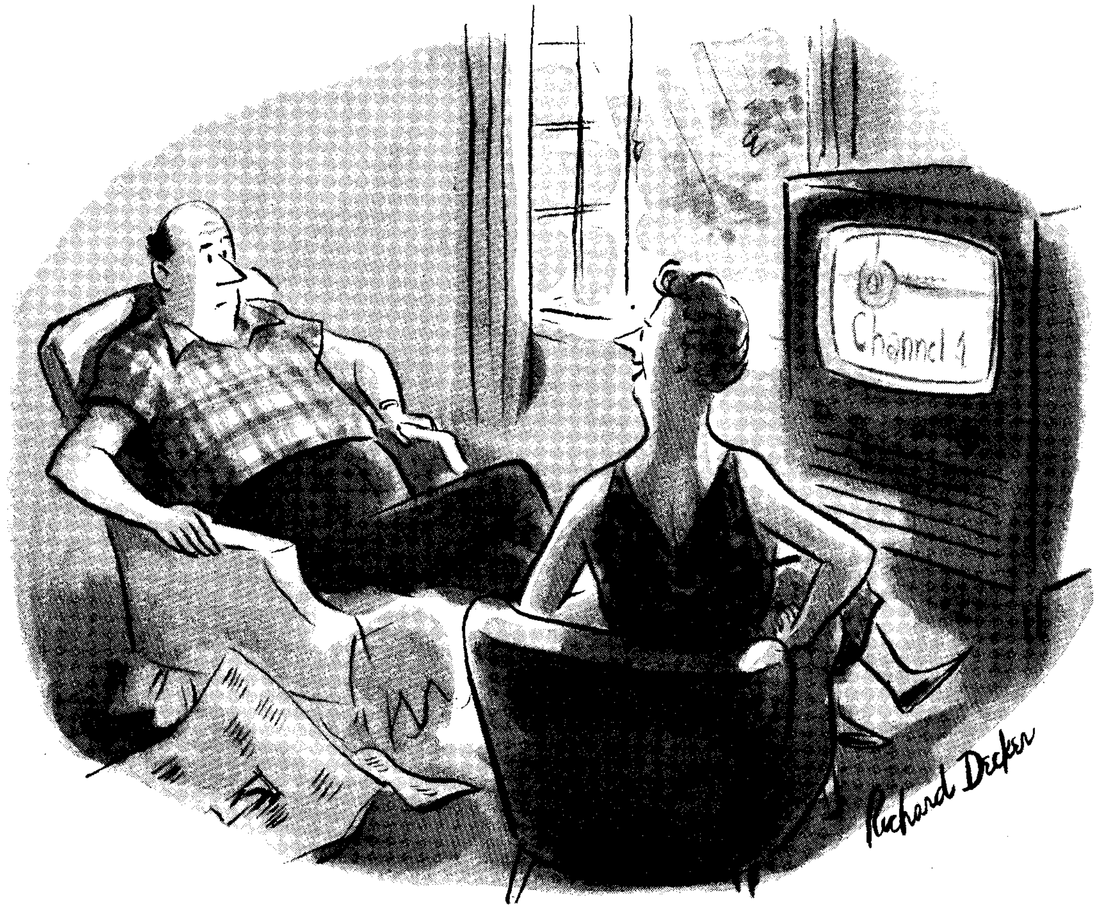
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Haley's Firestone Store, in Tucson, is offering Folie de Minuit de Lanier, "the $50 per ounce priceless perfume."

Light Slams

WE visited the Stationery Show, at the Hotel New Yorker, the other evening, not to see the latest wrinkle in blotters and paper clips but to find out what's happening to greeting cards, which used to be full of lofty sentiments, loftily expressed, and are now devoted mainly to abusive wisecracks. Making straight for the exhibit of the Barker Greeting Card Company, which boasts of being the world's largest producer of humorous and novelty cards, we fell in with its executive vice-president, Mr. William Shane, a middle-sized, middle-aged man with sparse hair, twinkling brown eyes, and a gift for doggerel. Mr. Shane assured us that the rose-covered card of our youth was as dead as the dodo. "Long, narrow cards with a funny line drawing outside and a punch line inside—that's the ticket these days," he told us. "The old square card is so square it's out. So is the old eight-line verse. Nobody's got time for that stuff any more. The demand is for action gimmicks and terrific one-line punch lines. But we still sell sentimental cards for Mother's Day. Nobody'd dare call old Mom a slob on her day of days."

Once upon a time, greeting cards were sent out chiefly to help celebrate birthdays and holidays. Barker and its



"While you were dozing, I saw a news roundup called 'World in Crisis,' the Belmont Stakes, and a Butter Festival in Wisconsin."

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competitors have changed all that by developing "special-occasion" cards various enough to suit any day of the year and practically any situation in life. There's a Barker card to send to people going away on vacation, a Barker card to send to people whose dog has just died, and a Barker card for expectant fathers. "Those are what you might call *legitimate* special-occasion cards," Mr. Shane said. "The really big sellers are our novelty cards." Proudly, he plucked a couple of long, narrow cards from an adjoining rack and handed them to us. The first showed a scrawny girl lifting a pair of dumbbells, and the terrific one-line punch line was "So you won't get thick of it." The second was a hangover card, depicting a man in an extreme state of post-bibitory misery and bearing the legend "Had a wonderful time . . . they tell me." "Two very nice items," Shane said. "We also have a Do-It-Yourself-Drop-Dead Kit, which shows fifteen ways to commit suicide. A real money-maker. Any card you ask for, we've got it. We even made up some shut-in cards to send to people in jail, and you know what? We sold ten thousand."

The Barker Company keeps about two thousand designs in stock at all times, and sells between forty and fifty million cards a year. Bringing out a new card is about as risky as bringing out a first novel, Mr. Shane said. It costs twenty-five hundred dollars to launch a card, the usual first printing is twenty-five thousand, and the card doesn't begin to show a profit until the first printing is sold out. The life expectancy of a moderately successful card is from six to nine months. Every year, though, the Barker Company puts out about a dozen cards that sell over a quarter of a million apiece, and these best-sellers may go on selling for years. Shane is a kindly man and deplores the current popularity of what he calls "sick" humor. "We shy away from it, but it sells, and we've got to handle it," he said. "Look at this." The card he showed us bore a horse-faced, funereal figure, clad all in black, and the legend, decorated with lilies, ran "Enjoy your birthday. It may be your last." "Now, why would anyone buy a thing like that?" he asked. "They do, though, by the thousand." He handed us another card. "You won't believe it," he said, "but this is our most popular get-well card. Half a million sold in six months." On it was a gruesome drawing of a mad surgeon hacking off a patient's leg.

The Barker Company has no truck with the brutal-insult card. "Our first year in business, we had an insult series," Shane said. "We got two or three heart-broken letters from people and decided to drop the line. We don't go further than a light slam, like birthday cards reading 'So you're twenty-nine again' or 'You're still in your early flirties.' Action and gimmick cards are more fun anyhow. We worked ten years to get a mousetrap into a card. Look at this." The outside of the card hinted at a nude within; as we opened the card, it seemed to reach out and snap at us, and the legend inside read, "That's what you get for peeking." "Here's another dandy," he said, and showed us a card depicting a Scotsman's purse. We opened the card and out sprang a paper moth affixed to a coiled wire. "Sometimes you try an idea and it flops, so you give it a twist and it sells," Shane said. "We put out a card 'for the man who has everything.' Inside was a little golden coat hanger. The card laid an egg. We switched to a plain coat hanger and made the line read, 'Here's something to hang yourself with,' and it sold like crazy."

We asked Shane if he has a favorite card, and he admitted he has. He took from the rack a valentine card made of metal in the shape of a tray and embellished with a big red heart. The verse on the card ran, "You're the only one who'll ever matter,/ So here's my heart on a silver platter." "A great card," Shane said. "It gets you *here*." He touched his chest. "We sold so many at fifty cents that we enlarged and boxed it, and upped the price to a dollar, and it sold better than ever."

Barrier

A MAN we know at the National Broadcasting Company has found a way of dealing with unwelcome telephone calls that get through to him. He simply switches on an electric razor, which he keeps on his desk, and gives the mouthpiece a once-over lightly while shouting, "I can't hear a thing!" Then he hangs up, and doesn't answer when the phone rings again.

WHERE DO YOU WORK-A, JOHN?

SAY, gang, pardon me if my voice gets a trifle reedy with excitement, but something really big's just taken place. Remember those bull sessions at your frat when the brothers used to start discussing Schopenhauer and Omar Khayyám and the true meaning of life? I mean one of those nights that fairly crackled with good talk, everybody puffing on corncobs and interrupting the other man, and—gee, I don't know, you had the feeling you'd stripped away all the pretense and sham and come somewhere near the core of things. And before you could say Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, the room was blue with smoke, the whole bunch of you were logy with near beer, and the first flush of dawn had appeared over the trees on the campus. Then someone, probably a senior or some cuss with more perspective than the rest, suddenly said "Applesauce" and threw open a window, and in came a cool, refreshing current of air that dispersed all the palaver and fakery. Remember the relief of it? Well, that's precisely what has happened. A man named George W. Reinoehl, executive vice-president of the Executive Furniture Executives' Guild—I may have one too many "executive"s in there—has flung open a casement and introduced a new, revolutionary concept of artistic creation, or perhaps I should say re-creation. It's a bit early as yet to foresee its implications, but there's no doubt Reinoehl is a man who is going places, though it's a bit early likewise to foresee what places.

Under the trig and forceful exterior that Reinoehl presented in a double-spread advertisement in this journal not long ago, it was clear to the most negligent reader that there dwelt a visionary. Crew-topped, bespectacled, and natty, flanked by a violin and a metronome, he stood encircling a bust of Beethoven with a familiar arm, his pose a mixture of camaraderie and ownership. The accompanying text, ratified by his signature, set forth his credo. "What I did for Beethoven, I can do for you!" he proclaimed ebulliently. "One afternoon as I sat all alone listening to Beethoven's Ninth, I got to thinking what sheer genius the man must have had to accomplish so much under such primitive working conditions—handicapped by clutter, poor workspace, drafts, noise and bad lighting. So . . . I picked up my sketch pad—just for fun—and designed the poor fellow an office *worthy* of his greatness, with every detail as personal as his scrawl on a manuscript. Ludwig, I think, would have been happy here. But—let's talk about *you*. Why not let me develop for you, through your Executive Furniture Guild member dealer and his staff, an office worthy of your position," etc., etc.

So enraptured was I by Mr. Reinoehl's smuggling himself into Parnassus aboard the composer's coattails, his blissful intimation that he had helped to accouche the Ninth Symphony even *post factum*, that I was forced to lie down. Unluckily, the office in which I read his *affiche* contained nothing but a desk and chair, a rather grubby bookcase, and several hundredweight of yellowing newspapers, and I had to recline on the floor until equilibrium returned. As I lay there, it struck me that, in a curious way, the very things that had hampered Beethoven—the litter, the drafts, the medieval lighting—also shackled me. While admittedly less sheer, my own genius might conceivably flower in more congenial surroundings. The sensible course, manifestly, was to pose my situation to Reinoehl, or, better yet, to someone of his ilk I could afford. The Yellow Pages of the directory, ever a beacon to the perplexed, turned up a firm of experts on office décor who responded vibrantly to my quandary. Their consultant, a Mr. Morninghoff, had instilled harmony into the lives of innumerable folk, from scientists to sonneteers, whose names were available on request. He would drop by the next morning to make a survey; the only payment he asked was a chance to aid me in realizing my creative potential. It sounded like a bonanza offer.

AT eleven the following day, my doorbell rang peremptorily and a hatless young man with a globular head and a portfolio under his arm—only the portfolio under his arm, to be exact—ascended the stairs. He wore a dark-blue trench coat of the type affected by Italian black-marketeers, and his manner was rather more cavalier than I had expected of a friendly diagnostician. It was, in fact, tinged with unmistakable peevishness. "Is this supposed to be an office building?" he demanded as he reached my landing. "I smelled cooking in the lower hall."

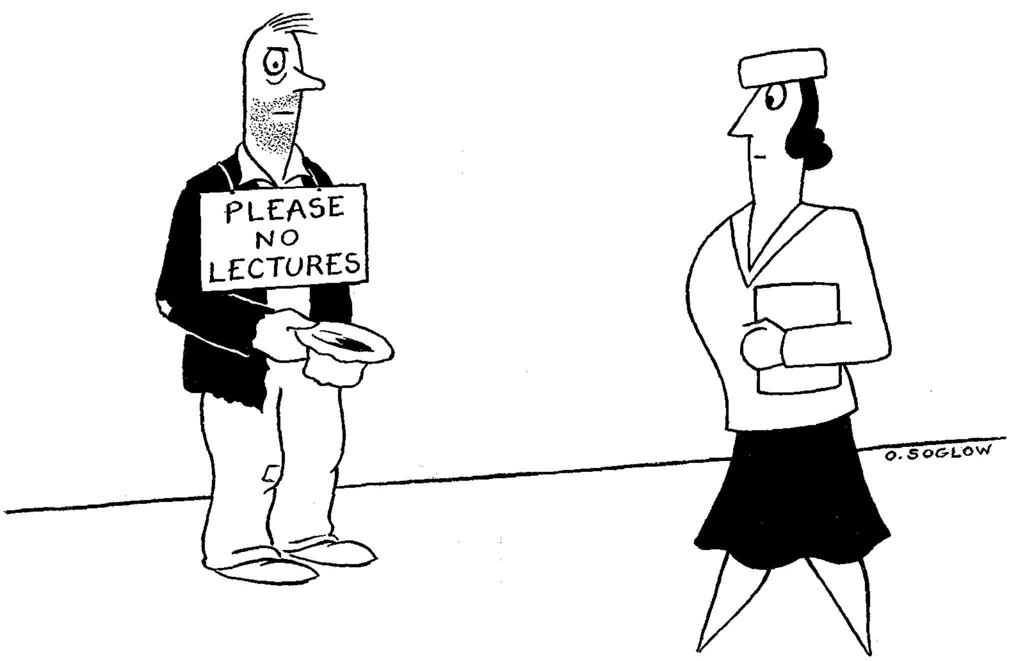
"That's the Moroccan who runs the travel bureau," I said. "He's probably making a pilaf or couscous down there—you know, with pine nuts and rice."

"You needn't explain," he rejoined haughtily. "I've been in all those places. Fez . . . Marrakech . . . Do you know Ouedi-bel-Youfni?" I shook my head, and a scornful smile creased his lips. "Well, if you don't know Ouedi-bel-Youfni, you don't know North Africa," he said. "It's the place everyone who's anyone raves about. Just a tiny, sun-drenched oasis with a few Berbers, but the only view of the dunes that makes any sense. Cocteau discovered it."

"Is that so?" I murmured. "Must be pretty special if he lives there."

"Oh, he pulled out long ago," my caller said, with disdain. "The whole area's overrun with Philistines. By the way," he went on, turning in the doorway, "Toby Morninghoff, who was scheduled to do you over, is laid up with an impacted hip. I'm Eveninghoff, his second in command."

I courteously assured him that my problem was unworthy of his stature (an opinion he showed no inclination to contradict), and disembarrassed him of his coat. He threw a disparaging glance at the contents of the small antecham-



ber—the tableful of discarded books, the spavined coat tree, and the miscellany of photographs helter-skelter on the wall. "That's my high-school class," I volunteered as he paused to inspect one of them. "I'm the sensitive-faced kid, third from the end, in the Mackinaw."

"Hmm," he said, cocking his head critically. "You should have gone on wearing those bangs. They softened your features."

I withheld a riposte that would have seared him if I had been able to think of it, and followed him into the office. Candidly, it had never looked less prepossessing. A half-empty coffee container awash with cigarette ends topped an accumulation of mail on the desk; crumpled newspapers overflowed the wastebasket; and grime impenetrable obscured the windows. Mr. Eveninghoff made a slow, deadly inventory of the premises that finally included me.

"Unspeakable," he said, at length. "I don't mind a challenge, but this— It's frightening."

"Isn't there some way to liven it up a little?" I appealed. "I thought maybe we could stipple the walls—hang up some bead curtains . . ."

"You mean like those gypsy stores on Sixth Avenue where they read your palm?" I noticed that he habitually lifted one eyebrow in an ironic, quizzical fashion—a trick clearly gleaned from looking at old stills of Rod LaRocque. "I understood from my call sheet that you wrote something or other here—TV commercials, or advertising jingles."

"Er—not exactly," I said. "Puppet plays for colleges, inspirational verse for trade papers—that type of thing. I haven't hit the jackpot yet—"

"You will, you will," he said encouragingly. "But you'd better get one thing straight, my friend. You're defeating yourself. Nothing worth while ever came out of a hole like this." He raised his hand before I could answer. "I know," he said. "You're going to bring up Edgar Allan Poe, or John Keats in his garret. Very well, then, have a look at this." He reached into his portfolio and handed me a color sketch. It portrayed a spacious book-lined library some eighty feet long, with a massive fireplace and a variegated-marble floor. The teak-panelled walls were hung with abstract paintings, the deep club chairs upholstered in pastel tints of glove leather, the avant-garde desk flanked by a unit containing a dictaphone, playback, and television screen. "That's where Keats would have written 'The Eve of St. Agnes' if I'd had anything to say about it," he informed me. "And furthermore, the air-filtration system would have doubled his life span. Think how long Edgar Guest has survived under modern conditions."

"I often think of it," I confessed.

"Here's another one," said Eveninghoff, reopening his portfolio. "Ever heard of Thoreau? He was an eccentric who wrote nature stories up in New England. A brilliant talent, but he, too, stymied himself working in a distasteful environment. This is how I redesigned his shack at Walden Pond." The interior he presented could have housed the entire community of Yaddo, all its members functioning harmoniously. In-

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HOMAGE TO DON MARQUIS

A scientific symposium heard proposals today that the disjointed knee or the posterior of a cockroach could be used as a scientific instrument in satellites. The cockroach's knee, it was suggested, could act as a stress gauge, the posterior organ as a photocell.—*The Times.*

remember when they used to talk
about the bee s knees
there was no higher acme of perfection in those days
unless it was the cat s ankle
or the cat s whiskers or the cat s pajamas
that used to make mehitabel
feel pretty important she was
cleopatra once she said
mehitabel used to howl about
and i quote the great open spaces
where cats are cats
a lot she knew about space i ll be able
to teach her a thing or two

in my heynight i was
the archytypical cockroach
that was before that south american phony
came rumbaing into the picture
a lot of people read my stuff
and worried about why i never capitalized
not being able to operate the shift key
but nobody ever praised my knees
or thought of reasoning a posteriori
about my scientific usefulness
in those days the main question was
whether my stuff was
literature or not

thanks to you boss i was
famous for all time long before
these scientists tried to make me
famous for all space
little do they remember about the fight
to make verse free or care
about my soul or the fact that it formerly
inhabited a human these are the times
that try cockroaches souls
but as mehitabel used to say
wotthehell wotthehell
science expects every cockroach to do
his part in the space effort
scratch a vers libre bard today and you find
a particle physicist

speaking of humans
boss wont they be surprised
when they finally get to the moon
and find me there sitting on the cheese
calmly taking pictures

archy

—W. W. Watt

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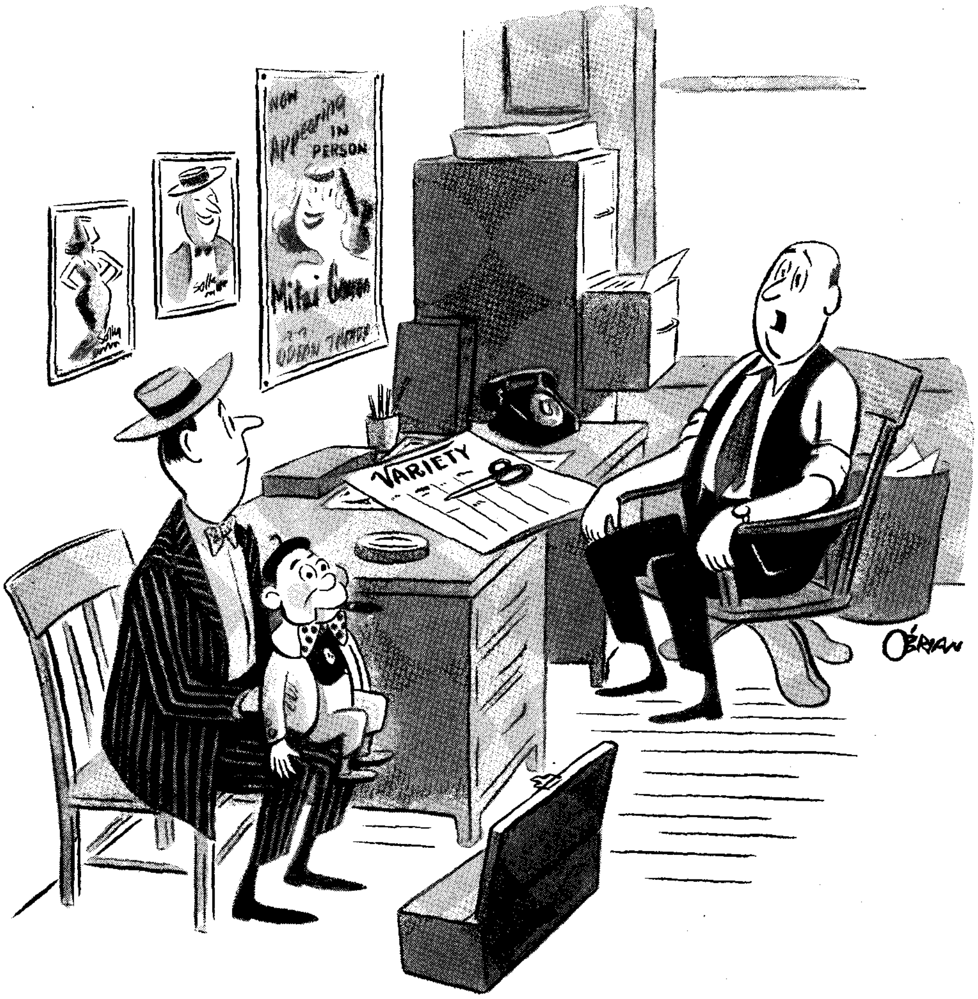


"Well, let me put it this way. Am I *laughing?"*

• •

doors and out had been blended in an airy decorative scheme broken up by banquettes and rattan screens; end tables served as storage space for electric typewriters and encyclopedias; and the sun deck beyond displayed every diversion from crokinole to hi-fi.

I swallowed. "Old Henry would have flipped, and that's for sure," I said, employing the only idiom that seemed to fit the circumstances.

"He did anyway, but he would have flipped in comfort," Eveninghoff returned complacently. "We décor engineers are like Houdini—we remove the handcuffs from the creative mind. Now, take this place of yours, for instance. The first thing I'd do is rip out the windows and substitute glass brick."

"But I *like* to look at the clotheslines," I objected. "The wash is so snowy and crisp, and those gingham frocks dance in the wind—"

"Then as regards floor space," he went on, unheeding. "We could pick up a good twenty feet if we broke through that side wall. Don't interrupt," he snapped as I tried to mime the pants factory that lay behind. "You and your landlord can work it out—I'm not a real-estate broker. What I'm questing for is a furniture mood to express your personality. . . . Let's see, puppet plays. It ought to smack of the theatre, the world of tinsel and make-believe . . . shadows, contrasts. . . . Wait—yes, I've got it!"

"What?" I asked, checking myself lest I be swept away by his fervor.

"Try to visualize it as I block in the tones," he commanded, forefinger extended and eyes narrowed in concentration. "Turkey-red carpeting and ebony walls—not coal black, charcoal relieved by tiny gold accents—with, of course, candelabra sidelights to match. At the far end there, an Empire sofa, covered in lime-and-silver stripes, between a pair of broken columns." I thought of my Latvian handmaid flicking her feather duster, and cringed. "In this area, a Renaissance coffee table—or, rather, the memory of a coffee table—surrounded by Swedish-modern chairs."

"Not Latvian?" I interposed. "I say that because—"

"You're right," said Eveninghoff graciously. "Chairwise, the Latvians have done some very arresting things lately. And now your work sector—for, after all, we mustn't forget that this is where you create, must we?" He gave me a flash of teeth—or, rather, the memory of teeth—that failed to captivate. "I see a gigantic refectory table here—modified Jacobean, in cherry wood simulating walnut—with a desk set of tooled Florentine leather. You dictate your things, I suppose."

"Not as a rule," I said. "I—ah—generally write in longhand with a quill pen, and shake pumice over the manuscript to dry it."

"Good—then you won't need recording equipment," he approved. "I loathe the mechanized feeling it imparts to one's *ambiance*. However, for illumination I don't think we should cleave to period. Do you insist on wax tapers? . . . I'm glad. Fluorescence it'll be, and much more contemporary. Well, now," he concluded, wheeling toward me, "how does it strike you?"

"Between the eyes," I admitted. "There's just one thing, though. You don't feel the black walls are a little—well, Aubrey Beardsley?"

"Is he using them this season?" Eveninghoff queried. "I never look at other decorators' work—I don't want to be influenced. Still, if black stifles anything in you they can always be changed to rust, or a subdued plum."

"No, sir, they cannot," I said emphatically. "They're the keystone, the very essence, of your whole design. Without them it's meaningless. I'm sorry, Mr. Eveninghoff," I added, trying to palliate my words, "but I guess it's not for me."

"But look here," he said, plainly chopfallen. "I'm not inflexible. We want the client to fulfill himself. If you'd prefer monk's cloth . . ."

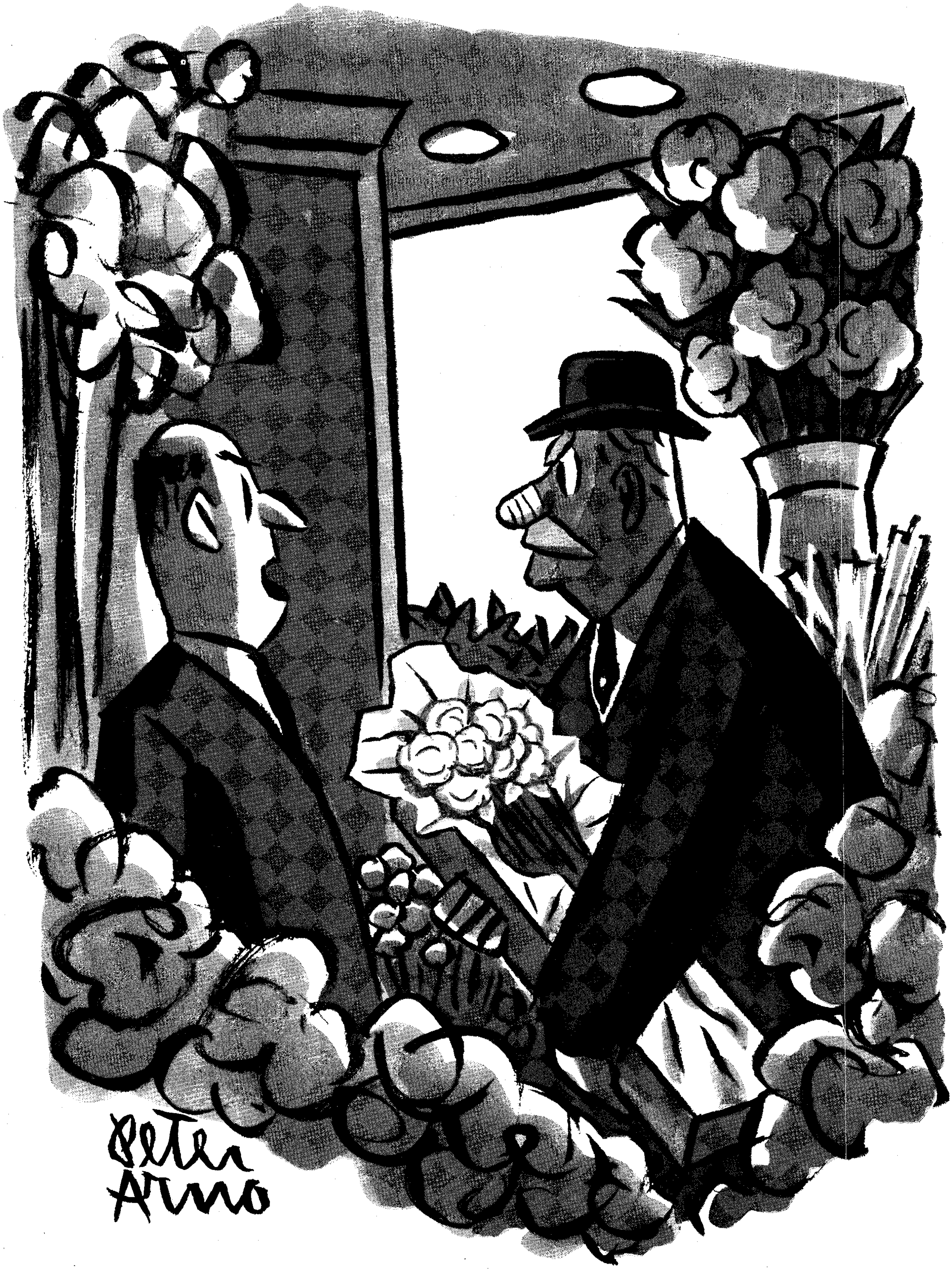
"No, no," I said, herding him toward the door. "I'd sooner ask Pan to abandon his pipes or Krupa his drums than have you give up black. I won't compromise, and it would degrade me to force you to."

Eveninghoff's lips puckered as though tears were imminent. "Well, if you feel that strongly . . ."

"I'm afraid I do," I said regretfully. "Goodbye, old man. Watch out for rice on the stairs."

As the door closed behind him, I reëntered the office, got out the directory, and thumbed through the Yellow Pages. Then I dialled the number of a place on Third Avenue. "Mr. Pandora?" I said. "Could you have a look around your box? I need a pair of bead curtains."

—S. J. PERELMAN



"I'm sorry, sir. We can't be responsible for a bee in the peonies."

A PAIR OF BRIGHT-BLUE EYES

L'ALLEGRO

THE sound of their laughter came to him along the narrow passage that split the apartment in two. The Paris apartment was a fourth-floor walkup, overlooking the Boulevard Saint-Michel near the corner of the Rue des Ecoles. Dwight Clark could tell that his wife and daughter were laughing at something the baby had done or tried to say. They were just sitting down to breakfast. He had eaten when he got up with the baby an hour before, and was now in the *salle de bain* preparing to shave. On such a day as this, the day for packing the last suitcases and for setting the furnished apartment in order, the day before the day when they would really pull up stakes and take the boat train for Cherbourg—on such a day only the baby could evoke from its mother that resonant, relaxed, almost abandoned kind of laughter.

The *salle de bain*, which was at one end of the long central passage, was the only room in the apartment that always went by its French name. For good reason, too: It lacked the one all-important convenience that an American expects of what he will willingly call a bathroom. It possessed a bathtub and a washbasin, and it had a bidet, which was wonderful for washing the baby in. But the missing convenience was in a closet close by the entrance to the apartment, at the very opposite end of the passage from the *salle de bain*. Altogether it was a devilish arrangement. But the separation of conveniences was not itself so devilish as the particular location of each. For instance just now, with only a towel wrapped around his middle and with his face already lathered, he hesitated to throw open the door and take part in a long-distance conversation with the rest of the family, because at any moment he expected to hear the maid's key rattling in the old-fashioned lock of the entry door down the passage. Instead, he had to remain inside the *salle de bain* with his hand on the doorknob and his gaze on the blank washbasin mirror (still misted over from the hot bath he had just got out of); had to stand there and be content merely with hearing the sound of merriment in yonder, not able—no matter how hard he strained—to determine the precise cause of it.

At last, he could resist no longer. He pushed the door half open and called out to them, "What is it? What's the baby up to?"

His daughter's voice piped from the dining room, "Come see, Daddy! Come see him!" And in the next instant she had bounced out of the dining room into the passage, and she continued bouncing up and down there as if she were on a pogo stick. She was a tall little girl for her seven years, and she looked positively lanky in her straight white nightgown and with her yellow hair not yet combed this morning but drawn roughly into a ponytail high on the back of her head.

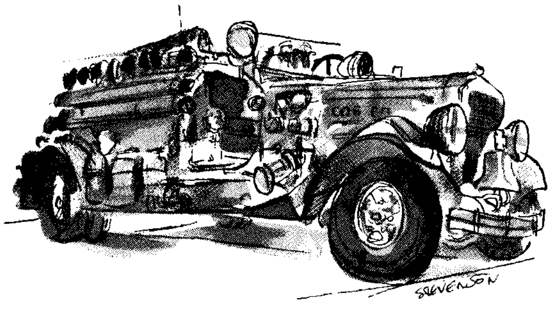
And then his wife's voice: "It's incredible, honey! You really must come! And quick, before he stops! He's a perfect little monkey!"

But already it was too late. The maid's key rattled noisily in the lock. As he quickly stepped backward into the *salle de bain* and pulled the door to, he called to them in a stage whisper, "Bring me my bathrobe."

Through the door he heard his wife's answer: "You know your bathrobe's packed. You said you wouldn't need it again. Put on your clothes."

His trousers and his shirt and underwear hung on one door hook, beside his pajamas on another. His first impulse was to slip into his clothes and go and see what it was the baby was doing. But on second thought there seemed too many arguments against this. His face was already lathered. He much, much preferred shaving as he now was, wearing only his towel. But still more compelling was the argument that it was to be a very special shave this morning. *The mustache was going to go!* Months back he had made a secret pact with himself to the effect that if the work he came over here to do was really finished when the year was up, then the mustache he had begun growing the day he arrived would *go* the day he left. From the beginning his wife had pretended to loathe it, though he knew she rather favored the idea as long as they were here, and only dreaded, as he did, the prospect of his going home with that brush on his upper lip. But he had not even mentioned the possibility of shaving the mustache. And as he wiped the mist from the mirror and then slipped a fresh blade into his razor he smiled in anticipation of the carrying on there would be over its removal.

In the passage now there was the clacking sound of the maid's footsteps. He could hear her taking all her usual steps—putting away the milk and bread that she had picked up on her way to work, crossing to the cloak closet, and placing her worn suède jacket and her silk scarf on a hanger—just as though this were not her last day on the job; or rather, last day with *them* in the apartment, because she was coming the following day, faithful and obliging soul, to wax the floors and hang the clean curtains she herself had washed. Their blessed, hard-working Marie. According to his wife, their having had Marie constituted their greatest luck and their greatest luxury this year. He scarcely ever saw her himself, and sometimes he had passed her down on the Boulevard without recognizing her until, belatedly, he realized that it had been her scarf and her jacket, and his baby in the carriage she pushed. But he had gradually assumed his wife's view that their getting hold of Marie had been the real pinnacle of all their good luck about living arrangements. At first they had thought they ought not to afford such an apartment as this one, with its genuine *chauffage central* and its Swedish kitchen, and even a study for him. But because of the children they decided it was worth the price to them. And after his work on the book got off to a good start and he saw that the first draft would almost certainly get finished this year, they decided that it would be a shame not to make the most of the year; that is, not to have some degree of freedom from housekeeping and looking after the children. And so they spoke to the concierge, who recommended Marie to them, saying that she was a mature woman who knew what it was to work but who might have to be forgiven a good deal of ignorance since she had not lived always in Paris. They had found nothing to forgive in Marie. Even her haggard appearance his wife had come to speak of as her "ascetic look." Even her reluctance to try to understand a single word of English represented, as did the noisy rattling of the door key, her extreme consideration for their privacy. Every morning at half past eight, her key rattled in the lock to their door. She was with them all day, sometimes taking the children to the park, always going out to do more marketing, never off her feet, never idle a moment



until she had prepared their evening meal and left them, to ride the Métro across Paris again—almost to Saint-Denis—and prepare another evening meal for her own husband and son.

Yet this maid of theirs was, in his mind, only a symbol of how they had been served this year. It was hard to think of anything that had not worked out in their favor. They had ended by even liking their landlady, who, although she lived but a block away up the Boulevard Saint-Michel, had been no bother to them whatever, and had just yesterday actually returned the full amount of their deposit on the furniture. Their luck had, of course, been phenomenal. After one week in the Hôtel des Saints-Pères, someone there had told them about M. Pavlushkoff, "the honest real-estate agent." They had put their problem in the hands of this splendid White Russian—this amiable, honest, intelligent, efficient man, with his office (to signalize his greatest virtue, his sensibility) in the beautiful Place des Vosges. Once M. Pavlushkoff had found them their apartment they never saw him again, but periodically he would telephone them to inquire if all went well and if he could assist them in any way. And once in a desperate hour—near midnight—they telephoned him, to ask for the name of a doctor. In less than half an hour M. Pavlushkoff had sent dear old Dr. Marceau to them.

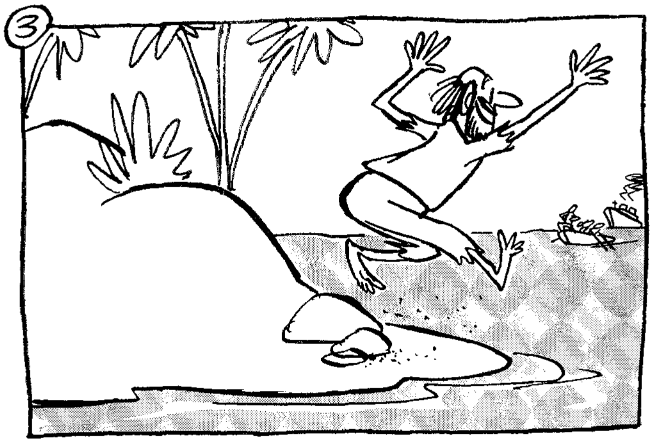
And Dr. Marceau himself had been another of their angels. The concierge had fetched round another doctor for them the previous afternoon, and he had made the little girl's ailment out to be something very grave and mysterious. He had prescribed some kind of febrifuge and the burning of eucalyptus leaves in her room. But Dr. Marceau immediately diagnosed measles (which they had believed it to be all along, with half her class at L'École Père Castor already out of school with it). Next day, Dr. Marceau had returned to give the baby an injection that made the little fellow's case a light one; and later on he saw them through the children's siege of chicken pox. Both the children were completely charmed by the old Doctor. Even on that first visit, when the little girl had not yet taken possession of the French language, she found the Doctor irresistible. He had bent over her and listened to her heart not through a stethoscope but with only a piece of Kleenex spread out between her bare chest and his big pink ear. As he listened, sticking the top of his bald head directly in her face, he quite unintentionally tickled her nose with the pretty ruffle of white hair that ringed his pate. Instantly the little girl's eyes met her mother's. From her sickbed she burst into giggles and came near to causing her mother to do the same. After that, whenever the Doctor came to see her, or to see her little brother, she would insist upon his listening to her heart. It would be hard to say whether Dr. Marceau was ever aware of why the little girl giggled, but he always said in French that she had the heart of a lioness, and he always stopped and kissed her on the forehead when he was leaving.

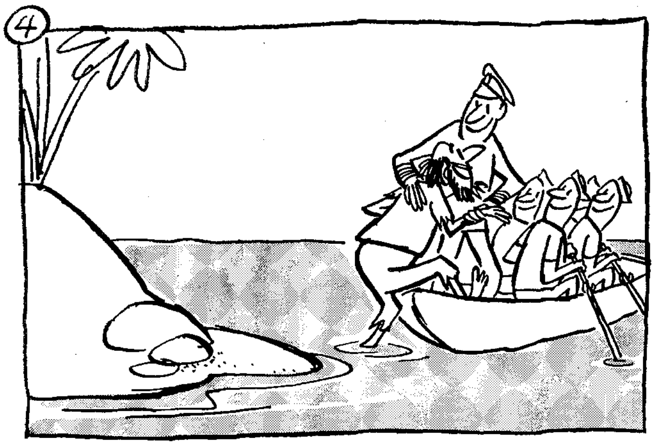
That's what the whole year had been like. There had been *that*, and there had been the project—the work on his book, which was about certain Confederate statesmen and agents who, with their families, were in Paris at the end of the Civil War, and who had to decide whether to go home and live under the new regime or remain permanently in Europe.

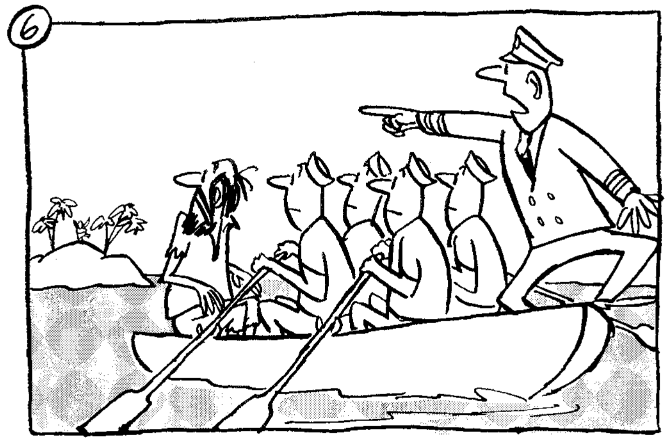
As far as his research was concerned, he had soon found that there was nothing to be got hold of at the Bibliothèque Nationale or anywhere else in Paris that was not available at home. And yet how stimulating to his imagination it was just to walk along the Rue de l'Université in the late afternoon, or along the Rue de Varenne, or over on the other side of the Seine along the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Saint-Antoine, hunting out the old addresses of the people he was writing about. And of course how stimulating to his work it was just being in Paris, no matter what his subject. Certain of his cronies back home at the University had accused him of selecting his subject merely as an excuse to come to Paris. . . . He couldn't be sure himself what part that had played in it. But it didn't matter. *He had had the idea, and he had done the work.*

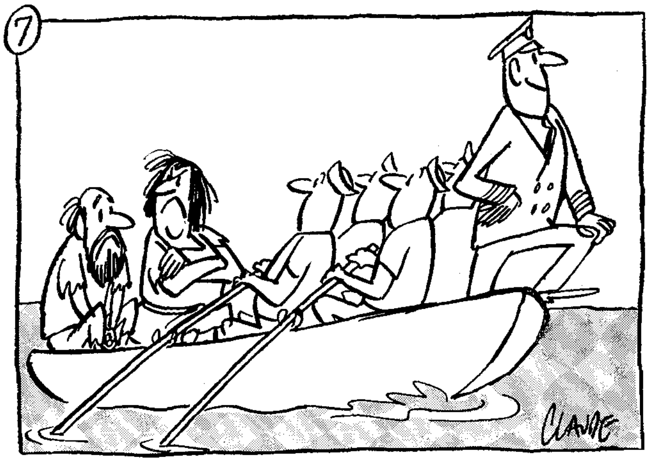
WITH his face smoothly shaven, and dressed in his clean clothes, Clark was in such gay spirits that he was tempted to go into the dining room and announce that he was dedicating this book to M. Pavlushkoff, to Dr. Marceau, to Marie, to all his French collaborators.

He found the family in the dining room, still lingering over breakfast, the little girl still in her nightgown, his wife in her nylon housecoat. At sight of his









naked upper lip his wife's face lit up. Without rising from her chair, she threw out her arms, saying, "*I* must have the first kiss! How beautiful you are!"

The little girl burst into laughter again. "Mama!" she exclaimed. "Don't *say* that! *Men* aren't beautiful, *are* they, Daddy?" She still had not noticed that the mustache was gone.

It was only a token kiss he got from his wife. She was afraid that Marie might come in at any moment to take their breakfast dishes. Keeping her eyes on the door to the passage, she began pushing him away almost before their lips met. And so he turned to his daughter, trying to give her a kiss. Still she hadn't grasped what had brought on her parents' foolishness, and she wriggled away from him and out of her chair, laughing and fairly shrieking out, "What's the matter with him, Mama?"

"Just look!" whispered his wife; and at first Clark thought of course she meant look at him. "Look at the baby, for heaven's sake," she said.

The baby was in his playpen in the corner of the dining room. With his hands clasped on the top of his head and his fat little legs stuck out before him, he was using his heels to turn himself round and round, pivoting on his bottom.

"How remarkable!" Clark exclaimed.

"Watch his eyes—how he rolls them," said his wife.

"Why, he is rolling them!" Clark said. "How really remarkable."

"That's only the half of it," said his wife. "In a minute he'll begin going around the other way and rolling his eyes in the other direction."

And having made three complete turns, the baby did presently begin revolving the other way round and rolling his eyes in the other direction. The two parents and the little girl were laughing together now. The most comical aspect of it was the serious expression on the baby's face, particularly at the moment when, facing them and stopping quite still, he shifted the direction of his eye rolling. At this moment the little girl's voice moved up at least one octave. She never showed any natural jealousy of her baby brother, but at such times as this she often seemed to be determined to outdo her parents in their amusement and in their admiration of the baby. Just now she was so convulsed with laughter that she staggered back to her chair and threw herself into it and leaned against the table. As she did so, one of her flailing hands struck her milk glass, which was still half full. The milk poured out over the placemat and then traced little white rivulets over the dark surface of the table.

Both parents pounced upon the child at once: "Honey! Honey! Watch out! Watch what you're doing!"

The little girl crimsoned. Her lips trembled as she said under her breath, "*Je regrette.*"

"If you had drunk your milk this wouldn't have happened," said her mother, dabbing at the milk with a paper napkin.

"Regardless of that," said Clark, "she has no business throwing herself about so and going into such paroxysms over nothings."

"*Je regrette. Je regrette,*" said the little girl aloud. It was impossible to tell whether she was using the French phrase deliberately or whether she wasn't even aware of doing so.

"Honey, stop saying that!" said her mother. And then, discovering that a few drops of milk had trickled down one table leg and onto the carpet, the mother turned and herself called out in French to the maid to come and bring a cloth.

His understanding of French speech, Clark reflected, was the thing that *hadn't* gone well this year. After all, he was in the habit of telling himself, *he* hadn't had the opportunity to converse with Marie a large part of each day, or to attend a primary school where the teacher and the other pupils spoke no English, and he hadn't—with his responsibilities to his work and his family—been able to hang about the cafés like some student.

But suddenly now he looked into his little daughter's flushed face and saw that her eyelashes were wet with tears. He was overcome with shame.

His wife must have discovered the tears at the same moment. He glanced at her and saw that she, too, was now filled with pity for the child and was probably thinking, as he was, that they were all of them keyed up this morning of their last day before starting home.

"Oh, it's all right, sweetie," said his wife, putting her hand on the top of the blond little head and pointing out the milk to Marie.

Squatting down beside his daughter, Clark said, "Don't you notice anything different?" And he stuck his forefinger across his upper lip.

"Oh, Mama, it's gone!" she squealed. Placing her two little hands on his shoulders, she bent forward and kissed him on the mouth. "Mama, you're right," she exclaimed. "He *is* beautiful!"

After that, the spilt milk and the baby's gyrations were events of ancient history—dismissed and utterly forgotten.

A few minutes later, the little girl and Marie were beside the playpen chattering to the baby in French. Clark saw that his wife had wandered off into their bedroom, where she would dress and then throw herself into a final fury of packing. She had already asked him to make himself scarce this day, to keep out of the way of women's work. *His* duties, she had said, would begin when it came time to leave for the boat train tomorrow morning. Now he followed her into the bedroom to put on a tie and a jacket before setting out on his day's expedition.

She had taken off her housecoat and was standing in her slip before the big armoire, searching there among the few dresses that hadn't already been packed for something she might wear today. He stopped in front of the mirror above the chest of drawers and began slipping a tie into his collar. He was thinking of just how he would spend his last day. Not, certainly, with any of his acquaintances. He had said goodbye to everyone he wanted to say goodbye to. No, he would enjoy the luxury of being by himself, of buying a paper and reading it over coffee somewhere, of wandering perhaps one more time through the Luxembourg Gardens—the wonderful luxury of walking in Paris on a June day without purpose or direction.

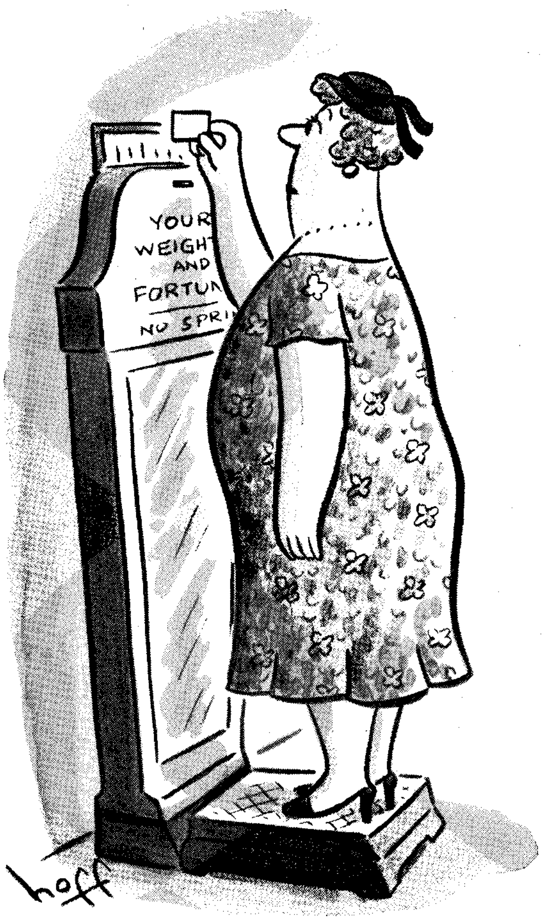
When he had finished with his tie, he discovered that his wife was now watching his face in the mirror. She was smiling, and as their eyes met she said, "I'm glad you shaved it but I shall miss it a little, along with everything else." And before she began pulling her dress over her head she blew him a kiss.

IL PENSEROSO

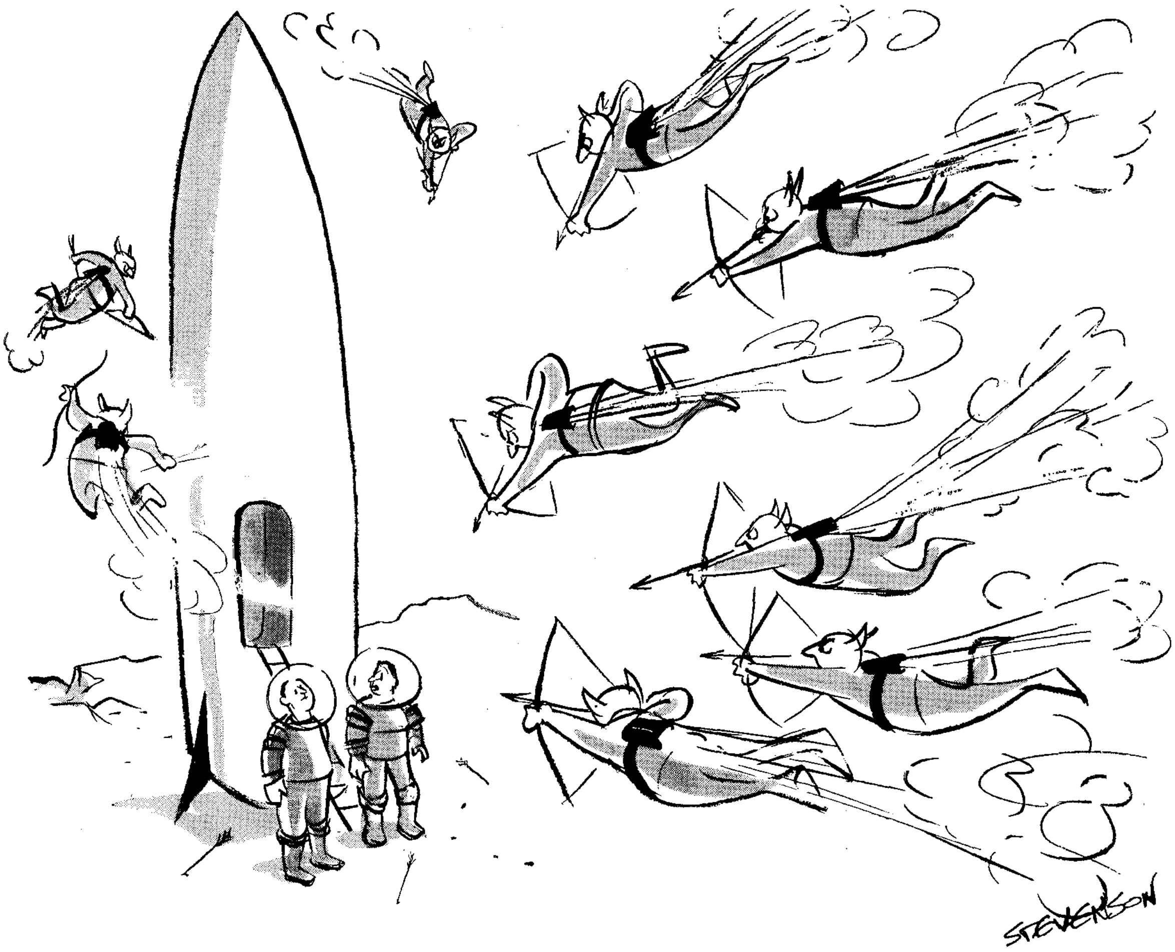
THE feeling came over him in the Luxembourg Gardens at the very moment he was passing the Medici Grotto at the end of its little lagoon. He simply could not imagine what it was that had been able to depress his spirits so devastatingly on a day that had begun so well. Looking back at the grotto, he wanted to think that his depression had been induced by the ugliness and the triteness of the sculpture about the fountain there, but he knew that the fountain had nothing to do with it. He was so eager to dispel this sudden gloom and return to his earlier mood, however, that he turned to walk back to the spot and see what else might have struck his eye. Above all, it was important for it to be something outside himself that had crushed his fine spirits this way, and that was thus threatening to spoil his day.

He didn't actually return to the spot, but he did linger a moment by the corner of the Palace, beside a flower bed where two workmen—surreptitiously it seemed to him—were sinking little clay pots of already blooming geranium plants into the black soil, trying to make it look as though the plants honestly grew and bloomed there. From here he eyed other strollers along the path and beside the lagoon, hoping to discover in one of them something tragic or pathetic which he might hold responsible for the change he had felt come over him. He would have much preferred finding an object, something not human, to pin it on, but, that failing, he was now willing to settle for any unhappy or unpleasant-looking person—a stranger, of course, someone who had no claim of any kind on him. But every child and its nurse, each shabby student with satchel and notebooks, every old gentleman or old lady waiting for his terrier or her poodle to perform in the center of the footpath appeared relatively happy (in their limited French way, of course, he found himself thinking)—as happy, almost, as he must have appeared not five minutes earlier. He even tried looking farther back on the path toward the gate into the Rue de Vaugirard, but it availed him nothing. Then his thoughts took him beyond the gate, and he remembered the miserable twenty minutes he had just been forced to spend trying to read his paper and enjoy his coffee in the Café Tournon, while a bearded fellow-American explained to him what was wrong with their country and why Americans were "universally unpopular" abroad.

But even this wouldn't do. For he was as used to the ubiquitous bearded American and his café explanations of everything as he was to the ugly Italian grotto; and he disliked them to just the same degree and found them equally incapable of disturbing him in this way. He gave up the search now,



"You are effervescent, quick to enthusiasm, and have a passion for honesty."



"It appears to me that they're ahead of us in some ways, behind in others."

and as he strode out into the brightness of the big sunken garden he quietly conceded the truth of the matter: the feeling was not evoked by his surroundings at all but had sprung from something inside himself. Further, it was not worth all this searching; it wasn't important; it would pass soon. Why, as soon as it had run its course with him he would not even remember the feeling again until . . . until it would come upon him again in the same unreasonable way, perhaps in six months, or in a few days, or in a year. When the mood was not on him, he could never believe in it. For instance, while he had been shaving this morning he truly did not know or, rather, he *knew not* that he was ever in his life subject to such fits of melancholy and gloom. . . . But still the mood *was* on him now. And actually he understood the source well enough.

It sprang from the same thing his earlier cheerful mood had come from—his own consciousness of how well everything had gone for him this year, and last year, and always, really. It was precisely this, he told himself, that depressed him. At the present moment he could almost wish that he hadn't finished the work on his book. He was able to wish this (or almost wish it) because he knew it was so typical of him to have accomplished just precisely what he had come to accomplish—and so American of him. Generally speaking, he didn't dislike being himself or being American, but to recognize that he was so definitely the man he was, so definitely the combination he was, and that certain experiences and accomplishments were now typical of him was to recognize how he was getting along in the world and how the time was moving by. He was only thirty-eight. But the bad thought was that he was no longer *going to be* this or that. He *was.* It was a matter of *be*ing. And to *be* meant, or seemed to mean at such a moment, to *be over with.* Yet this, too, was a tiresome, recurrent thought of his—very literary, he considered it, and a platitude.

He went on with his walk. The Jardin du Luxembourg was perfection this morning, with its own special kind of sky and air and its wall of flat-topped chestnuts with their own delicate shade of green foliage, and he tried to feel guilty about his wife's being stuck back there in the apartment, packing their possessions, trying to fit everything that had not gone into the foot lockers and the duffelbags into six small pieces of luggage. But the guiltiness he tried for wouldn't materialize. Instead, he had a nasty little feeling of envy at her packing. And so he had to return to his efforts at delighting in the singular charm of the park on a day like this. "There is nothing else like it in Paris," he said, moving his lips, "which is to say there is nothing else like it in the world." And this pleased him just as long as it took for his lips to form the words.

It wasn't yet midmorning, but the little boys—both the ragged and the absurdly over-dressed-up ones—had already formed their circle about the boat basin in the center, and, balancing themselves on the masonry there, were sending their sailboats out over the bright water. This was almost a cheering sight to him. But not quite. For it was, after all, a regular seasonal feature of the place, like the puppet shows and the potted palm trees, and it was hardly less artificial in its effect.

He was rounding the lower garden of the park now; had passed the steps that lead up toward the Boulevard Saint-Michel entrance and toward that overpowering monster the Panthéon. (There were monsters and monstrous things everywhere he turned now.) He was walking just below the clumsy balustrade of the upper garden; and now, across the boat basin, across the potted flower beds and the potted palms, above the heads of the fun-loving, freedom-loving, stiff-necked, and pallid-faced Parisians, he saw the façade of the old Palace itself. It also loomed large and menacing. There was no look of fun or freedom about it. It did not smile down upon the garden. Rather, out of that pile of ponderous, dirty stone, all speckled with pigeon droppings, twenty eyes glared at him over the iron fencing, which seemed surely to have been put there to protect the people from the monster—not the monster from the people. It was those vast, terrible, blank windows, like the whitened eyes of a blind horse, that made the building hideous. How could anyone ever have found it a thing of beauty? How could . . . Then suddenly: "Oh, do stop it!" he said to himself. But he couldn't stop it. Wasn't it from one of those awful windows that the great David, as a prisoner of the Revolution, had painted his only landscape? That unpleasant man David, that future emperor of art, that personification of the final dead end to a long-dying tradition! "Oh, do stop it!" he said again to himself. "Can't you stop it?"

But still he couldn't. The Palace *was* a tomb. The park was a formal cemetery. He was where everything was finished and over with. Too much had already happened here, and whatever else might come would be only anticlimactic. And nothing could be so anticlimactic as an American living on the left bank of the Seine and taking a morning walk in the Jardin du Luxembourg. He remembered two novels whose first chapters took for their setting this very spot. Nothing was so deadening to a place as literature! And wasn't it true, after all, that their year in that fourth-floor walkup had been a dismal, lonely one? Regardless of his having got his work done, of his having had his afternoons free to wander not only through the streets where his heroes had once lived but also through the Louvre and the Musée Cluny and through the old crumbling *hôtels* of the Marais? Regardless of the friends they had made and even of the occasional gay evening on the town. Wasn't it really so that he had just not been willing to admit this truth until this moment? Wasn't it so, really, that he had come to Paris too late? That this was a city for the very young and the very rich, and that he, being neither, might as well not have come? What was he but a poor plodding fellow approaching middle age, doing all right, getting along with his work well enough, providing for his family; and the years were moving by. . . .

Suddenly he turned his back on the boat basin and the Palace, and started at a brisk pace up the ramp that leads toward the great gilded south gate. And immediately he saw his daughter in the crowd, walking under the trees.

He saw her before she saw him. This gave him time to gather his wits, and to recall that his wife, as soon as she got *him* out of the apartment, was determined to get *them* out, too, so that there would be no one to interfere with her packing. And now, during the moment that *she* did not see him, he managed to find something that he could be cross with her about. She was ambling along, absent-mindedly leaning on the baby's carriage—that *awful* habit of hers—and making it all but impossible for Marie to push the carriage. She had come out from under the trees now, and as she skipped and danced along, her two bouncing blond ponytails, which Marie had fixed, one directly above each ear, were literally dazzling in the sunlight. "Daddy," she said, as she came within his shadow on the gravel path. Her eyes were just exactly the color of the park's own blue heaven. His wife's mother had said it didn't seem quite normal for a girl to have such "positive blue" eyes. And her long little face with the chin just a tiny bit crooked, like his own!

He took her hand, and they went down the ramp toward the row of chairs on their left. "If we sit down, you'll have to pay," she warned him.

"That's all right," he said.

"I'll sit on your lap if you'll give me the ten francs for the extra chair."

"And if I won't?"

"Oh, I'll sit on your lap anyway, since you've shaved that mustache."

The old woman who collected for chairs was hot on their heels. He paid for the single chair and tipped her the price of another.

"I saw how much you gave her," his daughter said reproachfully. "But it's all right. She's one of the nice ones."

"Oh, they're all nice when you get to know them," he said, laughing.

She nodded. "And isn't it a lovely park, Daddy? I think it is."

"It's too bad we're going home so soon, isn't it?" he said.

"Daddy, we just *got* here!" she protested.

"I mean going back to America, silly," he said.

"I thought you meant to the apartment. . . . But we're *not* going back to America *today*."

"No, but tomorrow."

"Well, what difference does *that* make?"

He saw Marie approaching with the carriage. "Let's give our chair to Marie, since I have to be on my way," he said.

"Then you have to leave now?" she asked forlornly.

He gave her a big squeeze with his arms and held her a moment longer on his knee. He was wondering where his dark mood had gone. It was not just gone. He felt it had never been. And why had he lied to himself about this year? It *had* been a fine year. But still he kept thinking also of how she had interrupted his mood. And as soon as she was off his knee, he began to feel resentful again of the interruption and of the mysterious power she had over him. He found that he wanted the mood of despondency to return, and he knew it wouldn't for a long while. It was something she had taken from him, something she had taken from him before and would take from him again and again—she and the little fellow in the carriage there, and their mother, too, even before they were born. They would never allow him to have it for days and days at a time, as he once did. He felt he had been cheated. But this was not a mood, it was only a thought. He felt a great loss—except he didn't really feel it, he only thought of it. And he felt, he *knew* that he had after all gotten to Paris too late . . . after he had already established steady habits of work . . . after he had acknowledged claims that others had on him . . . after there were ideas and truths and work and people that he loved better even than himself.

—Peter Taylor

•

HALF-BENT MAN

Haunts me the lugubrious shape
Of a half-blind, burly, old
Man, half bent to earth,
Who on the Princeton campus
Spears stray papers with a nail-
Ended stick, lurching, walking
Crankily, true scavenger
Ridding the earth of detail
And debris, always evident,
A bent man, the true condition,
Half-blind, but cleansing life,
Putting trash in a burlap bag,
He moves as it seems to me
With a profound, heavy purpose,
I am haunted by his life
As towers, books, professors, ideas
Mingle in a world beyond him,
But it is his dark, own burdens
In his bent, half-seeing, weary attitude
I claim as man's and mine,
And O blind-man, rag-picker,
Paper-picker, cleanser of domains,
I shall not betray your meaning
As time bends us to the earth
And we pick what gems and scraps
There are from magnificence.

—Richard Eberhart

A REPORTER AT LARGE

EVOLUTION OF A MESA

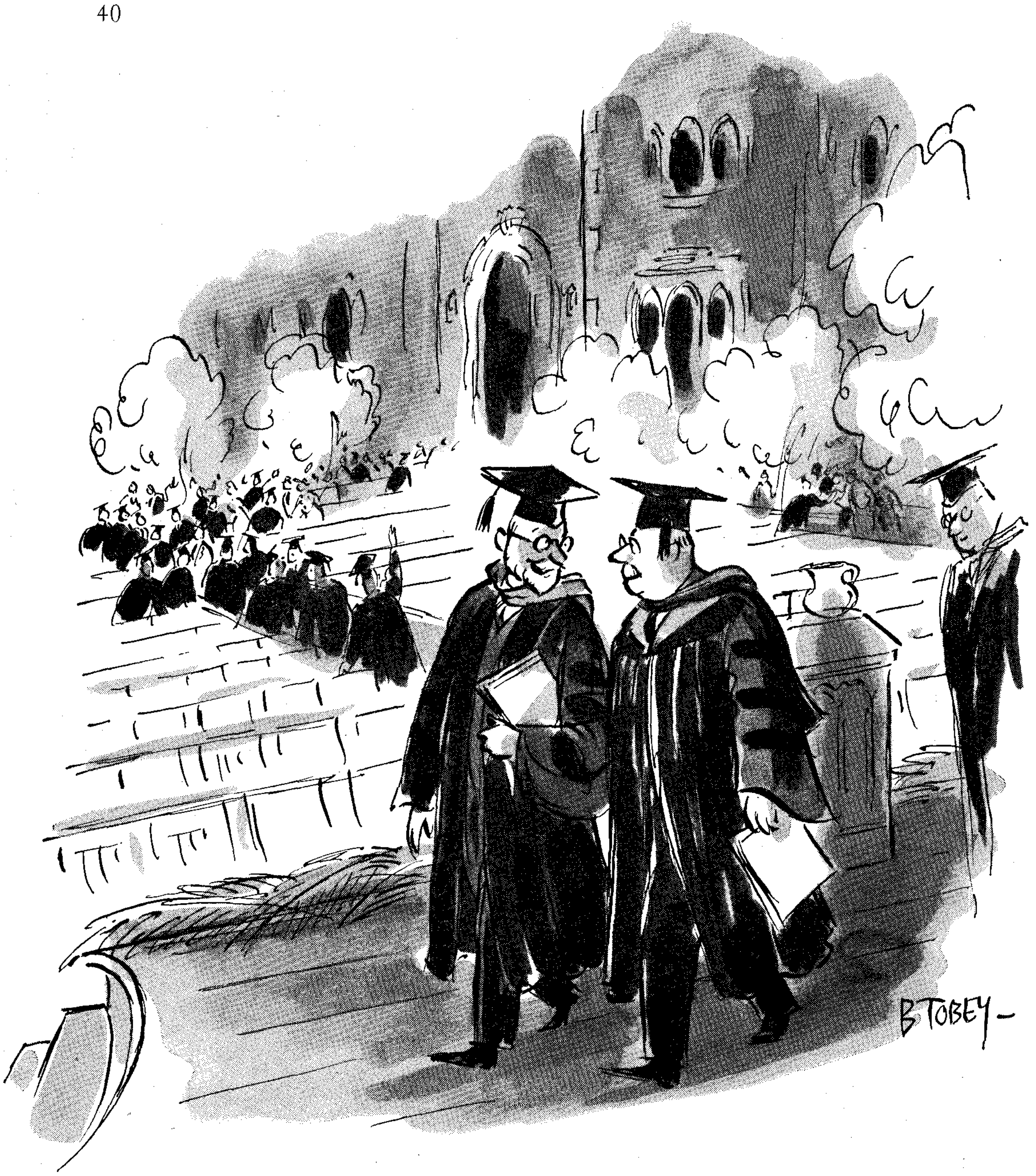
Los Alamos

EVERY town has some favorite myth about itself, and this community, the home of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, where the world's first atomic and hydrogen bombs were assembled and where new bombs are now being designed, is no exception. Situated atop a New Mexican mesa seventy-three hundred feet high, Los Alamos fancies itself a remote outpost of civilization, gallantly going it alone. Practically everyone I have met here has paid almost ritualistic homage to this myth. "Why, even our telegraph office shuts down at six in the evening," a physicist informed me the day I arrived here, neglecting to mention that telegrams can be phoned at any hour at all to Western Union in Santa Fe, thirty-six miles away. "We're as isolated as a Himalayan hill station," a chemist added, and went on gravely, "It's our altitude, of course." I refrained from pointing out that Santa Fe, which, as the capital of the state, considers itself something of a hub, is on just about the same elevation as Los Alamos. With a wide sweep of his hand, the chemist indicated the peaks of the Jemez Mountains, to the west of the mesa, and the Sangre de Cristo range, to the east, their slopes covered with aspen, western yellow pine, and patches of fresh white snow. "We're lost in the wilderness," he said, and so earnest was his tone that I momentarily forgot the highways winding down from the Hill, as this strategic mesa is known in these parts, to the Pojoaque Valley and the rest of the United States.

Los Alamos's sense of being marooned goes back to the war years, when it was *supposed* to be cut off from the outside world, and has survived what should perhaps have been its death blow—the opening of the Hill to the public, early in 1957. About ten years ago, when I was last here, I felt on arriving at the Los Alamos gates that I had reached the frontier of a mysterious and probably hostile enclave. Back in that dim time, when the United States had a monopoly of nuclear weapons, the entrance to Los Alamos crawled with uniformed guards, their holsters bulging and their manner forbiddingly suspicious as they interrogated visitors and checked identification papers. The guards' posts, which used to be strung across the road like toll stations, have now been torn down, and what was once their field office, off to one side of the road, has become the Gate Drive-In, a hamburger joint with a jukebox and a sizable teen-age clientele. In the old days, once past the guards, one entered a sprawling, half-finished settlement that, with its unsightly green laboratory buildings right in the middle of things and its scattering of prefabs and trailers and barracks, indeed gave the appearance of being at the edge of the civilized world. Now one drives freely into Los Alamos, and finds oneself in a neatly ordered town that might, except for the distinctive landscape, be a young suburban community anywhere in the United States.

The letting down of the barriers was greeted with anything but joy by the residents of Los Alamos, who had grown to like their aerielike inaccessibility. Two years ago, the Atomic Energy Commission, democratically feeling its way, took a straw vote of the local population on the question of opening the gates, and the response was overwhelmingly negative. "Certainly we wanted our gates," one woman told me the other day. "We felt safe, and we had privacy. Relatives couldn't just drop in on us any time they felt like it." The A.E.C., however, was eager to cut loose its guards—there were twenty of them, and their salaries amounted to a hundred thousand dollars a year—and on Friday, February 15, 1957, it summarily announced that, except for certain areas surrounding the Laboratory buildings, Los Alamos would become an open city the following Monday. Jitters swept the town that weekend. The mesa, people said, was going to be overrun by tourists, door-to-door salesmen,

"Give 'em hell, Philip."

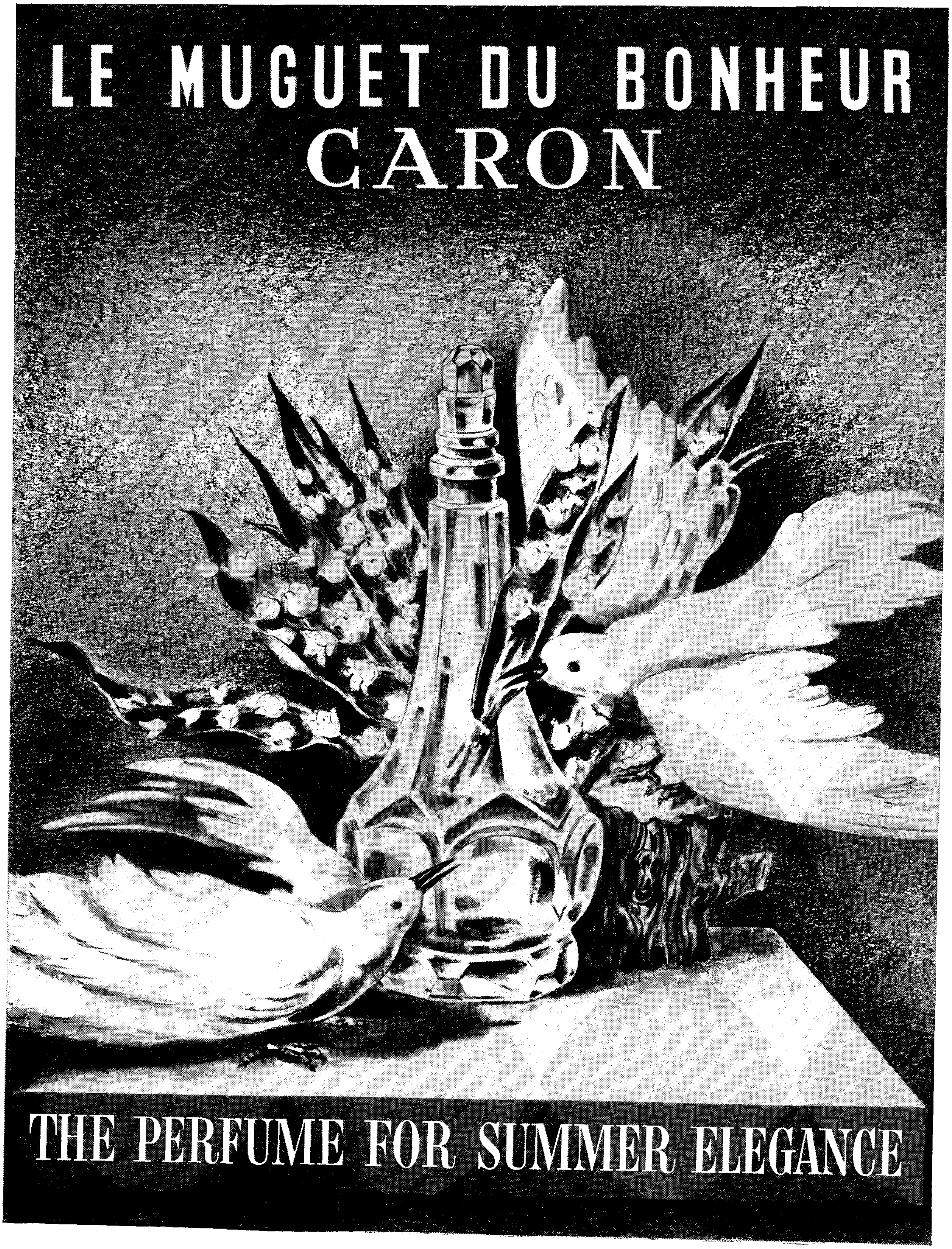


"Well, that puts the cork on another one."

• •

and unsavory characters from Santa Fe and the Valley, who would instantly precipitate a crime wave. On Saturday, there was a run on pistols and rifles at the sports shop. One father declared that as of Monday his teen-age daughter would cease to be available for baby-sitting; she was going to stay home after dark. "A spinster scientist asked us to protect her against saboteurs," Paul A. Wilson, the A.E.C.'s area manager for Los Alamos, told me. This xenophobic binge was of short duration. Monday came and went—as have many Mondays since—with little change in the life of the community. To be sure, there was a crime wave not long afterward, but it was a minuscule one, brought on by some Hill youngsters who stole a car or two and performed sundry other acts of mischief. Salesmen did come, but not in swarms, and tourists stopped off only occasionally, usually making a side trip to Los Alamos on their way home from Bandelier National Monument, the site of some Pueblo Indian ruins, fifteen miles to the south. The town, in short, has been pretty much left to its residents—though this is not to say that outsiders have evinced no curiosity about Los Alamos since the disappearance of the gates. I learned of one example of such curiosity from Dr. Jane H. Hall, a pleasant-faced physicist who is assistant director of the Laboratory. Last winter, Dr. Hall said, when she and her husband—he is Dr. David B. Hall, the head of the Laboratory's reactor-development division—were vacationing in the Virgin Islands, they became acquainted with another couple, and the wife raised a question that had been on her mind since she visited some pueblos near Los Alamos a few years back. She hoped she wasn't asking the Halls to violate security, or anything like that, she said, but, looking up from a distance at the secret city of Los Alamos, she had observed a tall plume of smoke; she wondered, now that the gates were down, if it was all right to ask what that was. "She was so tentative, so expectant," Dr. Hall recalled, "I hated to have to tell her that the plume of smoke came from the town garbage dump."

While the opening of the gates is probably the surest indication that the Hill is getting to be like ordinary places, other such indications have appeared since my last visit. The community was then a government reservation, and its people could not vote in state or national elections; they were governed by an A.E.C. official who had practically autocratic powers, though, as one might suppose in a community having such a high collective I.Q., he exercised them with discretion. Today Los Alamos is the county seat of Los Alamos County—New Mexico's newest (and smallest)—with a senator and a representative in the state legislature. Along with the vote, the citizens received the privilege of paying local taxes, levied by a county council of three commissioners, who serve for a dollar a year. The commissioners also exercise such powers as maintaining a county court and issuing traffic regulations, and a few summers ago they took the radical step of putting Los Alamos County on daylight-saving time—confusing things sadly for those Laboratory workers who live down in the Valley, where Mountain Standard Time is in effect the year round. It might be said that in many respects Los Alamos is now leading a reasonably normal civilian life, even if some of its older residents are not quite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THE PERFUME FOR SUMMER ELEGANCE

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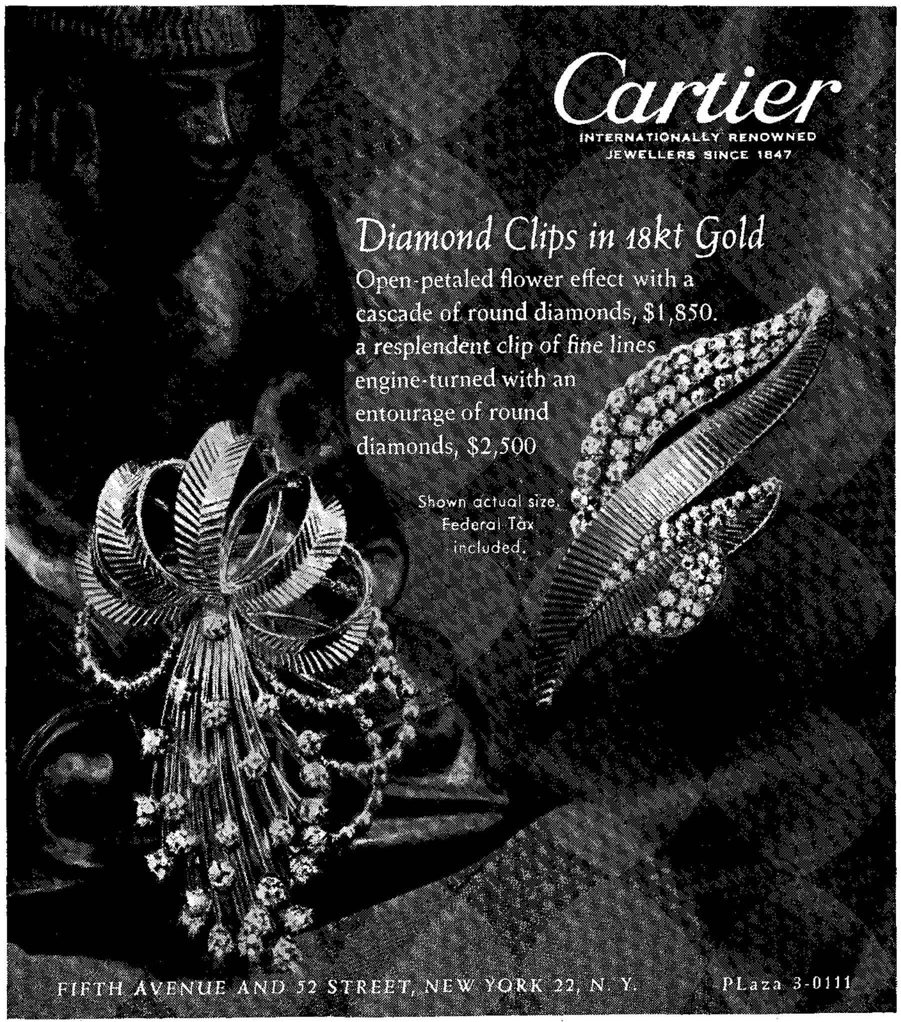
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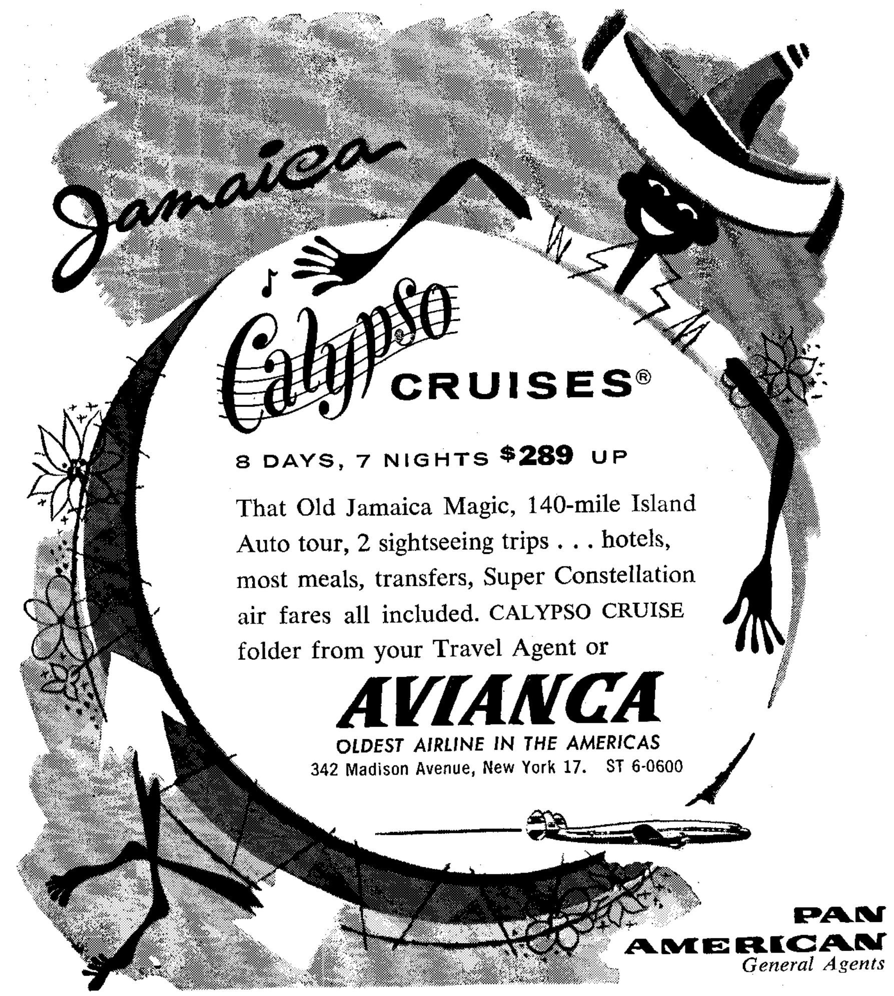
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adjusted to the fact. In the graduating class of Los Alamos High School last year, there were a number of students who had received their entire education, from kindergarten up, on the Hill, but some parents here, who still think of themselves as temporarily transplanted from New York or Madison, Wisconsin, are astonished to get letters from their children in college referring to the Hill as "back home."

Despite all these recent developments, the federal government's influence in Los Alamos remains strong. For one thing, the Atomic Energy Commission still owns something like ninety-nine per cent of all real estate here—a state of affairs that dates back to the war, when the government bought the mesa from a boys' school. The A.E.C., having plenty of things to worry about besides real-estate management, would be delighted to bow out as landlord, but, as is generally the case, it takes a lot of legislation and negotiation to dispose of federal property. All things considered, it was quite an event when, a few weeks ago, a twenty-acre parcel of land, divided into seventy-one lots, was placed on sale for home construction—the first bit of real estate to go on the block. And there may be greater things to come, according to Wilson, the A.E.C. man, who told me that, if everything goes right, a good many A.E.C.-owned homes will begin passing into private ownership before long. Most residents look forward to the change, since under the present setup they naturally feel a lack of roots. There are some, however, who will miss having a landlord as paternalistic as the A.E.C., which has done its best to make life easy for the tenants. "The government really coddles us, and I, for one, am glad it does," a researcher remarked to me. "I must confess that I find it comforting to know that I can call on the government to fix my plumbing." He smiled, and went on more seriously, "Make no mistake, though, the coddling has its practical side. Many of us could earn twice as much with private industry as we do here on the Hill, but our rent and other expenses out in the cruel world would be twice as high. My house costs me a hundred and seven dollars a month, and it has four bedrooms, two bathrooms, a garden, and a fifty-mile view. Besides, we have no mosquitoes on this mesa. That alone is worth three thousand dollars of whatever salary an aircraft company in southern California might offer me."

The strongest sentiments in favor of the A.E.C.'s decision to pull out are be-

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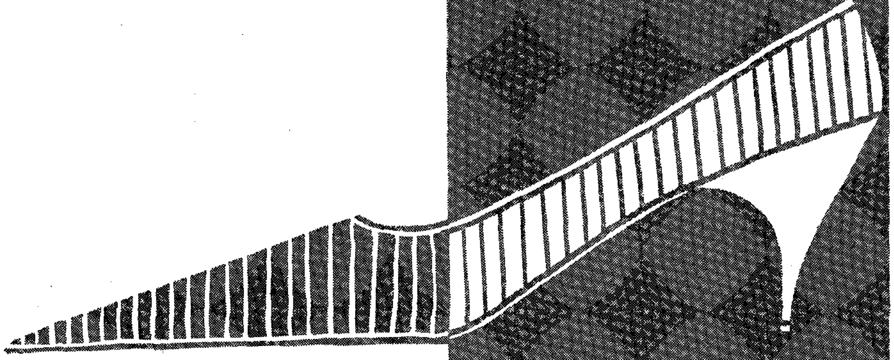

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ing expressed by some of the local merchants. Under the present arrangement, such businessmen lease their establishments from the A.E.C., and any improvements that they make automatically become the property of the government. Since I was here last, the A.E.C. has done a great deal to expand the town's commercial facilities—there are now almost fifty shops, or four times as many as there were then—but the merchants are impatient to do some expanding they can call their own. In other ways, though, the Hill is practically made to order for small businessmen. Elmo deBaca, the president of the Los Alamos Merchants' Association, who runs a garage and an automobile sales agency, told me contentedly that the recession hadn't touched Los Alamos. "Up here on the mesa," he explained, "we have a captive trade, the per-capita income is high, and there's no unemployment. It just isn't allowed. No job, no home. It's a one-industry town, of course, but that industry ought to be good for a long, long time."

Los Alamos officials believe that it may be ten years before the A.E.C. has completely disposed of its non-scientific property here, but they feel that whenever it does, the chances are that it will be handing over a clean, good-looking town. The town is clean and good-looking right now, for that matter, and its appearance seems to be improving daily. The original labs have come down, and the new ones—concrete and metal buildings from one to ten stories high—are grouped in a pleasant forested area just south of the town proper. Gone is the sloppy patchwork of prefabs and trailers, and in their place are new houses of frame, stucco, or adobe and cinder block, in a sort of modified Western architectural style, that stand on quiet, winding streets with names like Spruce and Quince and Peach. The improvement in living quarters is all to the good, since most of the Hill's entertaining takes place in homes. There are few restaurants and no cabarets on the Hill, and the dining room at the Lodge, the town's one hotel, is a gloomy place with a limited cuisine. The height of local epicureanism is reached when a hostess is lucky enough to enlist the services of a certain experimental physicist here, who is well versed in Chinese cookery, and his wife, who is an excellent pastry chef; every now and then, when they are in the mood, this accomplished pair will volunteer to serve as caterers for some party-giving friend.

The original complement at Los Alamos consisted of about two hundred

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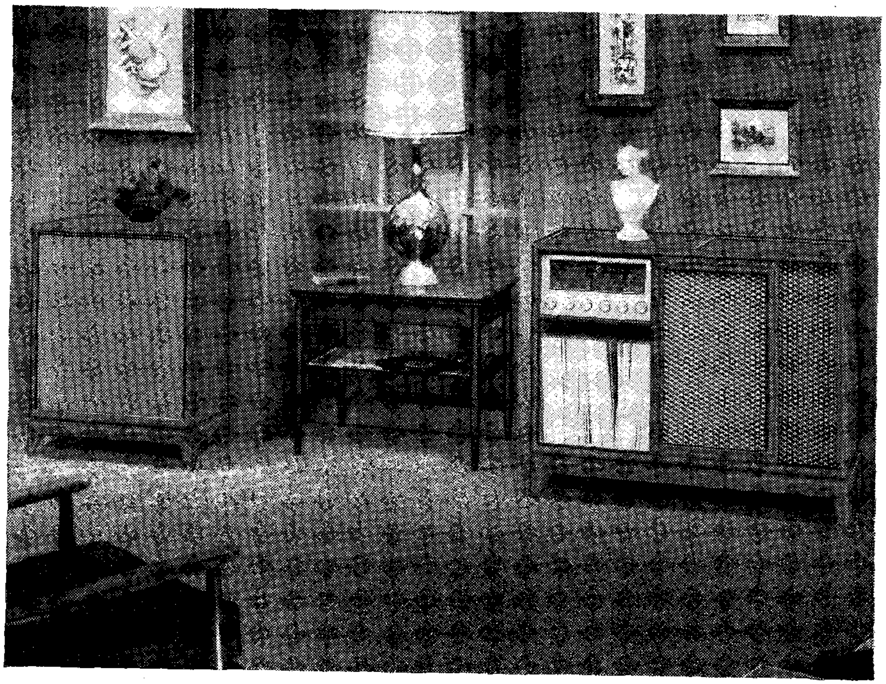

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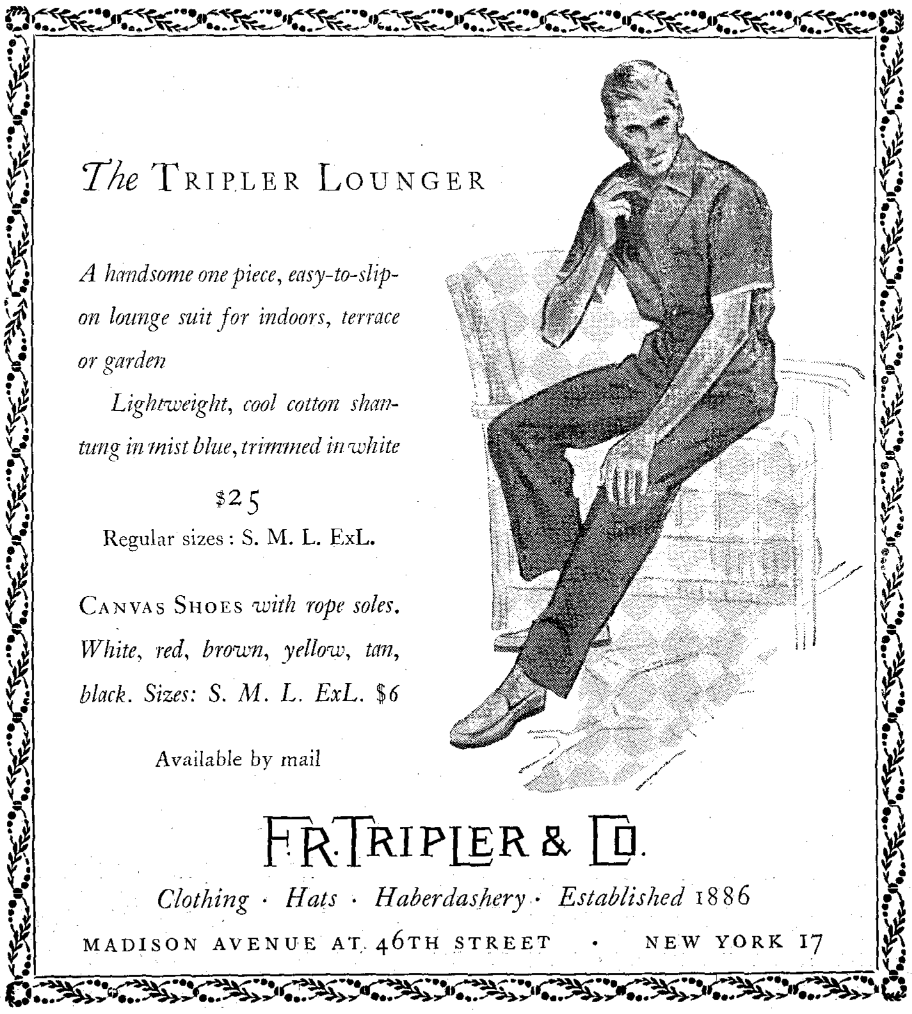

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people, including a few dozen wives—just about enough for a big cocktail party. The place now has thirteen thousand inhabitants, and almost half of them are children. "Pediatrics and obstetrics are big business here," one Los Alamos mother told me. Despite the high percentage of youngsters, though, the average age of Los Alamos citizens today is thirty-five, as compared to twenty-five during the war, when the director of the Laboratory, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, was a doddering thirty-nine. Their age notwithstanding, the present inhabitants get about spryly enough. Los Alamos has one of the most ardent parachute-jumping clubs in the country, and not a single physicist has blown away yet. Some of the Laboratory people display a youthful prankishness even at work, to judge by the vermouth atomizer that was launched a few years ago at Frenchman Flat, the proving ground in Nevada where bombs designed here are tested. On that occasion, a scientist told me, "a couple of the boys" tied a bottle of dry vermouth to an atomic bomb just before it went off, as a personal favor to a colleague who likes his Martinis extra dry. The fallout, it was reasoned, would supply their friend with all the vermouth he required for years to come. "All he has to do now is stick the shaker out the window and get vermouth from the atmosphere," the scientist explained to me.

FOR all the physical improvements in Los Alamos, perhaps the most striking change—or so it seems to a returning visitor—is not in the look of the place but in its mood. Back in 1947, one couldn't spend even a few hours here without hearing discussions on whether bombs should be made at all in a time of presumed peace, and the tone was uniformly sombre and soul-searching. One researcher, whom I talked with at some length, weighed the pros and cons of what a worldwide scientists' strike might accomplish in the way of straightening out the policies of governments, and another asked me, as I was leaving, to give his regards to Broadway—"the country's best target." A year or two earlier, just after the Japanese surrender, many scientists, appalled by the climax of their labors, had left the Hill—forever, they said. Nowadays, the consciences of Los Alamos are apparently much clearer; almost all the scientists I have talked with calmly accept the necessity for making weapons. "Things don't seem to make as much difference as they once did," one scientist told me vaguely, and I had lunch

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one day at the home of a veteran researcher, who had taken part in the world's first atomic explosion—the Trinity test, on July 16, 1945, in the Alamogordo desert, two hundred and fifty miles south of here—and who seemed to have forgotten he had ever been plagued by moral qualms. As far as he was concerned, he remarked, he took weapons assignments in his stride, and always had. "Really, dear?" his wife asked quietly. The scientist stared at his plate for a moment, and then, shaking his head, said, "No, I guess not. I guess there wasn't one of us who came back from Alamogordo without asking himself, 'My God, what have I done?' "

The general attitude toward munitions that one finds in Los Alamos today might be described as cerebral rather than emotional, and political rather than moral. The scientists look upon their work as a reasonable Cold War operation that gives our diplomats time to work out an effective peace. Unless we can inflict casualties as efficiently as the next nation, these scientists say, in effect, America's bargaining position will be seriously compromised. "We think we are contributing to the only kind of stability available—namely, this uneasy peace," Dr. John H. Manley, a distinguished physicist, told me. "We can merely help the State Department in its efforts to improve this peace. Scientists cannot improve it alone. They are not diplomats." Dr. Alvin C. Graves, a forty-eight-year-old physicist who is the head of the Los Alamos weapons-testing division and also an elder of the United Church, the largest Protestant church on the Hill, said, "I pray that nuclear weapons are never fired in anger, and my feeling is that our stockpile and the Russian stockpile are promoting peace right now—unsatisfactory though this sort of peace may be." Dr. Graves, who suffered a heart attack last year and a radiation injury to one of his eyes in 1946, maintains that many of the scientists remain

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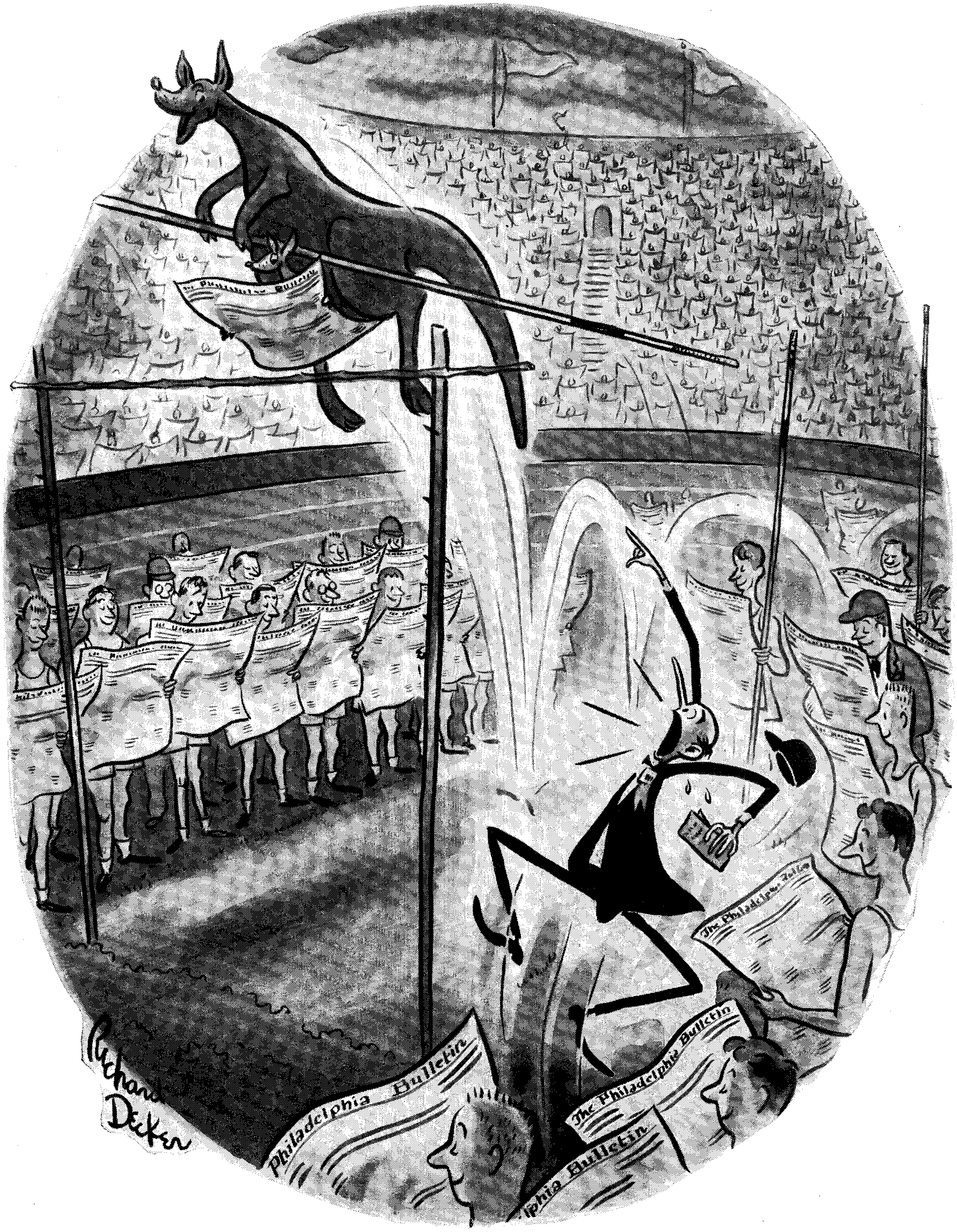
at their posts here, rather than go elsewhere for more money, precisely because they think their work is promoting peace, and he recently advanced this belief in a lecture at his church, called "Nuclear Research and My Christian Conscience."

Dr. Graves' pastor, the Reverend Archer Anderson, isn't quite so sure that the Hill's residents are as serene about their work as they may sound. Several scientists, he told me, have come to him for counsel, troubled by the thought that they may be subverting their profession to "evil." Only recently, one of the most learned members of his congregation had been much upset upon reading a condemnation of scientists on just this ground in a religious publication. "I consoled him by quoting from Luke—'When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace,' " Dr. Anderson told me. "Believe me, the hunger for spiritual reality is stronger here than in any other community I've served in." But, rewarding as his pastorate was, he added, it presented special problems. "How do you manage to stay ahead of those Ph.D.s?" a fellow-minister had once asked him. "I never speak of science," Dr. Anderson had answered. "I just stick to preaching."

WHATEVER the moral aspects of bomb-making may be, the average Hill dweller finds one kind of justification for his presence in Los Alamos whenever he gazes at the countryside. Almost anyone would be tempted to settle here for the sake of its beauty alone. In the spring, the aspens are green on the Sangre de Cristo range, thirty miles away; in the autumn they turn yellow, amid the green pines; and in the winter there are vistas of distant snow squalls. All year round, tumbled mountain rock, iridescent in the shifting twilight, suggests an endless past and—the possessors of nuclear weapons willing—an endless future. It came as no surprise to me to learn that Sunday painting outranks even parachute jumping as a local diversion. Just breathing the Hill's clear air is a delight for anyone who has known the dust and smoke of a big city—and nearly every adult here has, for this is possibly the most cosmopolitan small town in the United States. On winter and spring weekends, whole families crowd into station wagons and drive over to ski runs at Sawyer's Hill or Pajarito Mountain, twenty minutes away. When the weather gets warmer, there is picnicking among the ruins at Bandelier. Even in the summer, though,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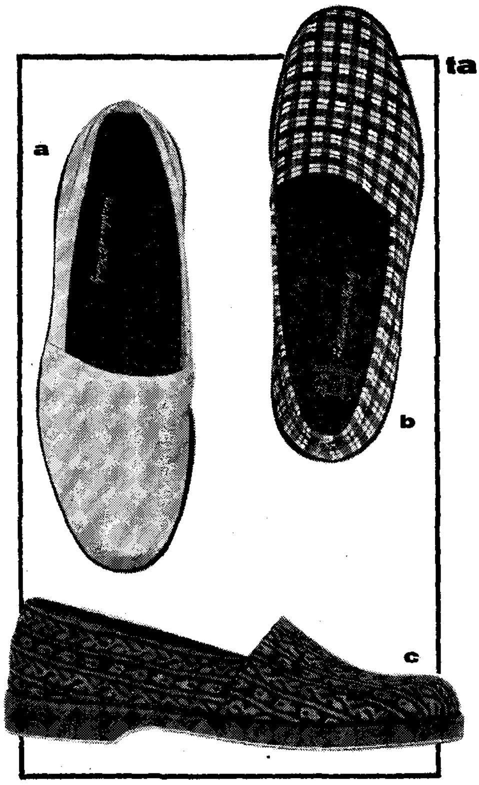
it is cool here—cool enough to induce physics and chemistry professors from all over the country to come to Los Alamos and take summer jobs with the A.E.C. They carry on research—availing themselves of the Laboratory's superb equipment, and, in return, affording staff people the stimulation of outside minds—while their families use the place as a summer resort.

Among the summer guests have been several of the scientists who vowed, when the war was over, never to set foot on the cursed Hill again, and the climate alone does not account for their return. Nostalgia, too, plays a part, for, as the years have passed, many scientists have come to look back upon the time they spent here during the war as days of glory. It was a period when many of the greatest scientific minds outside the Axis countries were gathered in Los Alamos (Einstein was perhaps the notable exception), and the quality of the discussions that were then held on this mesa, it is said, may be unique in scientific history. "This was Athens," I was told by one experimental physicist who left the Hill in 1945 and has returned permanently. "It was wonderful. The best scientific intellects in the world were here, and the talk ranged all over the cosmos. Luckily, Oppenheimer was strong enough to knock all those minds together." Dr. Oppenheimer is still revered in Los Alamos, and one discovers this in the fairly general feeling about Dr. Edward Teller, a former member of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory and now the director of the A.E.C. laboratory in Livermore, California, who testified before a special investigative committee of the A.E.C., in 1954, that it would be "wiser" not to grant security clearance to Dr. Oppenheimer. One would think that Dr. Teller had given his testimony only yesterday, so ready are many Los Alamos scientists to condemn him for it. A while ago, when Dr. Teller came here on a visit, a colleague publicly and pointedly refused to shake his hand.

THE Cold War being the ambiguous phenomenon that it is, one of the Los Alamos Laboratory's major concerns is to stay limber. It must design weapons, but if it doesn't also push ahead with pure research, it runs the risk of becoming, in the event of the millennium, a defunct monument to a dead armaments race. "We want to be a national resource, not just an arsenal," one scientist told me. So, while the emphasis is on munitions, the Laboratory is also conducting basic investigations in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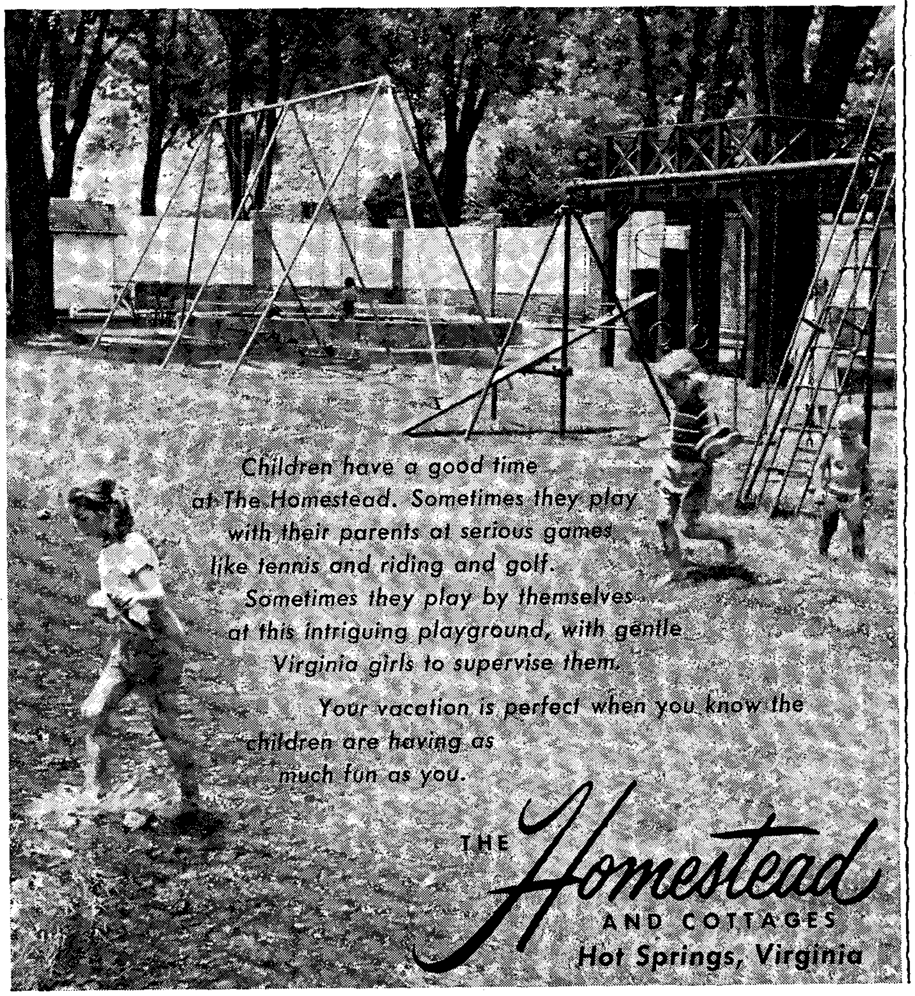
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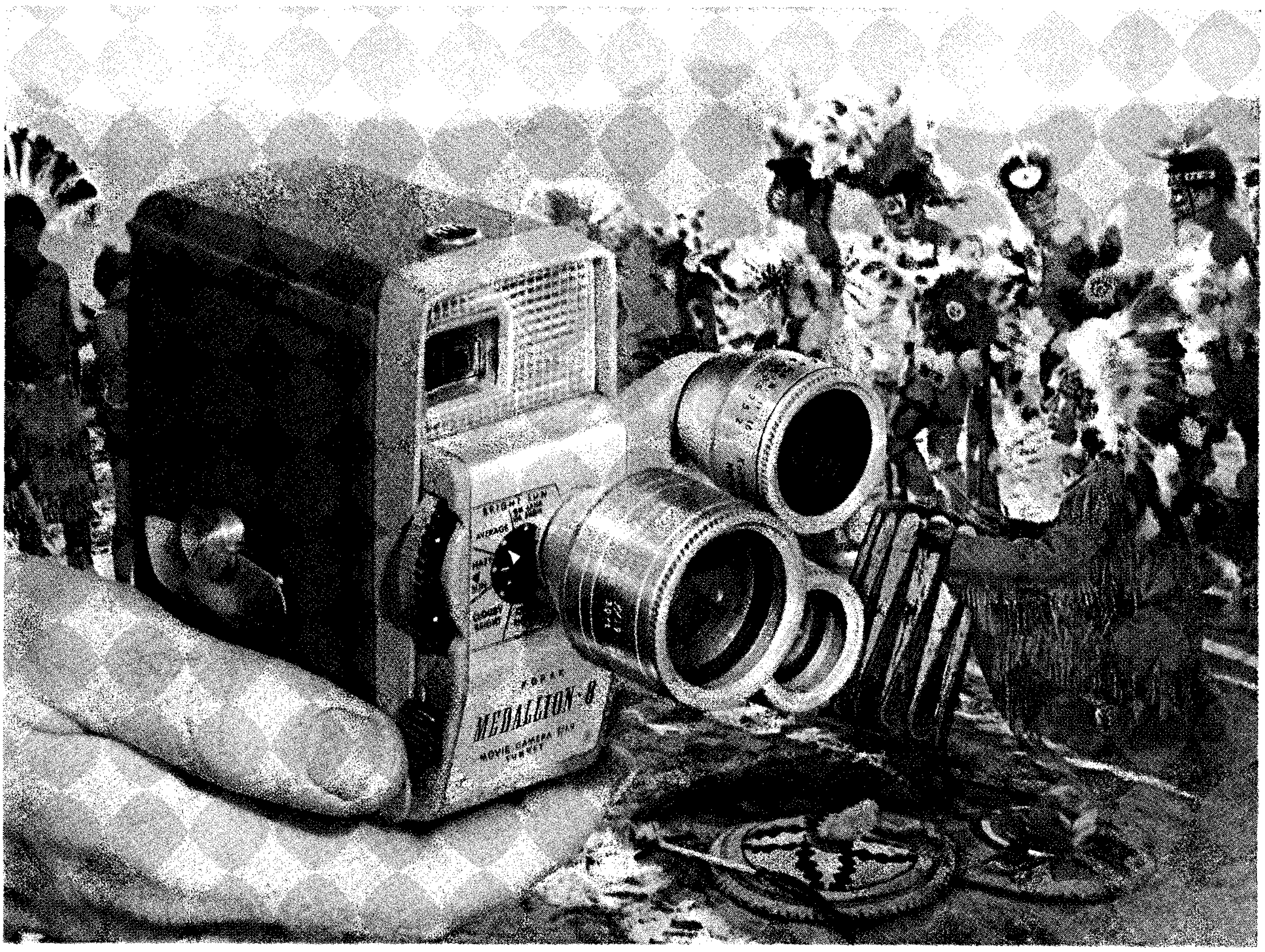

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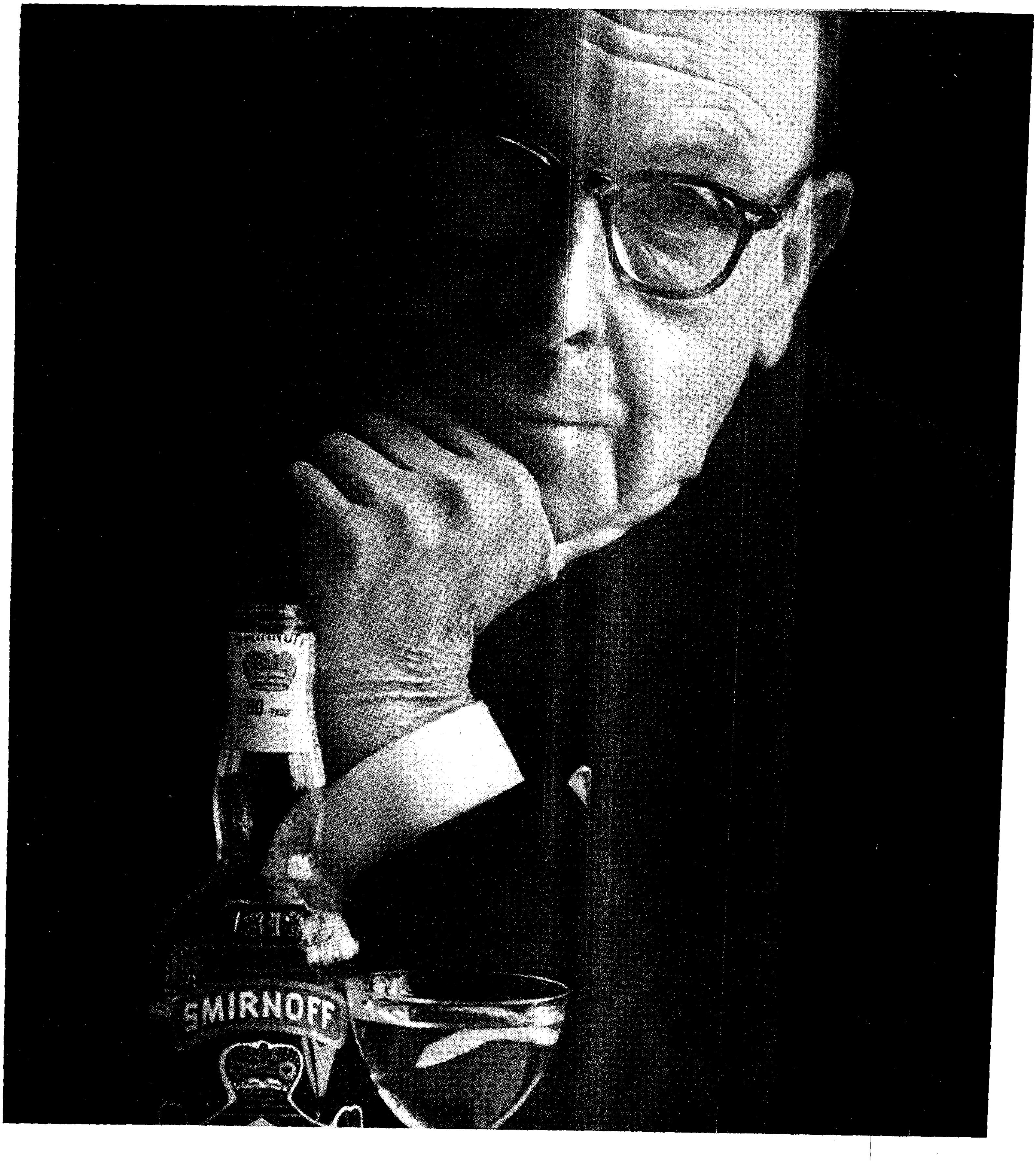

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several fields of science. From the point of view of the scientists, I gathered, this is fortunate. Just designing bombs, no matter how sanitary, can grow tedious for a mettlesome scientist, and it was pointed out to me that though there may be excellent reasons for dreaming up new models, the essential truth about nuclear weapons is already in—they can kill us all at least once. As Dr. Manley put it, "Can you improve a toothbrush indefinitely?" Of course, he went on quickly, the Laboratory's concern with pure research stems from something more than a desire to assuage scientific boredom. "There are several reasons for our current program," he said. "One, needless to say, is A.E.C. policy. Another is the need to use our manpower properly—to deploy our forces. We're now about three thousand strong, and if we all concentrated on weapons, we would soon reach a point of diminishing returns. Suppose—and this is strictly hypothetical—a ten-per-cent improvement in weapons were possible. Would it be intelligent to go all out for that—to use personnel who might otherwise be working on, say, the improvement of reactors? Would it be fair to the taxpayer, after the vast investment that he has made in the Laboratory?"

The A.E.C., I gathered from Dr. Manley and some of his colleagues, allows the scientists a good deal of leeway when it comes to the deployment of their own brains. The Laboratory receives broad directives from Washington, establishing projects and priorities, but the day-to-day decisions are left to the men at Los Alamos, and, scientific work being what it is, this means that they can have considerable autonomy. Different men, of course, react differently to Washington directives. Some are quite literal about carrying them out. Middle-of-the-roaders try to strike a balance between pleasing Washington and following their own line of thought and research. Then, there are those who consider themselves authoritatively in touch with the situation at hand and who instinctively look upon the directives as just a bureaucratic shuffling of papers. No one I have talked with here, though—and I have talked with a couple of real mavericks—has been so infatuated with his own ideas as to pass over political and economic realities. Like Dr. Manley, they frequently refer to "the taxpayer"—and with what might strike those who know little of government service as an odd reverence. "Yes, we take the taxpayer pretty seriously," Dr. Graves told me. "I

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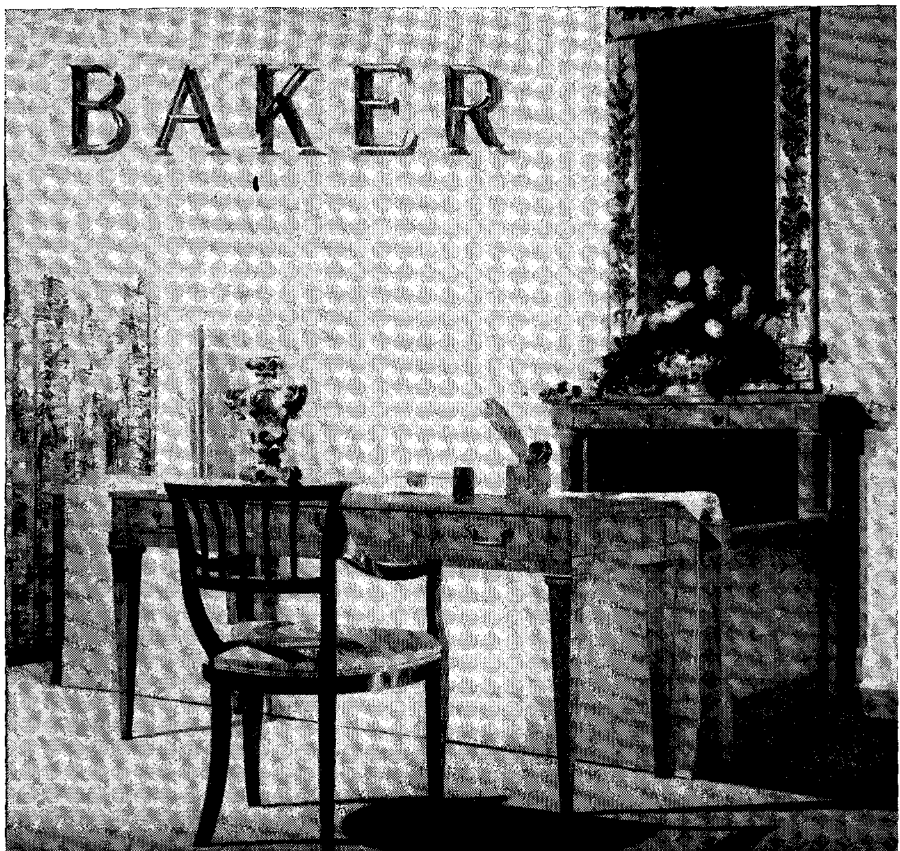

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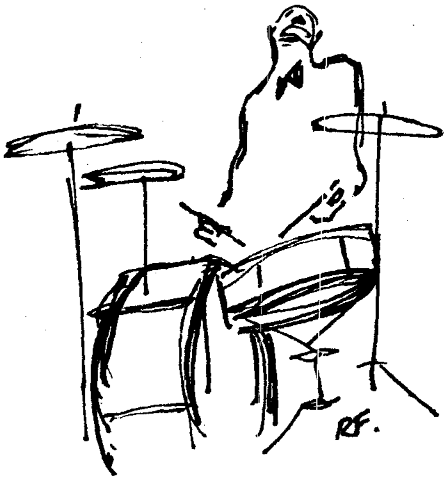
doubt if you'll find a single thing on the Hill that could be described as plush."

Specifically, the bulk of the Laboratory's work involves four principal "programs." One of these is straight weapons design, plus supervision of the tests in Nevada. Another is research on nuclear reactors. A third, Project Rover, is an attempt to exploit the atom as a propellant for space vehicles—a highly practical field of research, I was told by Dr. Raemer Schreiber, the head of the project, since a pound of U-235 has ten million times as much energy as a pound of chemical fuel. Project Rover was started three years ago, Dr. Schreiber said, and it will have its first developmental tests late this year. Finally, there is Project Sherwood, aimed at controlling the stupendous energy released by thermonuclear fusion. (Laboratories at Livermore, Princeton, Oak Ridge, and N.Y.U. are also taking part in this one.) Project Sherwood could ultimately result in man's independence of coal, oil, and all the other fuels that have been at the bottom of more than one war in the past, and, moreover, since the only raw material needed for fusion is deuterium, a substance that is extracted from water and so is found almost everywhere in unlimited quantities, it could bring about the blooming of deserts and all the other glorious visions ever associated with the peaceful uses of atomic energy. We are supposedly in a race with Britain to see who can bring off the taming of fusion first, and, as it happens, we might not be quite as far along as we are were it not for the British-educated brain of a Los Alamos man named Dr. James L. Tuck, who, I was informed, has directed the research that has solved a number of vexing problems posed by fusion. A tall, mustached physicist of forty-eight, who was a member of the British scientific mission to Los Alamos during the war, Dr. Tuck became an American citizen three years



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ago. Soon afterward, he began to take part in the hydrogen-bomb work that had started here in 1954—something he couldn't have done without becoming a citizen. During this research, certain data dealing with temperatures stimulated thinking along lines leading to the control of fusion, and when the H-bomb effort was licked, Tuck and various colleagues of his found themselves well embarked on Project Sherwood. Not too much is being said about the project these days, and Tuck himself displays a commendable British reserve on the subject. "Sherwood is going very well—very—but there are no thermonuclear reactors around the corner," he told me, and that was that.

Besides the four big programs, other work is going on here. For one thing, the effects of fallout on health are being extensively studied, as they are in other parts of the A.E.C.'s empire. As might be expected, the men in charge—members of the Laboratory's Health Division, and mostly doctors of medicine—subscribe to the general position of the A.E.C. that up to now the effects of fallout from bomb tests have been negligible. Perhaps these men have lately been chafing atop their mesa at the widespread condemnation of the tests; in any case, I was not prepared for the defensive way in which some of them have brought up the subject. "As a physician, may I say to you that I have no desire to hurt people, including my own children," one of them told me. "Some amazing claims have been advanced by the enemies of fallout," another physician said. "Are you a *friend* of fallout?" I asked him, and he smiled and told me that he wasn't, of course, and that he freely conceded we might all be in danger if the present rate of testing, which he characterized as "reasonable," should be unduly accelerated. The men spoke as experts in their field, and they insisted that all the available data—"the numbers," as they put it—support their position. They were puzzled that the numbers had failed to budge their opponents, particularly since these included old friends for whose integrity and gifts they vouched unreservedly. "Suppose you had no responsibility for weapons development," I said to one scientist. "Can you imagine yourself calling for an end to the tests?" He frowned thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, "I can't imagine myself ever not going by the numbers."

Los Alamos has always had a peculiar interest in radiation, Dr. Thomas L. Shipman, head of the Health Division, told me. The Trinity shot, he

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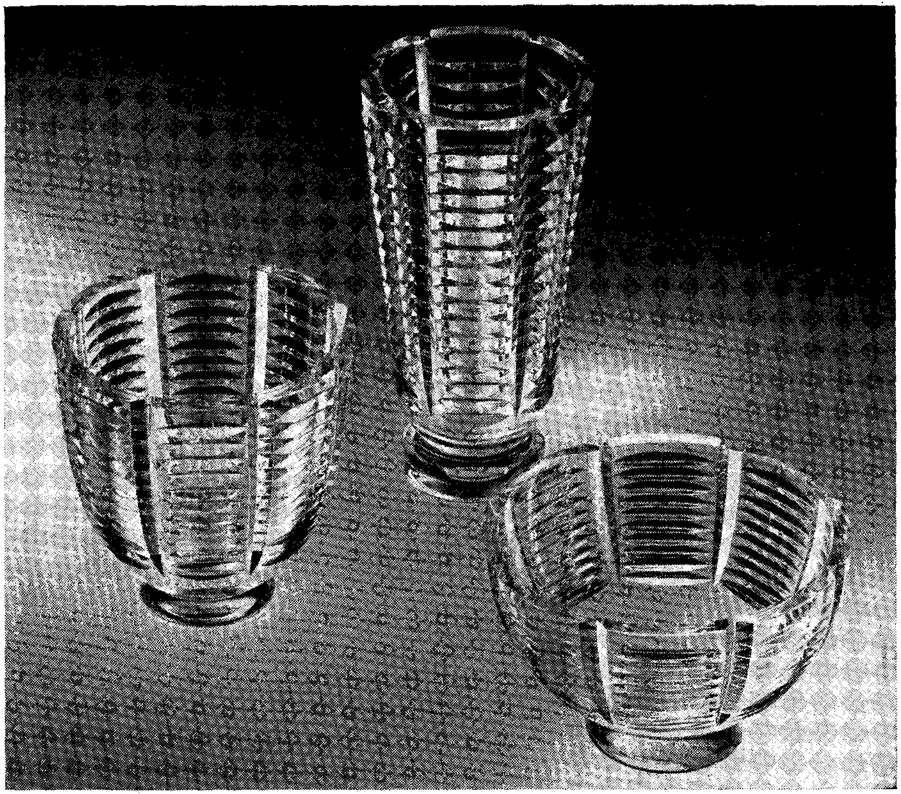
pointed out, disseminated the first fall-out of fission products known to man, and the only two deaths in this country from radioactive burns occurred here, in laboratory accidents "back in the early days" of 1945 and 1946. If only people knew what a roentgen or a millicurie was, the way they do a pint or a bushel, Dr. Shipman said, they wouldn't be so alarmed. While crops and grazing cattle were admittedly taking up substances like cesium 137 and strontium 90, he went on, it was the amounts that had to be considered, and here the public's lack of familiarity with roentgens and millicuries, the units in which radiation is measured, had produced a great deal of uncalled-for panic. He wasn't one to maintain that the test program constituted a zero risk, he said, but if it was complete safety we were after, we might as well abolish General Motors, too; after all, automobiles kill. He couldn't think of a single industry that was as carefully regulated as the atomic-energy industry. "Why, it had safeguards before it ever started," he told me.

Dr. Shipman said that Los Alamos itself proved his point about roentgens and millicuries. Those weren't strange terms here, and, as a result, when a small amount of polonium, a radioactive material, got loose in 1954 and spread all over the Hill, the community remained calm. The polonium had been encased in a small nickel container in one of the Laboratory buildings; the container, it seemed, had cracked, and the stuff had spilled out on the floor, where it lay in the form of dust. When particles of it were discovered there, in the course of a periodic checkup of laboratories, Dr. Shipman immediately organized an exhaustive hunt for the rest, which by then had been scattered all through the community by the people who had walked on the contaminated floor. Only a few days elapsed between the mishap and the checkup, Dr. Shipman said, but fully fifty residences were thought to be likely repositories of polonium. "The Hill is a very sociable place," Dr. Shipman remarked. "There had been an awful lot of visiting back and forth." His trackers, with their detection instruments, took weeks to run down all the radioactive dust. Some women lost the use of their kitchens for a day or two. Bassinets and cars had to be cleaned. The monitors even found some polonium in Valley homes, a couple of polonium bearers from the Hill having visited friends there. Two visitors from Oak Ridge went back to Tennessee in borrowed overcoats, since theirs had set



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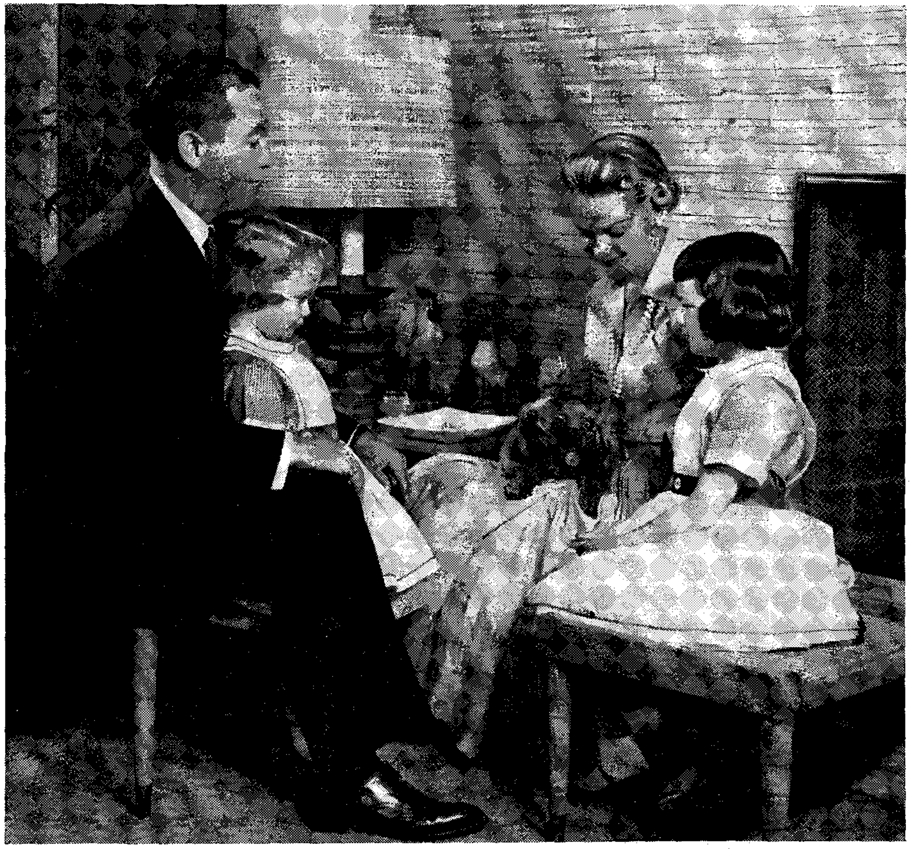

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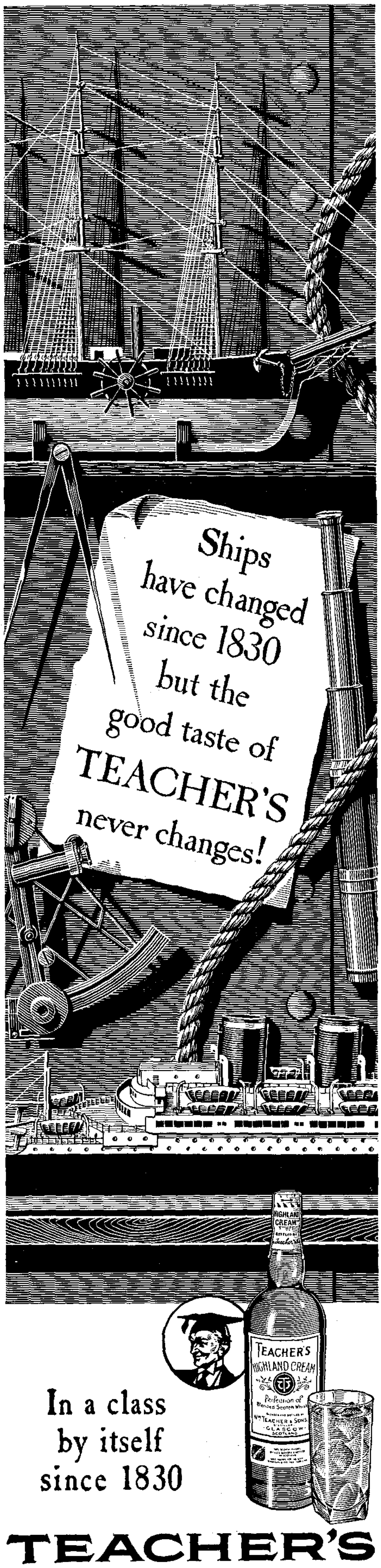

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the needles on the instruments dancing. "We knew that altogether a few thousand millicuries of radiation were involved," Dr. Shipman concluded, "but we knew, too, that the polonium had been spread thin. Our men simply went out and washed the polonium away with soap and water. No one pushed the panic button."

Whatever the outcome of the present controversy over fallout, the Laboratory is amassing a good deal of information on the subject. By examining food samples collected at a network of stations, it keeps a close check on the amount of radioactive material descending on every part of the United States. Forty thousand pounds of dried milk, in fifty-pound cardboard drums, has been sent to Los Alamos this past year by the American Dry Milk Institute, which is commercially concerned with the fact that some people have stopped ordering milk for fear of getting bone cancer. Vegetables have also been tested here, and so have beef, pork, and venison—the last brought in by local hunters. The machines used for testing food specimens are so sensitive, I was told, that they can detect and measure radioactivity a hundred times weaker than the radioactivity normally found in nature.

The Laboratory has devised what it calls a "human counter"—a kind of giant Geiger counter that can measure the radiation emitted by a whole human body, rather than just a hand or foot. The counter is a horizontal cylinder, which will accommodate a person weighing as much as two hundred and fifty pounds; it has an inner wall of stainless steel and an outer wall of lead, four inches thick, that weighs twenty tons. Last year, eight hundred and twenty people, from thirty-two states—each person, in effect, a geographical point, I was told by Dr. Wright H. Langham, of the Health Division—were measured by the machine, and the radiation given off by the cesium 137 they had absorbed from fallout came to no more than one-twentieth the radiation given off by the potassium of their own bodies. All sorts of volunteers submit themselves to the machine, it seems. The day I inspected it—in the company of Dr. Langham and a colleague of his, Dr. Payne Harris—a group of Los Alamos Cub Scouts, complete with den mother, had just had a go at the counter and were being gratefully dismissed by a technician, Mrs. Billie Clinton. "Congratulations," she was saying to them. "Each of you is now a statistic."

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Harris asked me. "You're a geographical point."

When I agreed, he showed me to a booth, where I took off my clothes and put on white pajamas. Then I lay down in a cradle of stainless steel, which would lug me, mechanically, into the interior of the counter. Mrs. Clinton handed me a switch, and said that if I pressed it, I would be released automatically from the machine. "We've rigged up this switch—we call it the chicken switch, or the scram button—because some people get claustrophobia in there," she explained. "You'll be inside for four minutes." Dr. Harris, meanwhile, had seated himself at a small console at one side of the counter, where my gamma-ray activity would be recorded. Then, switch in hand, I was drawn jerkily into the lead tunnel, and within a few seconds was entombed. It was close in there, in terms of both atmosphere and space. An electric bulb was burning weakly above my head, and I shut my eyes for the rest of the four minutes, which seemed forever. The mechanism that had trundled me in finally returned me to the brightly illuminated room, where Mrs. Clinton handed me a graph of my gamma-ray activity as a souvenir. Dr. Harris suggested that I call him the next morning, when he would have my numbers worked up. I did, and he said, "Typical New York. Cesium activity three and a half per cent of natural potassium activity. You're at the low end of the average scale." It was a nice thing to know.

—DANIEL LANG

•

Sears Roebuck and Co., officials point out today that an advertisement they placed in this newspaper Thursday inadvertently stated that a dryer would be given free with each purchase of a Kenmore automatic washer.

What the company meant to say in the ad was that a dryer would be given to the purchaser of a Kenmore automatic washer at no additional cost to the customer.
—*Norwalk (Conn.) Hour.*

Talking out of the other side of their mouth, eh?

•

A bus rolled up to the red light on Atlantic Ave. at Court St. and stopped. The driver unthinkingly tossed the cardboard backing of a book of transfers onto the street. Before the light could change, a Sanitation Department patrolman had killed the driver and started writing a summons.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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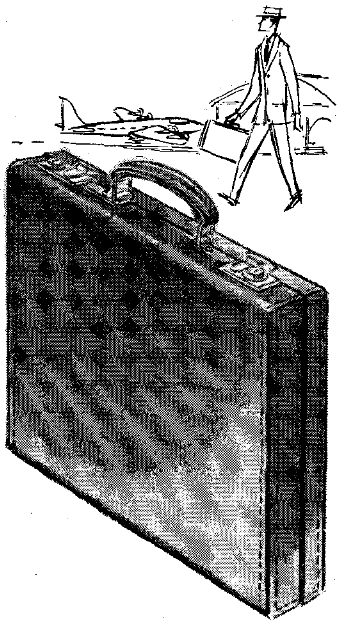

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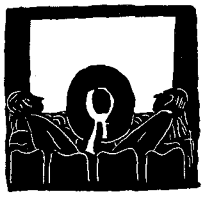
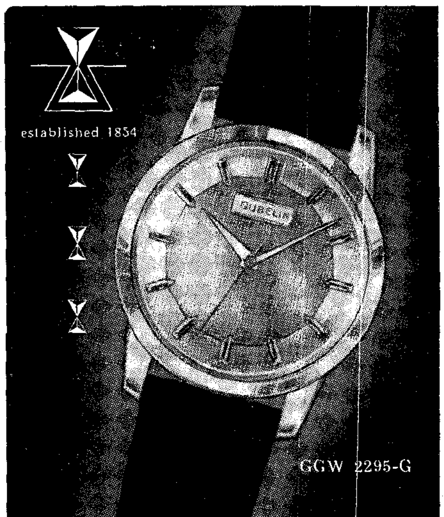


"NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS," which started out as a novel by Mac Hyman and was developed by Ira Levin into a diverting Broadway comedy, now comes to us as a movie, written by John Lee Mahin, who used both the book and the play as source material. Even though you may have read or seen the work as it was previously presented, I think you'll find the latest version highly entertaining. As in the theatrical production, Andy Griffith plays the hero of the affair—an ingratiating Georgia backwoods boy who, after being inducted into the Air Force, demonstrates that an offbeat private can play hob with the disciplinary notions of his brassbound superiors. Throughout the picture, Mr. Griffith wears a look of friendly idiocy and drawls along as slowly as any torpid resident of the hush-puppy country, but while he may represent a wool-hat no brighter than the next, he proves in all kinds of hilarious scenes that he's just as shrewd as anybody else in his outfit, and maybe shrewder. It is possible that Mervyn LeRoy, who directed the film, has lingered over some of the sequences a bit too lovingly and stuck with a joke or two after its comic possibilities have been exhausted. Even if the work does have its slack moments, though, there are plenty of lively scenes to compensate for them. In putting together his screenplay, Mr. Mahin has included practically all the situations Mr. Hyman created in his novel, from the Georgia boy's stint as "permanent latrine orderly" to the moment when he and a chum, who have been presumed dead after parachuting from an airplane that has somehow roamed over an atomic testing ground, witness a ceremony in which they are posthumously honored.

While Mr. Griffith is outstanding in "No Time for Sergeants," the other performers are not to be underestimated. Myron McCormick is fine as a bedevilled forty-five-year-old sergeant who wants nothing out of life except peace and quiet; Nick Adams is appealing as Mr. Griffith's buddy, who yearns to get out of the Air Force and into the infantry; and James Milhollan is droll indeed as a psychiatrist trying to figure out what makes Mr. Griffith behave as



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he does. The ending of the whole thing is rather feverishly farcical, but before the movie takes off into the wild blue implausible, it achieves many bright satiric effects.

IN "Vertigo," James Stewart appears as a former detective who has been forced to abandon his profession because he has acrophobia and can't chase crooks above sea level. He is induced to resume gumshoe work in San Francisco by a pal of his college days (Tom Helmore), who claims that his wife (Kim Novak) keeps wandering off inexplicably while he's busy running a large shipping company. Mr. Stewart thereupon takes to shadowing the lady in his car every time she whirls off in hers, and this driving goes on so relentlessly that by mid-picture I was slightly carsick. Presently, Miss Novak indicates that she thinks she is a kind of Bridey Murphy, possessed by the spirit of a beautiful, long-gone resident of San Francisco. She is very broody when the spirit takes over, and Mr. Stewart, who falls in love with her, worries for fear she'll do herself in. The lady is obviously either a mental case or a fraud, but instead of hurrying her off to the nearest asylum or the local precinct, Mr. Stewart does his best to keep between her and all harm. Since the rest of this business is supposed to be mysterious, I won't go into further detail, but I can tell you this: Alfred Hitchcock, who produced and directed the thing, has never before indulged in such farfetched nonsense.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

1 package (10 ounces) French-style green (snap) beans.
½ cup boiling water.
¼ teaspoon salt.
1½ tablespoons butter or margarine.
1 medium-size onion (finely diced).
1 can (3 ounces) sliced broiled mushrooms.
2 tablespoons heavy cream.
¼ teaspoon salt, pepper.

Cook green beans according to package directions using the ½ cup boiling water and ¼ teaspoon salt; drain. Melt butter over low heat in saucepan in which beans were cooked, or use an 8-inch skillet; add onion and cook, stirring often, until tender and slightly browned. Be sure to drained beans and onion-mushbrown onions. Drain mushrooms and mix with onions; heat. Mix rooms; add cream, ¼ teaspoon salt, and pepper; reheat. Makes 4 servings.—*The Post.*

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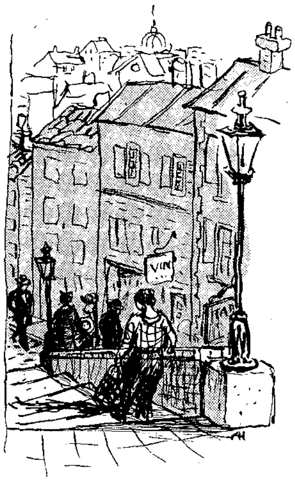
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 1

NEVER since the time of Mme. de Sévigné have so many high-styled, personal, historic letters about vitally important public events been written and rapidly sent off in France, to become the talk of the nation, as have been written here this past week. On Thursday afternoon, beginning promptly at three o'clock, the reading aloud of one of them by the Speaker of the Assembly, addressed to him and *MM. et Mmes. les Membres du Parlement* by M. René Coty, President of the French Republic, at a moment of national destiny, was rewarded by a scene of such fury, tumult, and party passions as will leave a deep scar on the annals of that institution. Speaker André Le Troquer, standing narrow-shouldered in his evening clothes—which are the Speaker's prescribed attire, night or day—and addressing the Assembly in his fast, experienced, smooth voice, first invited the tense deputies filling the hemicycle to rise to listen to the message from the highest official of France. As everyone now knows, the Coty letter was a despairing appeal to the Assembly to call upon General Charles de Gaulle to form a legal, exceptional government to save the crumbling Fourth Republic. "Now we are on the edge of civil war," read Le Troquer in his quick, skimming tones: "On one side and on the other, people seem to be preparing for fratricidal strife. What will become of our France?" Then he went on to this passage: "In the moment of danger for the country and the Republic, I have turned toward the most illustrious of Frenchmen, toward him who, in the darkest years of our history, was our leader for the reconquest of liberty . . . one whose incomparable moral authority would ensure the salvation of the country and the Republic. I ask General de Gaulle to confer with the head of the State. I shall then, in my soul and conscience—" At a sign from the Communist leader Jacques Duclos, on the front bench of his party's seats, the entire Communist group of about a hundred and forty men and women deputies sat down, in one obedient, interrupting action, on hearing the phrase "soul and conscience," as if the utterance of such words in connection with de Gaulle and power had sent them a little underground, in company with many neighboring Socialists, who seated themselves in belligerent accord. At such gross manners, a deputy from the Center contemptuously shrilled "*Goujat!*" ("Scum!") at the Left.



The Coty letter came to an end after his promise, "*en mon âme et conscience*," to resign from the Republic's Presidency if his attempt failed. Instantly, pandemonium broke loose. The Communists beat their desks with their hands, bellowing insults and threats, shouting "Fascism shall not pass!," and shaking their clenched fists at the other deputies in what looked like genuine human hate and destructive rage. At a further signal from Duclos, they suddenly jumped to their feet and burst into "La Marseillaise," while the other deputies (except for those sympathizing Socialists) remained seated, as a mark of indignation, but gesticulated and twisted around to scream epithets at the Left. Somebody in the topmost visitors' gallery let fall a cascade of tracts onto the heads of the Christian M.R.P.s sitting directly beneath. The Communists had already started another song, "Le Chant du Départ"—the celebrated Revolutionary hymn written to honor the fifth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille and sung even under Napoleon's early rule. At its most famous line—"*Tremblez, ennemis de la France!*"—the Communists lifted their arms, like a choir trained in elocutionary gestures of hatred, to point to the deputies on the Right, and at the end of the song they rapidly walked out of the Assembly in a body, the session having been declared at an end by Speaker Le Troquer. Then the members of the Pflimlin government walked out; the Poujadists, of the extreme Right, marched out, also chorusing the "Marseillaise;" and the rest of the hemicycle emptied itself quickly. The whole scene, from the Coty letter on through to the last note of the last song, had taken exactly fifteen minutes by the big Assembly clock.

De Gaulle's most important and characteristic letter of the week was dated Wednesday, an hour before midnight, and was written in answer to one of harsh criticism sent to him by the Socialist former President, old Vincent Auriol. The General said, in part, that "the Algerian events were provoked, as you well know, by the chronic impotence of French governments," and that in his desire to serve the country he had struck "determined opposition" in the Assembly. "As I could not consent to receive power from any other source but the people, or at least from their representatives," he wrote, "I fear that we are moving toward anarchy and civil war. In this case, those who, moved by a sectarianism incomprehensible to me, will have prevented me once more from saving the Republic will bear a heavy responsibility." Then emerged his great, tragic final phrase, in the style of the seventeenth-century French classic dramatist Corneille. "As for me," the General wrote, "there will be nothing more until I die, except to dwell in my sorrow."

IF this vitally influential trio of letters, each written on its own altitude of character and of patriotic love, best clarify the week's events when read chronologically backward, the rest of what was said, secretly or overtly, during the week was entirely confusing. To put the main and opening fact simply, the Socialist Party members not only were aroused by Auriol's letter to intransigence against de Gaulle's coming to power but were also partly in rebellion against their own Party chief, Guy Mollet. In early 1956, Mollet was elected Premier on his Party's regular platform of pacifism and anti-colonialism, but once he had been hit by tomatoes and dung thrown by Algiers *colons* on his first visit there in February of that year, he speeded up the Algerian war against the native rebels with a military severity that even Rightist deputies had not dared demand or hope for. Furthermore, Mollet this week favored de Gaulle's candidacy after a secret, pleasant exchange of letters with the General, which he hid from his followers until Pflimlin let the cat out of the bag in Parliament. However, behind his back, his Socialist Party members had organized their mutiny against de Gaulle without telling him, either.

The week's events soon turned into the regular farces, dramas, and nocturnal Assembly sittings of an exceptionally desperate French political crisis, plus fatiguing late nights of conference for the elderly important men like Coty and Auriol, and even de Gaulle, who made four three-hour motor trips between his country house in Colombey-les-Deux-

Eglises and Paris in his old black Citroën—a total of more than a thousand miles, partly done in the dead of night at great speed—accompanied by motorcycle outriders and pursued by exhausted reporters and photographers. One day, there were three tiring sessions in the Assembly, which meant nine flights of stairs to be climbed by those of us faithful listeners who sat in the modest topmost visitors' gallery. At the Tuesday session, Communist Duclos made the most able, if hypocritical, speech for the defense of the Republic, and old Socialist former Premier Ramadier mumbled in his gray beard about the perennial piety of Socialist actions. On Thursday, when Paris became alarmed at the long delays and, through the English papers and the B.B.C. (never more popular here, what with the censoring of the French press and radio), learned of the Algiers threats of a showdown and of Algiers planes being poised for flight to France, one of the earlier days of inaction was called "Chloroform Day" by the Communist fellow-traveller paper *Libération*, since the de Gaulle push in Paris seemed anesthetized. At one point during the week, Mollet and a fellow-Socialist named Deixonne actually took a private plane, on de Gaulle's summons, to fly out to Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises and talk with the General, whom Deixonne, obviously surprised, later described as "nothing like Louis XIV." Motoring back to the airstrip, they were held up on the road by a herd of cows.

On Thursday, the false rumor was bruited about—two days too soon—that Coty had accepted the resignation of Pflimlin's government, which indicated (also too soon, it turned out) that through last-minute Socialist aid de Gaulle would have a comfortable parliamentary voting majority for his Assembly investiture and could come to power. From about ten that night until the early morning, well-to-do young French, in good and sometimes spectacular cars, drove in an endless carrousel up and down the Champs-Elysées and around the Place de la Concorde and other districts, tooting their horns (forbidden for several years), either because they enjoyed tooting them again or because they were in favor of de Gaulle. In any case, they always produced the same three short, two long squawks, which supposedly could be decoded to mean *"De Gaulle au pouvoir"*—a gay but silly and provocative performance. The next night, when they were giving a sonorous encore, Communist militants armed with shovels—an odd nocturnal

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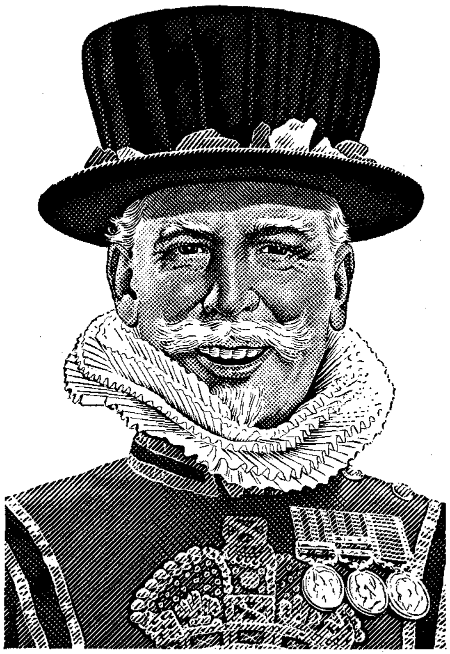
weapon for the Champs—smashed some cars and faces. Result: seven injured, no one killed, many of both factions arrested.

THE most significant demonstration of mere people—as distinguished from Assembly activities—against de Gaulle was Wednesday's gigantic late-afternoon march of probably a quarter of a million men, women, and students, mostly bearing signs that said only "*Vive la République!*," from the Place de la Nation to the Place de la République. It was organized by a suddenly collected group of resistants to de Gaulle, called the Comité d'Action et de Défense Républicaine; the Communists were not invited to take part, but they forced their way in. Beneath the majestic carved columns on the Avenue du Trône, set up in the time of Louis XVI, tracts were distributed by professors and their students, the demands being dignified and restrained. They said, in part, "General de Gaulle's last declaration leaves no doubt; it is a defiance to the workers and the people of all France. The question is not now one of either government or a constitution but of our most elemental liberties. Freedom of speech, of public assembly, of unions and their right to strike is today menaced by military power." The demonstrators marched by professions, by trades, by tragic experiences they had shared in the war. One old ex-schoolmaster carried a homemade wooden sign with bits of bread tied to its top, illustrating the ancient French cry "I am defending my bread." French Negroes from the lower African territories marched in affiliation with all groups. The most attractive section was the women lawyers, mostly nice-looking, who got heavy applause from the sidewalks. There were workers from the Renault automobile factory, some still in their dungarees and pushing the bicycles they had been about to ride home. Among the professors marched Francis Perrin, France's most distinguished physicist. Among the intellectuals were Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir (frequently cheered) and the movie and stage star Gérard Philipe (whom the sidewalk girls screamed for). The most dramatic group was the former inmates of German concentration camps in their blue-and-white-striped uniforms, like pajamas for a last fatal sleep. As the marchers turned into the Boulevard Voltaire toward the Place de la République, the Communist elements filtered in with their slogans and



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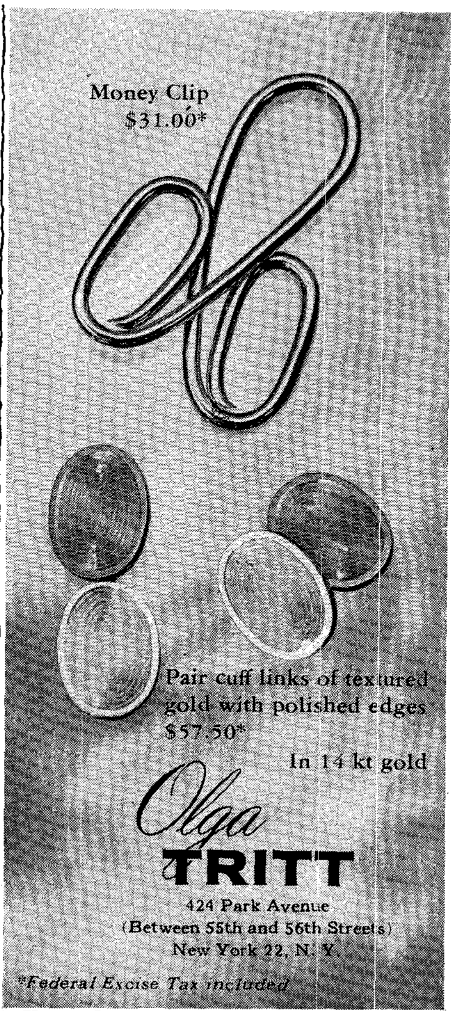

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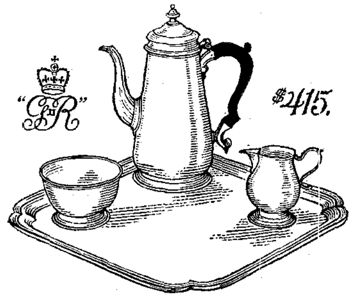

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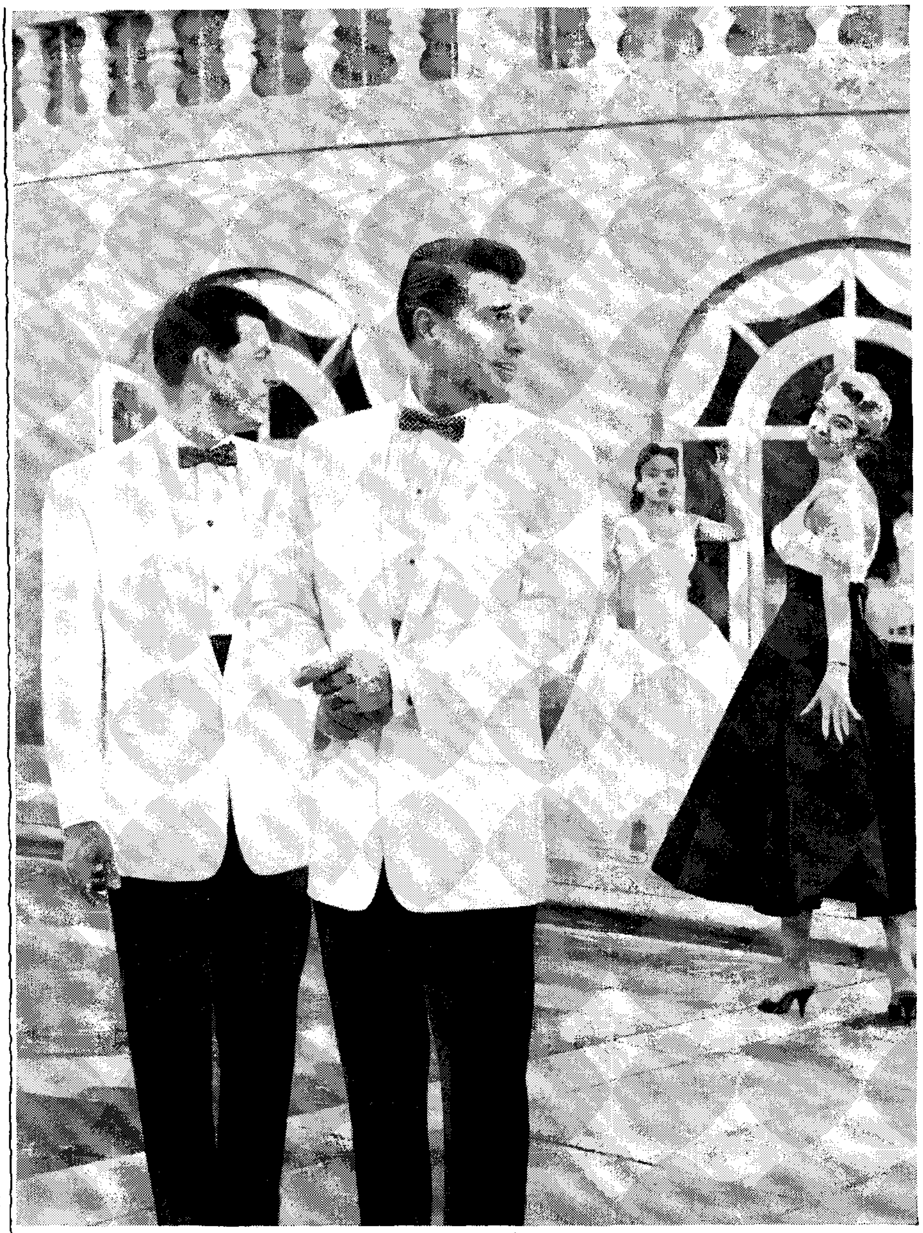
signs, and the strictly republican character of the march changed. There were signs and shouts of "Down with de Gaulle!," "Down with Fascism!," "Put de Gaulle in a museum!," and, referring to his long neck, "Put the giraffe in the zoo!" Wisely, the police had been given orders not to interfere. It was the biggest, most orderly assembly of street demonstrators in Paris since the war.

LAST night, it seemed almost—but not quite—sure that de Gaulle would go before the Assembly today to be invested. His appearance was announced for ten o'clock this morning, and then for eleven, and then it was said that he might not go at all if he failed of the majority of four hundred that he demanded in advance. The ceremony was finally set for three this afternoon. The afternoon started out as a fine, dulcet sunny one for this tense national event, so anxiously desired by millions of French, so angrily impeded by other millions. By two this afternoon, it took at least a press card even to stand on the quais across from the Assembly. Armed police in vans had assembled without sounding their sirens and were lined in silence everywhere around the Parliament. Behind it, in the Place du Palais-Bourbon, front rooms in the Hôtel de Bourgogne et Montana had been taken by a few French ladies and some photographers who wanted to see the General emerge from his car. He had said earlier this week that he had "a phobia about the Assembly," but he was persuaded that his presentation for investiture might be counted illegal—and also that he might be thought lacking in courage—if he failed to mount the tribune to state his elementary program. For the ceremony, he was dressed in gray,



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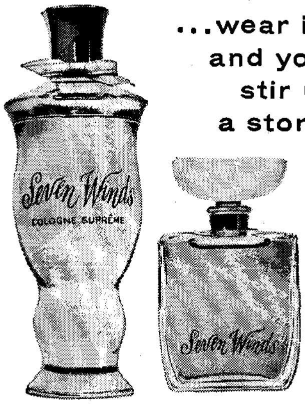

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and he looked waxen and weary as he made his brief, succinct, intelligent speech. He said, in part, that "the government I shall form—granted your confidence—will immediately set to work on constitutional reform." Such a reform, if he gets it, will doubtless give him the powers of an American President, which he has always insisted were needed by a Premier of France. He defined the three basic principles of republicanism in France: One, that universal suffrage is the source of all power; two, that the legislative and executive elements must be separate; and, three, that the government must be responsible to Parliament—which (as in Pflimlin's earlier proposed reform) he said he would send on a six-month vacation, to leave him free to govern without its constant gabble and interference.

During de Gaulle's short speech, the Communists sat completely quiet. There had been a top-drawer rumor that Moscow, through its Paris Ambassador, would tell the Communist Party to do just that and then make a few forceful street demonstrations, though not forceful enough to have their own men killed. Shortly after three, the General finished his speech and retired from the chamber to await the Assembly's vote. In the Tuileries, shock troops of the Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité, in blue uniforms, gently cleared the gardens of people, starting from the Place de la Concorde. The guards, with their carbines on their shoulders, pushed the few lingering adults along toward the Louvre exit in a leisurely manner and corralled the last straggling children who had paused for a final kick at their footballs. By six o'clock, the Tuileries was empty beneath its trees, even of the armed guards. The voting for or against de Gaulle was still going on. A thunderstorm suddenly broke the good weather. The sirens of police cars were audible along the Seine, but there was no sign of any anti-de Gaulle manifestants—perhaps too dampened to push on to their goal, the French Parliament. Finally, at eight o'clock, the news came that the General had been elected by a pitifully small majority of 329 to 224. The evening ended in a vigorous dark storm. —GENÊT

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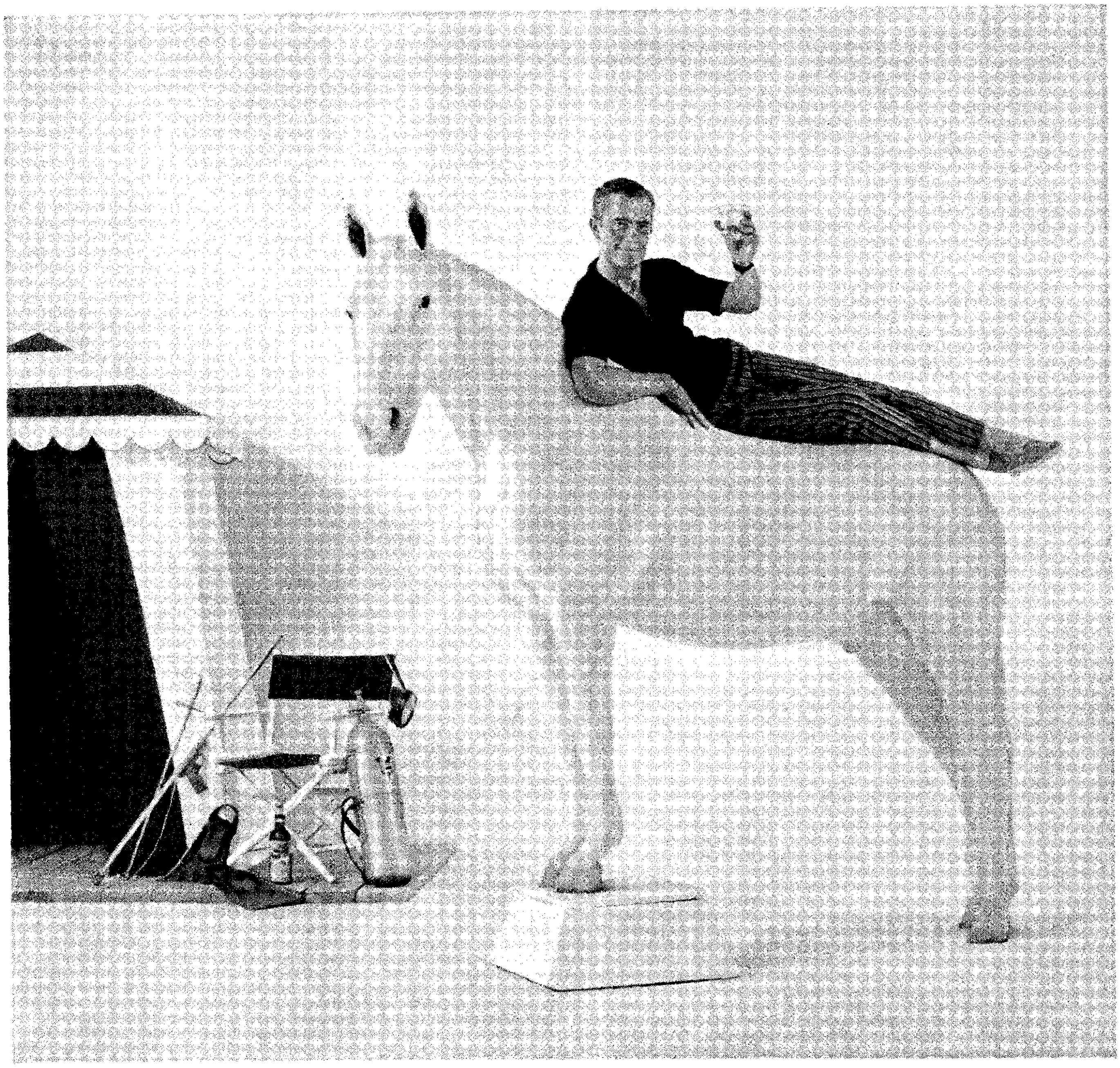

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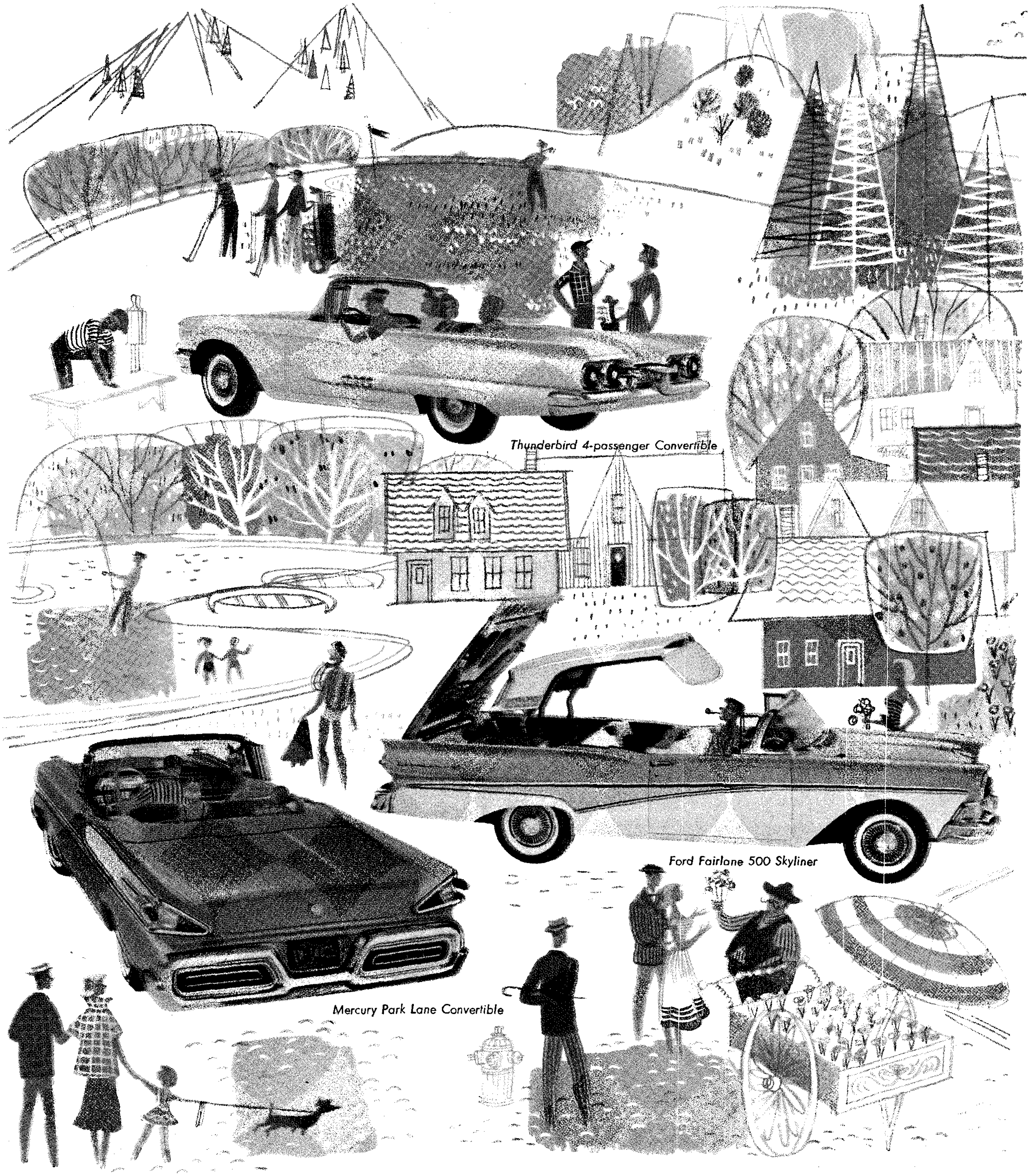
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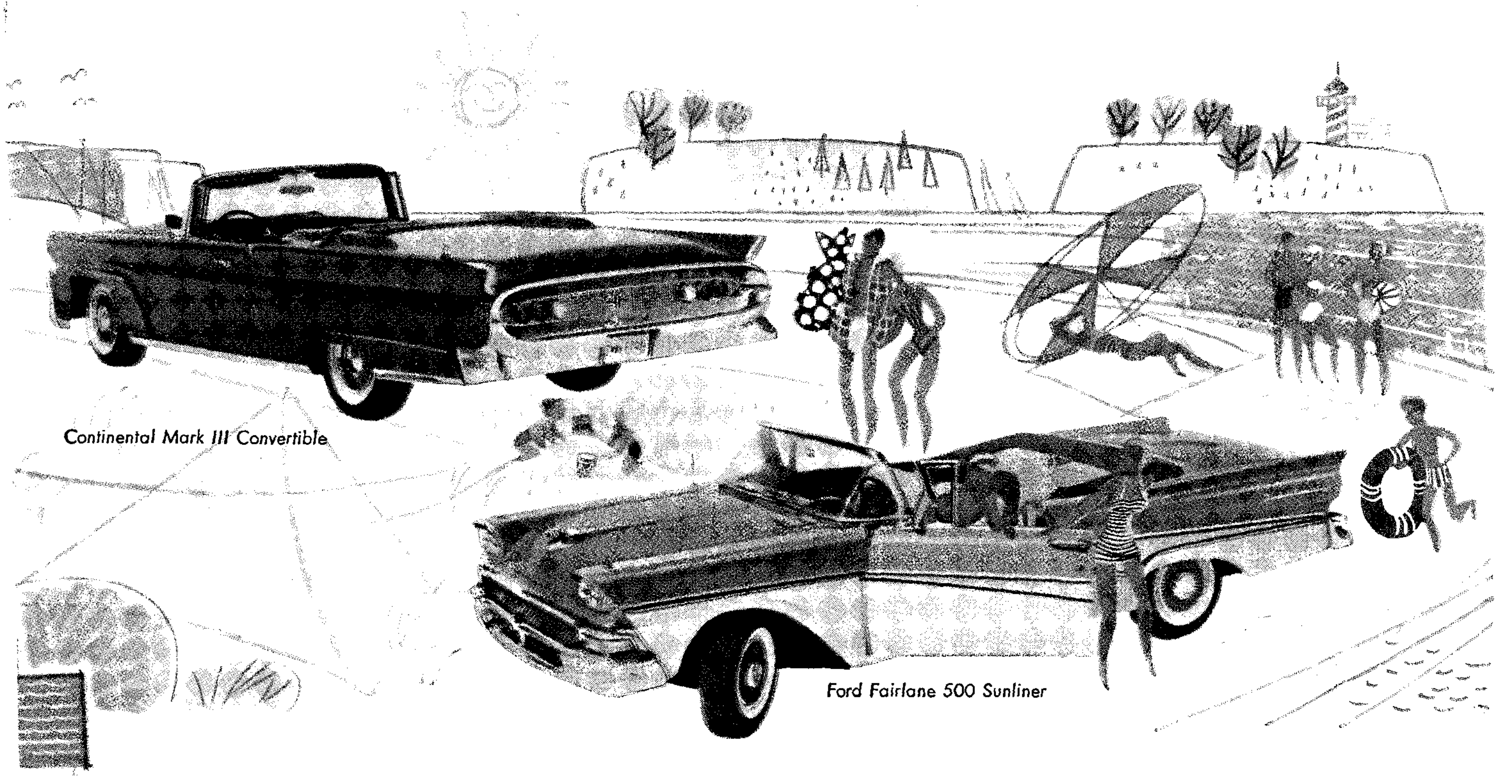

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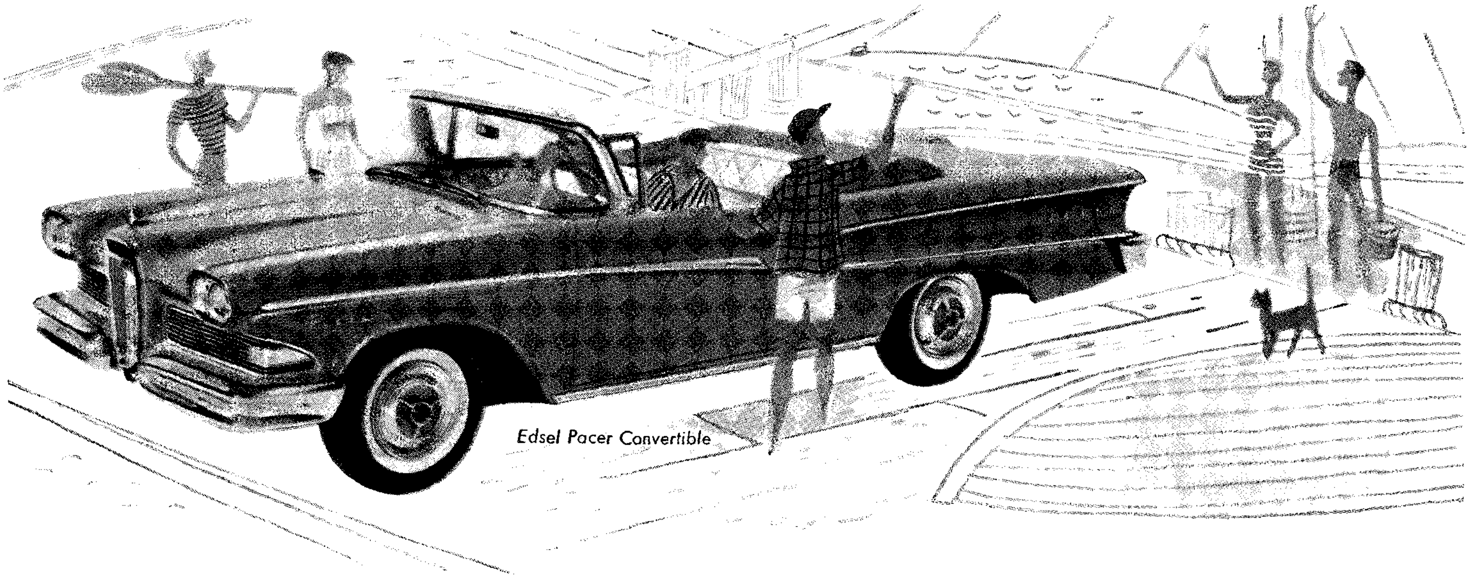

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THE RACE TRACK

Bold Runner

THE high hopes that Bold Ruler's partisans had for him after he won the Toboggan Handicap last month were borne out in the Carter Handicap at Belmont on Memorial Day. The handsome Wheatley Stable bay raced away from his field in the stretch in such a magnificent manner that he proved himself the best sprinter in the country. It is true that he ran the seven furlongs a second and a fifth slower than he had in the Vosburgh Handicap last autumn, when he did the distance in 1:21⅖, but then he carried more weight in the Carter—a hundred and thirty-five pounds. He gave twenty-two pounds to Tick Tock, who was second, seven to Gallant Man, who was third, and as much as twenty-four to a couple of the half-dozen also-rans. Only one other horse has ever shouldered such a package of lead pads in the Carter and won; that was Tom Fool, Tim Tam's papa, in 1953. Of course, Mr. Fitz, who trains Bold Ruler, was delighted with the performance, but his satisfaction was not unalloyed. He believes horses should not carry high weight (it breaks them down, he says), and for days before the running of the Carter he asserted that even if Bold Ruler won, his weight was much too high. (Colonel Martingale was reminded of that old Moran and Mack line "Even if it was good, I wouldn't like it.")

To my mind, it was Bold Ruler's finest effort. He was away quickly, but Mr. Turf, Admiral Vee, and Portersville, who are all fast steppers, headed him for half a mile, boxing him in close to the rails. Apparently, the opposition had a notion that if Bold Ruler could be kept from taking the lead immediately, as he likes to do, he would be easier prey. He wasn't. On the turn for home, he slipped through an opening and went on to win going away. Later, Arcaro, who rode him (and who, incidentally, rode two other winners that afternoon), said he had plenty of horse left. That's the way it looked, too.

Whether Bold Ruler will win the Metropolitan a week from Saturday is a different matter. I'd hardly expect him to have less weight than he car-

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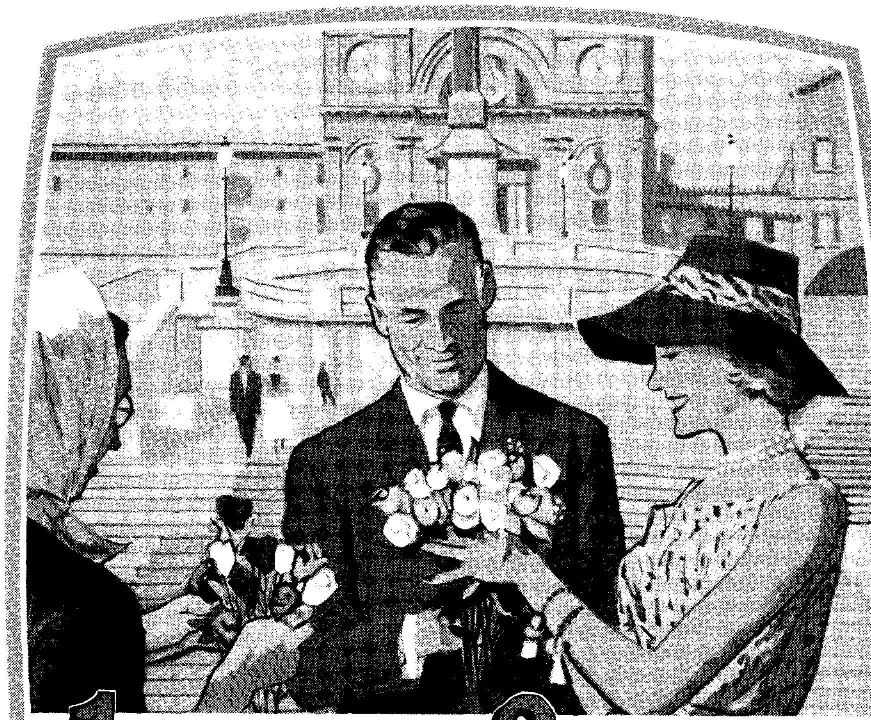

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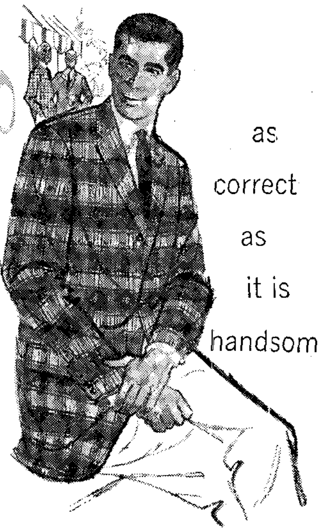
ried in the Carter, even if the distance is a furlong farther. Gallant Man is going to be the one to worry about, for he ran remarkably well, considering that the Carter was his first start since last November. That winding-up race and the work he will do between now and post time should improve his form at least five pounds. Perhaps we'll see another rousing finish in the Metropolitan, like the one between Native Dancer and Straight Face in 1954, or between Tom Fool and Royal Vale in 1953. I'd settle for either.

The holiday racing at Belmont was fun, but the tangle of horseplayers trundling into and out of the parking lots was something else again. The attendance was around fifty thousand, and it seemed to me that all of them came in two cars apiece. To add to the confusion, someone switched the entrances and exits around on Friday, just when the regular patrons had begun to get the hang of them, and there was an awful tieup. The management spent a lot of money—three million, six million, some such—on cloverleafs and ramps and so on, and also laid out a whopping sum on a traffic survey, but the system is far from perfect.

By all odds, the most surprising and exciting event last Saturday was the Peter Pan Handicap, in which Cavan, an Irish-bred three-year-old owned by Joseph O'Connell and trained by T. J. Barry (how's that for a hunch bet?), brought off a Silky Sullivan. For three-quarters of the mile and a furlong, Cavan was last of the nine runners. Going down the backstretch, he trailed by about fifteen lengths, and coming around the turn for home he was almost as far behind. Then, all of a sudden, he produced an astonishing burst of speed, passed the leaders as if they were standing still, and reached the winning post four lengths ahead of Flamingo. Nasco, a full brother of Bold Ruler, was third. Cavan, if you're interested, had done all his previous racing in Jersey and Maryland, and, giving him the best of it, I'd say that his form there was moderate. He'll be a starter in the Belmont Stakes, however. Speaking of Silky Sullivan, of whom I've heard little or nothing since he returned to California, his two-year-old brother, Satin Sullivan, came out at Hollywood Park the other day. He ran last all the way.

I SUPPOSE that Hartack will ride Calumet's Tim Tam in the Belmont Stakes this weekend. He tuned up for it last Saturday by riding the stable's Iron Liege in the Camden Handicap at Jer-

Deansgate



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sey's Garden State Park. Hartack was wearing a light metal brace under his boot to protect the leg he broke in Kentucky last month. Iron Liege finished third to Oligarchy and Third Brother. Oh, well, Tim Tam, who is pounds and lengths the best of the three-year-olds, should have no trouble polishing off the five or six colts he's likely to meet.

HORSEMEN have a saying that they all get beat if you run them often enough, and that's what happened the other afternoon at Belmont to Mrs. Charles Ulrick Bay's Idun, who had won all eight of her starts last year and her first start this year. She made a thorough job of it, too, finishing out of the money. Something—a tsetse fly or a wandering hex—must have nibbled at her while she was on her way to the post, because when it came to racing she seemed to take no interest in the proceedings. It must have been a hex, come to think of it, for the next day Sherrill Ward, her trainer, was kicked by one of her stablemates, and is now on the hospital list.

THE two-year-old everybody at Belmont is talking about is Claiborne Farm's Javelin, who ran his first race last weekend. He was 10–1 in the morning line, but this was clearly absurd, and he was quickly backed down to 8–5. (Incidentally, I wish the management would do something to improve the morning line, which, after all, is supposed to give the customers some clue to a horse's chances.) In any case, he ran greenly, as the horsemen say, and finished second to Pilot, who has had more experience. Just the same, Javelin is worth remembering.

Heigh-ho! The people who confect schedules fixed things so that the Belmont Stakes and the Queen's Plate at the new Woodbine in Toronto will be run the same afternoon. A slave to duty, I shall miss the Plate, one of my favorite races, at one of my favorite racecourses. —AUDAX MINOR

•

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17.—(AP)—Evangelist Billy Graham concludes the third week of his Cow Palace crusade tonight with a nationally televised talk on "The Offense of the Cross."

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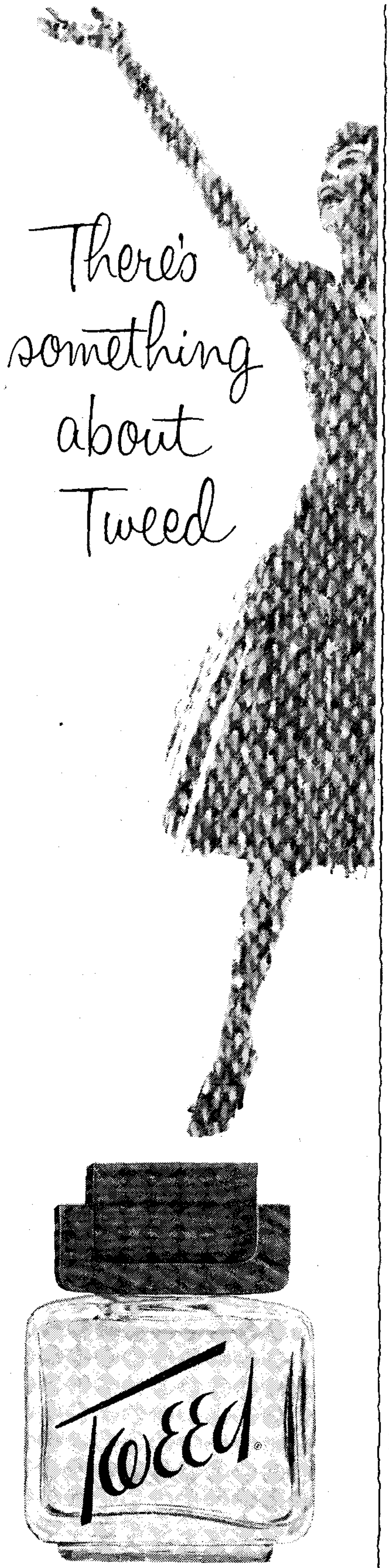

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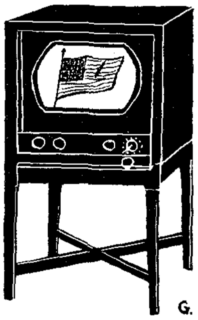

THE other day, "Wide Wide World" (Channel 4, 4-5:30 P.M., alternate Sundays) explored in its usual rambling and opulent way what it called "American humor," past and present. As I understand the terms, humor is not identical with comedy, the thing that this department has discussed once or twice in the last few weeks. "Wide Wide World" chose not to split hairs. It put both qualities into the show—which was entitled "The Sound of Laughter"—and annotated the samples with broad, grave statements of principle in the broad, grave vocabulary that distinguishes Sunday-afternoon television. On other programs the same afternoon, philosophers spoke of "the free world," "integrated ways of life," "the urban factor," "the Western thing," and "nationalism for the human race as a whole;" reporters and social workers mentioned "depressed areas," "the disturbed child," "broken homes," and "a tensional life." On "Wide Wide World," between displays of professional humor, most of which struck me as pretty good stuff, Harry Hershfield said "Humor is the great common denominator;" Al Capp said "The comic strip is the world's most popular literary form;" Neil Schaffner, operator of a tent show, said "Ours is a folk theatre, one that springs from the soil, almost self-creative;" Steve Allen said "Tragedy plus time equals comedy;" and Bob Hope said "Laughter is our most precious commodity."

Laughter must have seemed doubly precious to Mr. Hope by the time his stint was over, because the program neglected to provide him with any to speak of. He was one of the few performers in "The Sound of Laughter" to be shortchanged in this respect. In the main (maybe by way of illustrating the state of organization that broadcast humor has reached today, or the insecurity of its producers), the sound of laughter was turned on whenever possible. When crowd or studio laughter was not practical, mirth was supplied by Dave Garroway, the master of ceremonies—in the form of unseen, irrepress-

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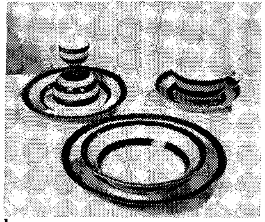

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ible chuckles when Mark Twain's lines were being read, for instance, or an institutional snicker or two for a Charlie Chaplin film. Now that I think of it, Mr. Garroway even mustered a small selection of off-camera snorts for Mr. Hope's comic passages. Perhaps this lonely reaction sometimes failed to meet the latter's impeccable standards of timing. In any case, working without the full audience that he knows so well how to manage, Mr. Hope had the naked and doggedly virtuous air of a man who's been induced to take a cold shower for his health.

"Wide Wide World's" story of American humor began with Mark Twain. The author, impersonated by an actor named Hal Holbrook, who apparently specializes in the role (at any rate, he has learned to squeeze the giblets out of it), intoned a number of well-constructed jokes about mankind, money, and politics. His political material included some lines about the hunting exploits of President Theodore Roosevelt, who was, he said, a lively lad of fourteen—"he's lived half a century, but he's fourteen." It may have occurred to the audience that this kind of remark, if applied to a hunting or a golfing President in our own times, could well be construed as subversive, seditious, unmanly, and despicable. The point *had* occurred, it turned out, to the makers of the program. Before getting around to discussing it, though, they showed the Chaplin film; the living work of Smith and Dale, a pair of vaudevillians who are, somehow, chronically funny; and a film of a talk by Robert Benchley. (This number was done without benefit of the sound of laughter, and I'm afraid that a non-English-speaking witness, missing the racket that padded most of the other acts, would have inferred, very wrongly, that it was a dud.) The program then plunged bravely into the question of "political" or topical humor, and the difference between today's social climate and yesterday's—and for a short while a strange note of remorse and aspiration filled the air.

Not much was shown of the actual "satire" of Will Rogers. (Political or topical humor is usually described nowadays as satire, whether it's satirical or not.) But it was clear that Mr. Garroway and his writers share the awe and the wistful astonishment that are felt so widely today at the fact that Rogers kidded politicians and government. The feeling, of course, is understandable; in today's atmosphere, jokes that in

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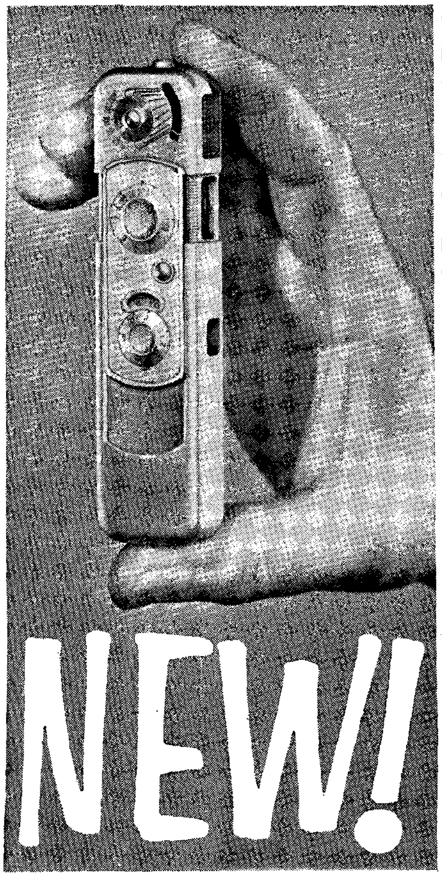

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Rogers' time were meant to appeal, and did appeal, to followers of movies, comic strips, Dr. Coué, and Dr. Frank Crane sound downright Voltairean. No effort was made on "Wide Wide World" to go back a little farther, to the deeper, bolder, funnier political kidding of Finley Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley;" the memory of Rogers was strong and startling enough. The program did spend some time on a contemporary comedian, Mort Sahl, in the hope of demonstrating that sharp topical comedy is feasible even now. I don't think that Mr. Sahl's performance demonstrated anything of the kind. He appears to be a witty and ingratiating fellow, with a sort of Actors' Studio style of delivery. But on this occasion, anyway, his wit was almost completely unpungent and what might be called "humane." While he was explaining it, he said, in a burst of Madison-Avenue-cracker-barrel philosophy, "We're all really working for one pressure group—uh, the human race, I guess." Will Rogers might have permitted such a thing to be said about him, but he wouldn't have said it himself; he was not the man to step on his own lines or to weaken the force of his method. Mr. Sahl's humor, to judge by what I heard of it, is safely broad, and without a specifically hostile point of view. The viewpoint of Rogers' comment was that the congressmen of his day were apt to be morons, buffoons, or thieves, or all three. From where we stand at the moment, the miracle is that this was a popular viewpoint, wholly suitable for use in a mass market.

"Wide Wide World" made one further attempt, when Bob Hope's turn on the show came, to think cheerfully about present-day "satire." Mr. Hope at his best (and he's nearly always at his best) is by all odds the most fluent and skillful joke purveyor in the world. He has an incidental reputation, as Mr. Garroway pointed out, for topical humor. To prove it in "The Sound of Laughter," Mr. Hope spoke the words "Nixon" and "Russia," and in doing so he reminded me of another of the differences in this field between our nineteen-twenties and our nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties. The fact is that Mr. Hope's topical humor consists largely, if not entirely, of mentioning names and places in the newspaper headlines with a bland smile and a malicious inflection. In our day, the effect is shocking in itself. The audience is so excited by the sound of the names and the bare thought that something frank may be said about them that it asks for nothing more.

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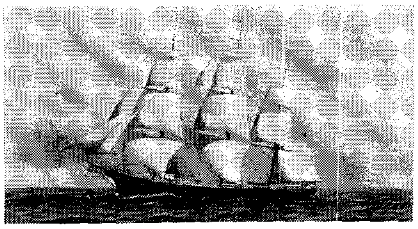

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Which is just as well, since Mr. Hope gives nothing more.

IN other parts of the program, there were views of Mr. Schaffner's tent show and of an initiation meeting of the Circus Saints and Sinners of America. Considered as entertainment, the initiation meeting (Ralph Bellamy was the neophyte) seemed to be an inversion of the well-known television show "This Is Your Life," rather than a humorous performance. That is, it turned the formula upside down and told a success story in terms of consistent insult instead of consistent adulation. The technique serves the purpose, I suppose, of relieving the participants of a certain amount of embarrassment. In the end, it achieves exactly the same point as "This Is Your Life." Mr. Schaffner, diagnosing his own art form, said that the chief function of tent shows like his is to ridicule sophisticated city ways in favor of plain country ways. His wife, who is also his partner, then listed the names of some of the plays in the troupe's repertory—among them "The Stork Was Careless" and "What Every Daughter Learns." Whatever the titles may sound like, she said, in answer to a natural question, the contents are completely wholesome. "We play to children," she added, "so the shows must be clean." This remark brought an ovation from the studio audience—as much in admiration of the Schaffners' ingenuity, I figured, as in tribute to their moral strength. Personally, I prefer plays with plainer, less sophisticated names, like those in the catalogue of the Hyland-Welty company, a tent show that toured the West some thirty years ago: "Thorns and Orange Blossoms," "The Sweetest Girl in Dixie," "Which One Shall I Marry?," and "The Tie That Binds." Why keep the kids guessing?

There was also, as the day went on, a short interview with Mr. Capp, creator of the comic strip "Li'l Abner" (and a man who, by the way, succeeds in kidding at least one politician, a senator invented by himself, pretty sharply). Mr. Capp's strip exploits bucolic life in somewhat the same way that the Schaffners

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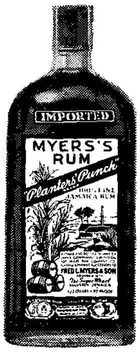

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exploit slickers; he may have been brought into the show to give the two schools equal time. Anatomizing humor and its universal trends and truths without ever leaving the subject of "Li'l Abner," he earned a devout "Amen, and God bless you!" from Mr. Garroway. The analytical phase of the program was rounded out by Mr. Allen, who is not only N.B.C.'s busiest and wisest humorist but a student of the state of humor in general. Mr. Allen regretted, sensibly, the sinister influence on television comedy of certain minorities or splinter groups in the audience, and of the savage letters sent by crackpots to nervous producers. In a way, he was touching here, I believe, on one side of the "political" problem that had bothered Mr. Garroway earlier. The same sort of influence affects motion pictures, comic strips, and even unsyndicated and unphotographed humorists. The soundest thing to do, as Mr. Allen went on to say, is ignore it.

All told, "The Sound of Laughter" was an engaging, ambitious, and solemnly amusing show. To save it from unorthodoxy, someone (Mr. Hope, I think) threw in a plug for *Look* magazine.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

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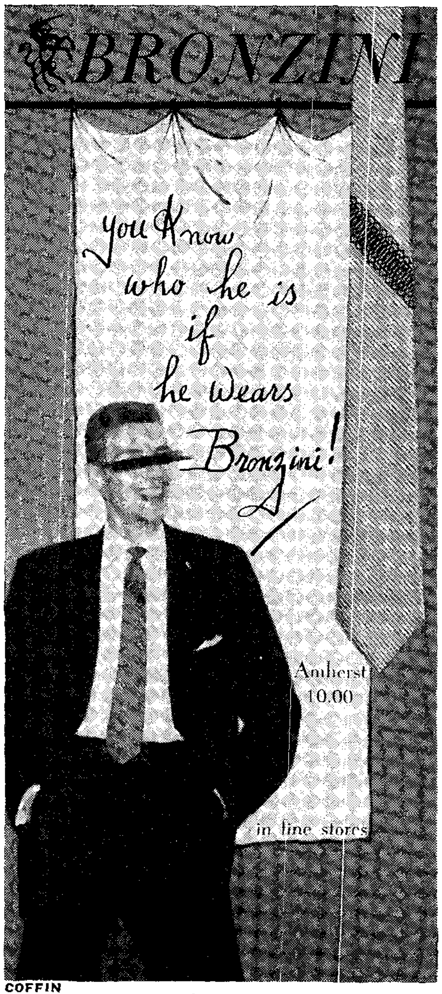

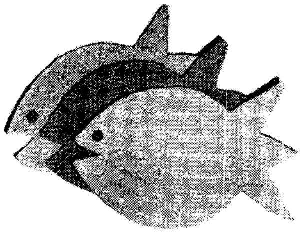

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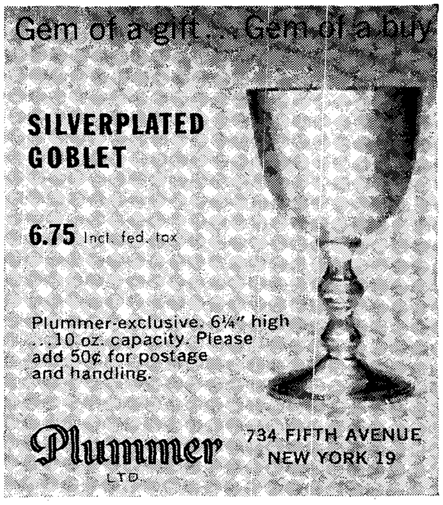

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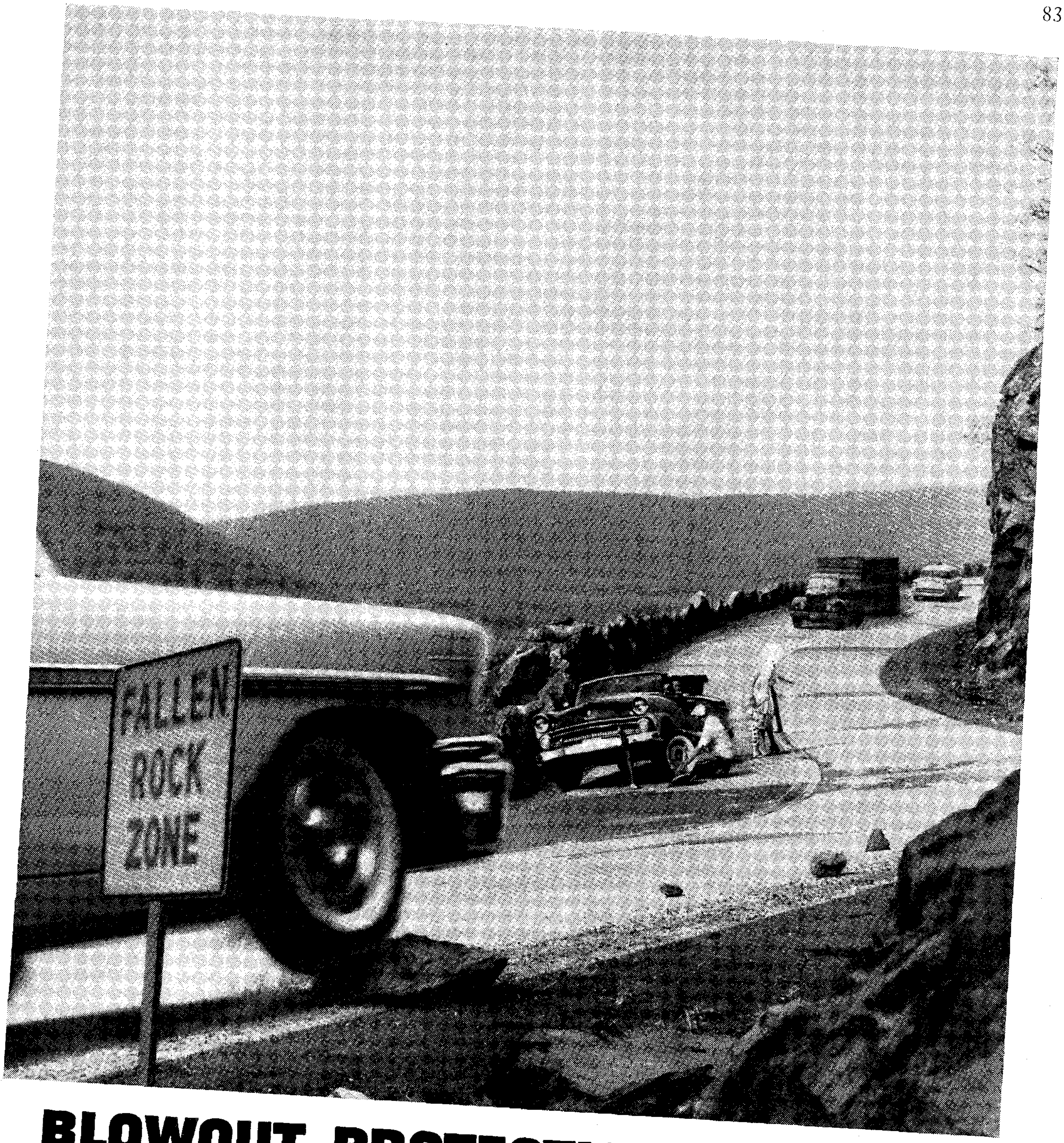

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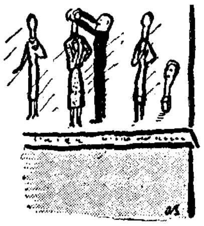
THIS AND THAT

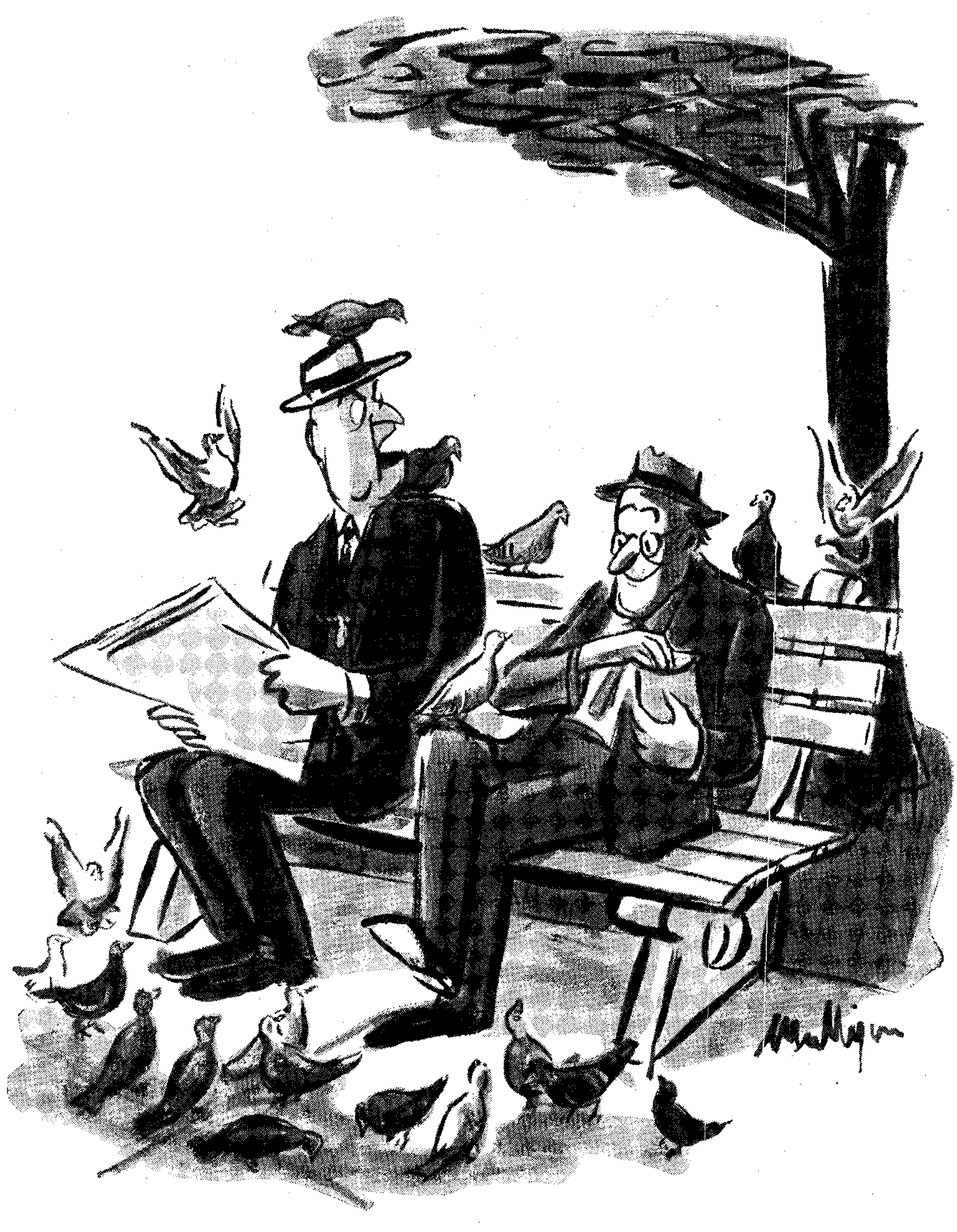


Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room is agog, awash, and replete with summer finery. Sleeveless trapeze dresses of hot-pink or black waffle piqué turn up with collarless necks, perky piqué bows high at the sides, and low patch pockets almost a foot deep. Bowless ones of the same piqué, and slightly lower at the throat, are slashed to expose the shoulders. All are lined with white organdie, and all are as comfortable as Mother Hubbards, to say nothing of being a lot more girlish. The prettiest of the trapeze suits (it's of sheer orange-and-red flowered wool) can be worn right around the calendar. The one-piece dress of it is bloused on top and peg-top below; the trapeze jacket fastens in front with matching wool buttons. For summering in town, there's a navy silk-and-linen sheath with a navy-and-white striped silk scarf at the neck. A surah dress that is sheath in front and chemise in back has a pussycat bow beneath the chin. It's in black, navy, or white dotted with navy, or in navy dotted with white. For sedentary women, probably, is a black-and-white checked dress of surah nipped in by a broad belt of black patent leather. Its balloon tunic almost covers the tight skirt, which almost covers the kneecaps. Last of all, pink and maroon chrysanthemums grow on white surah evening dresses with draped décolletages, string bows at the shoulders, and bell skirts. The range in this Blue Room assortment is $35 to $180.

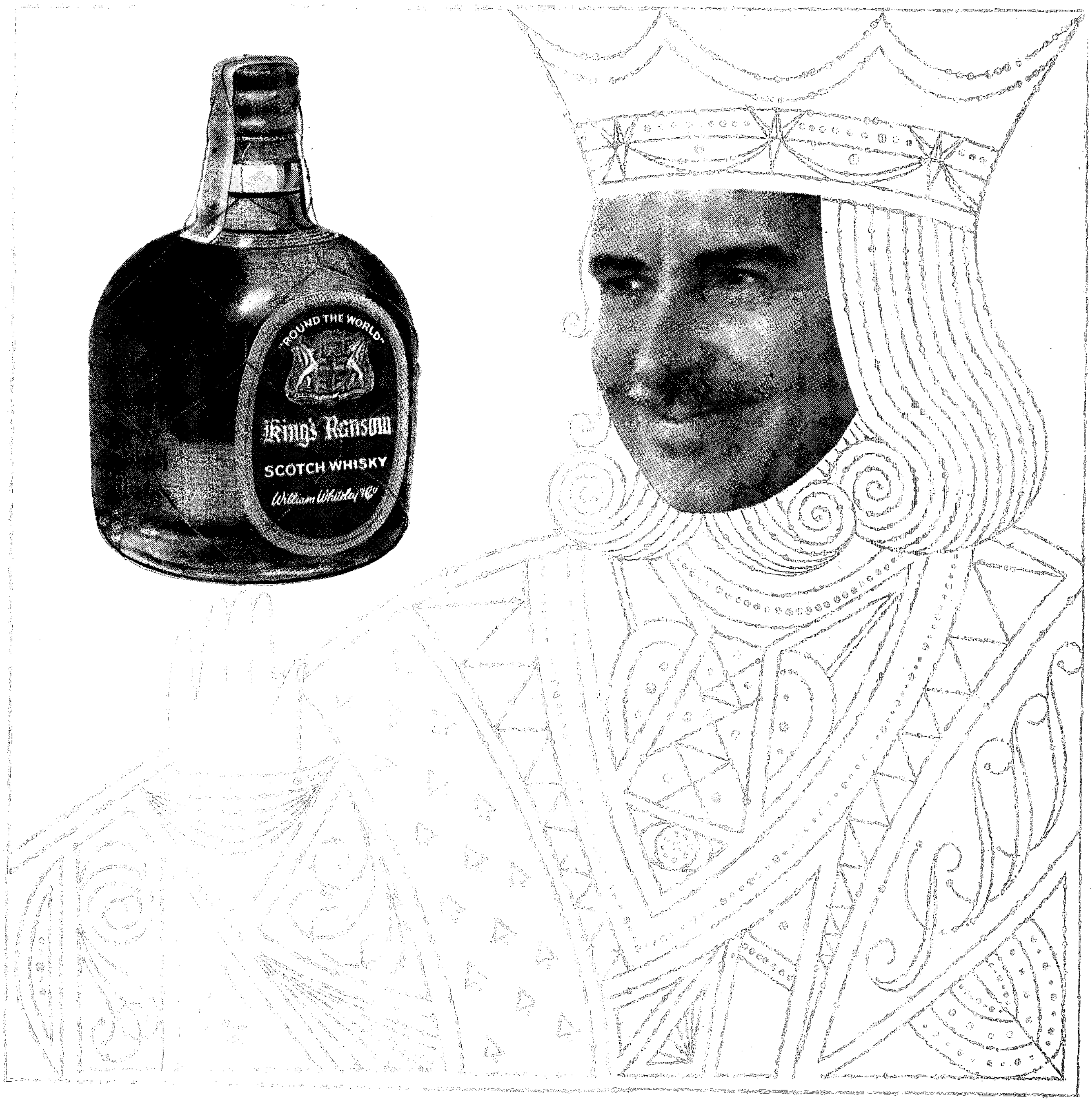
Lord & Taylor's Sports Department is offering dresses made for it in Italy by Emilio Pucci. Chemises of strawberry-pink cotton garbardine on which blue pin stripes are painted down the sides, down the back, and around the high, square neck are as cool and flowerlike as a crocus or a tulip. Chemises of yellow cotton gabardine with high, square yokes and *no* artwork have pyramid inserts and inverted pleats from the knees to the hem. This device provides room to walk, but the dresses look slim when they're not in motion. Shirt dresses of yellow cotton shantung are crowned by stiffened, mannish collars. These chemises are $39.95 a throw. Two-piece dresses with tailored, tuck-in tops and billowy pleated skirts appear in pink batiste with multicolored carriages scurrying over them. Some of the Pucci afternoon dresses are especially delightful, such as a tidbit whose pleated skirt of white batiste bears watermelons, muskmelons, and unfamiliar round green and gray objects. This is attached to an elongated bodice of pink cotton ribbing. From California come shirtwaist dresses of Swiss silk woven in tartans—McLeod, MacBeth, Anderson, Fraser, and so on. The prices of the stuff under consideration run from $29.95 to $69.95.

L. & T.'s first floor has pullovers for bathing suits and shorts. They're so simple it's a wonder no one thought of them before—two twenty-four-inch squares of drip-dry cotton that make a sort of envelope with a bateau neck and armholes. The designs are wild—smiling red fish swimming through blue-and-white waves, or blue middy collars, ties, and cuffs (all printed, not real), or a pride of daffodils, or a collation of summer refreshments, such as limeade, orangeade, a Tom Collins, orange sherbet, and green maraschino cherries.

And so (to coin a phrase) to separateness. Best's matching separates, designed by Greta Plattry, are in children's sizes (3 to 14) and misses' sizes (10 to 16). A tour of inspection requires help from Travelers Aid, for the things are all over Best. The most



"Would you mind taking your confounded peanuts to another bench?"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noticeable group combines frivolous white eyelet-embroidered cotton and sturdy dacron-and-cotton in a putty shade. Sun dresses with putty-colored camisole tops and attached skirts of pleated white eyelet embroidery are also all right for yacht clubs or iced-cocoa soirées (what'll they think of next?) on the lawn. Flounced chemise dresses of white eyelet-embroidered cotton with great flare (notably at the hem), and threaded with putty-colored ribbon above the knees, show up in both play and cocktail length for grownup girls. None of these things cost very much. European *haute couture* has designed some swimming suits for fashion-conscious bathers who are in the 4-to-14 girls'-size bracket. Two are especially special. Castillo's bloomer suit of black-and-white Arnel plaid ties in bows at the shoulders, and red bows dot the waist; Fontana's white cotton suit, banded with white ribbon on which miniature roses shading from pink to cerise are embroidered, and edged with navy rickrack braid, is princesse in front, but there's an elasticized bodice and a sassy pleated skirt in back.

De Pinna's separates that are made by Fontana in Rome for girls and women (misses' sizes 10 to 14) are perfectly beautiful and not as ingenuous as they sound. White sailcloth is done up into sleeveless bodices, shorts, and circular skirts that trail appliquéd garlands of full-blown red-and-brown print roses down the left side. White cloqué piqué with more of these flowers swarming over it is made into sleeveless bateau blouses and barrel shorts. A rose chintz sash gives these the final touch. Play suits and pleated button-down-the-front skirts of white cotton display peaceful cypress and olive trees against blazing orange sunsets. White linen striped in yellow, red, green, and blue (like your very best tea towels) is worked vertically into play suits and horizontally into bouffant skirts wreathed with giant blue-and-red painted sea anemones.

Bonwit Teller's beach clothes have been culled from all over the globe. Pale-blue cotton on which small white horseshoes are pitched makes two-piece bathing suits with boned brassière tops and short shorts, as well as drawstring blouses to shelter them. White Arnel sharkskin tennis dresses have matching belts from hip to hip in the rear. The belts won't throw you, they say, when you serve, but you'll have to decide this

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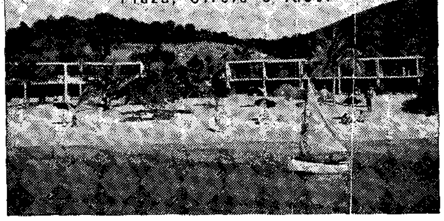

for yourself. These outfits come from Hawaii, yet there are none of the usual island trademarks. Black anchors drift over white cotton shirts and tapered slacks of white herringbone cotton from Italy. Décolleté coveralls with kangaroo pockets and decorated with Italian theatres and players are also of herringbone cotton; $35. Spectacular bathing suits of shirred nylon in a brilliant plaid and that dry in a flash first saw the light of day in France. Two-way-stretch maillots of black Helanca yarn, from Switzerland, plunge in a V to the waist in back; $25. Our own B. H. Wragge does a play suit of pistachio Pima cotton and a Maypole skirt (free-flowing panels of lavender, strawberry, powder-blue, and pistachio Pima cotton hung from a green Pima sash); $45. Down on the first floor, headache bands that don't look much like the ones of the flapper days can hold haystack and chrysanthemum bobs out of the eyes. Those of satin or printed surah could double as contour belts for women with the waistlines of Civil War belles. Black velvet bands are decorated with pearl and rhinestone bead buckles or with strands of rhinestones. Crew cuts are provided for by bicycle clips covered with black velvet ribbon, which also makes the long, adorning bows. Broad green horsehair bands striped with velvet baby ribbon rise up in butterfly bows above the brows. And there are bird cages (or maybe they're beekeepers' helmets) of stiffened mesh veiling that are rated as headache bands because they are encircled at the hairline by grosgrain belting. These come in many shades. The millinery department, on the sixth floor, will make them to order, in the customer's or the shop's fabrics and designs. This takes only two days.

PECK & PECK has a beach outfit from Hawaii in a sprightly cotton print that looks like batik at first glance but is really palm trees, canoes, huts, bongo drums, and other scenery. There's a sarong bathing suit, a short-sleeved mandarin jacket fastening with coconut-shell buttons, and a beach dress with a wide draped midriff and soft pleats in the skirt; $14.95, $8.95, and $19.95, respectively. A mainland adaptation of the same beach dress pops up in a yellow, gold, and lime marigold print on white cotton; $17.95, including a matching jacket with a standing collar, banded armholes that form cap sleeves, and down-the-front pearl buttons. White Arnel sharkskin shorts have cotton sashes in the green-and-

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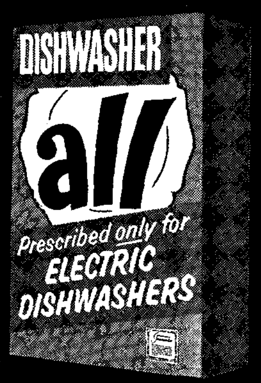

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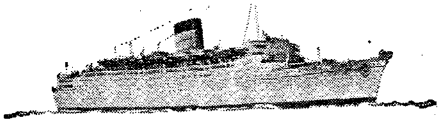

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black sea-fan print that makes the long-sleeved shirts that go with them. Foam-rubber beach mats covered with striped sailcloth on one side and plain terry cloth on the other have built-in foam-rubber pillows at the top and big, plastic-lined compartments at the bottom. The mats fold into plastic carryalls.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S Boutique is a good place to browse for first-rate inexpensive hostess presents. White terry-cloth beach mats printed with black-and-red checkerboards almost as large as shuffleboard courts cost $6, a price that includes a bagful of checkers. White terry-cloth beach shirts, striped in red, blue, or pink, close with white pearl buttons. Matching stoles and beach mats are knee-deep in long white cotton fringe. Enchanting fold-over strawcloth purses (white, eggshell, black, or red) are painted with contrasting nosegays.

NOW for a few words about Brooks Brothers, whose most recent Bermuda shorts are a mixture of Irish linen and Terylene, an English synthetic that defies wrinkles; $14.50. The color chart reads natural, cherry, and light blue. Shorts of a white orlon-and-cotton that could pass for doeskin are $13. Shirts with button-down collars in cotton foulard patterns, in Scotch gingham with miniature checks, and in dacron-and-cotton Campbell, Black Watch, and Dress Stewart tartans fasten on the male side.

WILLIAM J., who tends store at 44 West 54th Street, has ready-to-wear beach hats that are resolutely marine in décor. A Renoir cloche of natural panama sprouts an enormous red felt lobster with red quill feelers and a tail that ends in a shower of red grosgrain streamers. A fish mold of painted green straw braid is laden with large, iridescent paillette scales. The fins and mouth are of royal-purple felt. A cloche of natural sisal is dotted with wisps of feathers and with curled ostrich pompons attached to fishhooks. (The points are filed down to the safety level.) The most errant of all is a hat of bright-orange straw braid whose bulbous crown is encircled by an orange cotton octopus with tentacles firmly wrapped around the huge, turned-down brim. An oversize fish basket (it even has a lid) of pale-orange straw is like a Balinese headdress. Clusters of begonias trim the handles, and poppies, buttercups, and violets spill over the sides.

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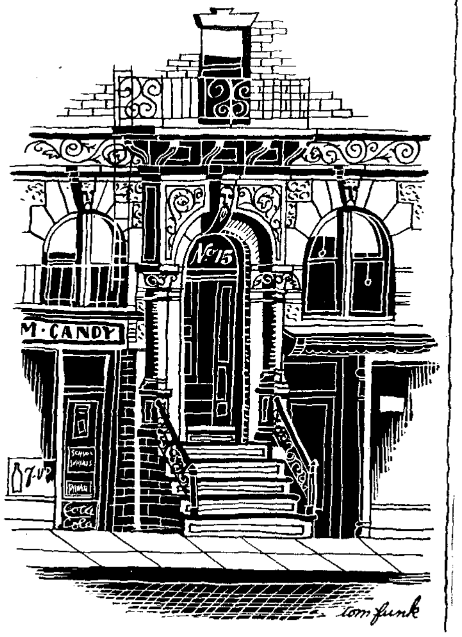
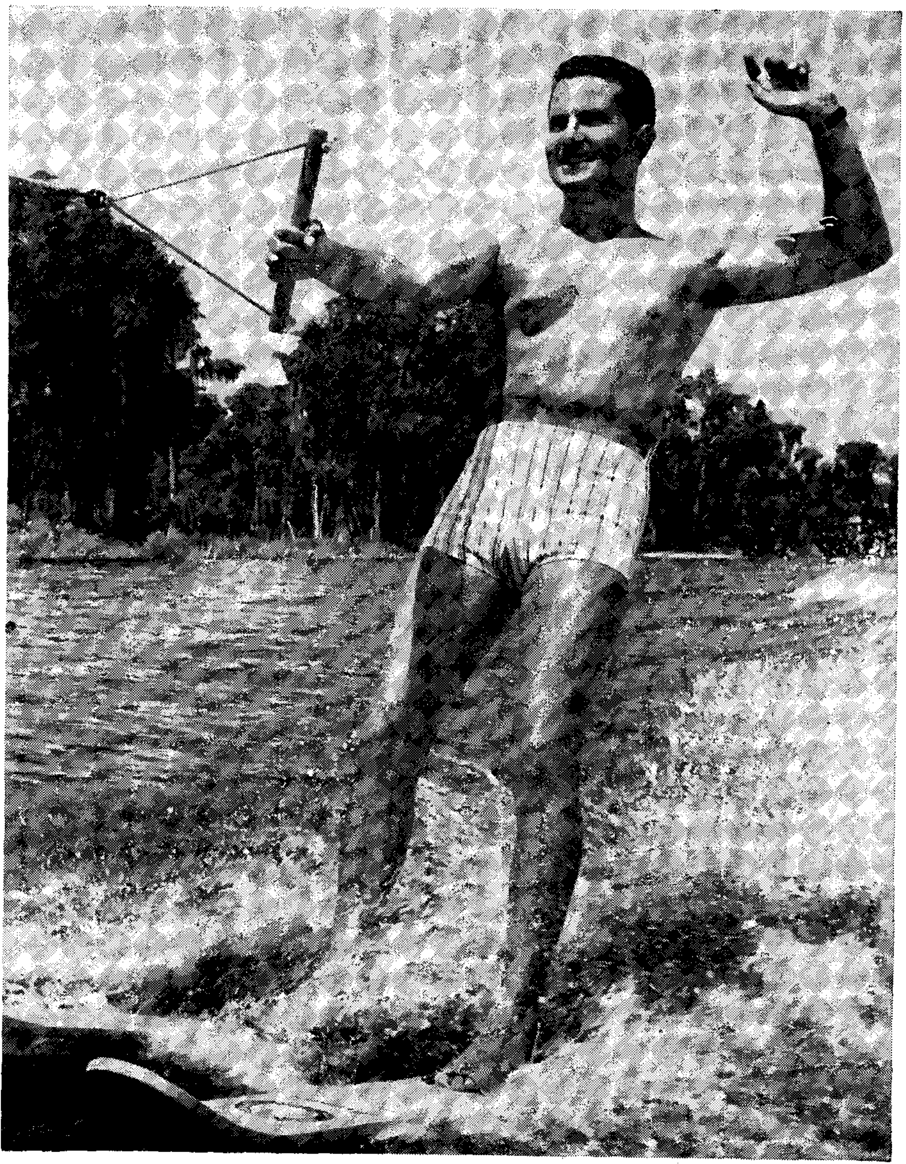
There's a red raffia crab, too. And that isn't all. Under the lid, there's room for a thin jacket, an extra bathing suit, beach cards, snacks, and so on. (The more weight you carry, the better for your posture.) The golf hats are downright drab by comparison. A visored straw mound heaped with real green grass (preserved) is pierced at the summit with a flag of Shocking-pink felt. A cloche is banded at the base of its square green straw crown with fifteen golf tees (you snip them off if you want to use them), and a white rubber practice ball on a coiled wire spring sits at the back of the small green grass brim. The hats are $20 to $35, and even more fun than half a dozen holes in one.

DELMAN has gone as flowery as the fields of Grasse. Long, pointed pumps of black crêpe, with low, medium, or high heels, are spattered with fat red or royal-blue roses and a forest of greenery; white crêpe counterparts teeming with red or talisman roses are mounted on medium or high heels. Flowered crêpes with the steepest heels of all come in several small all-over patterns: russet, gray, and mustard; cobalt blue, powder blue, and jade green; or Shocking pink, coral, and apple green. The shoes, $36.95, are lined with the same silks. There are bags to match, too; $30 to $35, including the federal tax. Pumps of shantung or satin in either black or white may be trimmed with vast clip-on bouquets, to be picked from the make-believe trees in the salon. Among the posies are silk cabbage roses, smaller roses of starched silk, organza peonies, silk poppies, and cotton pond lilies or lilacs; $5 to $15 a





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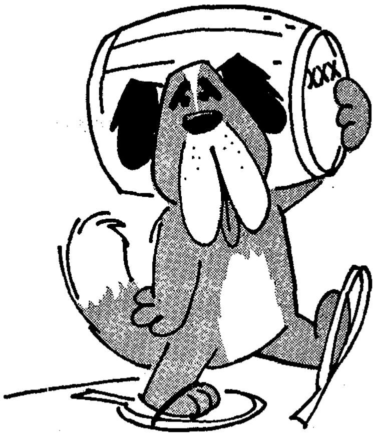

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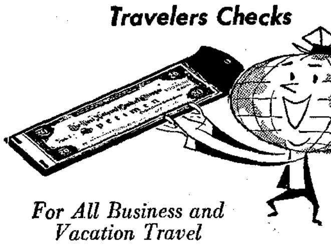

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T. Anthony, at 751 Madison Avenue (65th), has thirty-five varieties of lightweight luggage in red-and-white cotton-and-wool tweed, bound in red cowhide, which should be easy to spot at any station or airport. The piece that particularly catches the eye is a *duffelbag with a zippered case* in the base. This is lined with washable red plastic and contains a mirror, loops for bottles and jars, and space for makeup, curlers, toothbrushes, costume jewelry, and a couple of pairs of gloves and stockings; $43.45. An airplane sack, which can stand on its four rubber feet, has hangers that will take up to sixteen suits and/or dresses, and a zippered pocket for lingerie and shoes; $60.50. It weighs eight pounds. The prices include the federal tax.

The Elder Craftsmen Shop, farther east (850 Lexington Avenue, at 64th), provides, among other things, pretty and easy-to-care-for baby clothes. Pink or blue dacron organdie pin-dotted in white is the substance of toddlers' pinafores with drawstring necks and white miniature rickrack braid bowknots at the shoulders and hips. The bloomers have bowknots on the seat. These are $4.95 a set. Sun suits of pink or blue cotton plissé (sizes 1 to 3) are constructed with detachable halter bibs and cancan ruffles on the bloomers. The bonnets have button-on crowns; $5. Maternity aprons of necktie-print cottons are gathered onto round yokes extending into straps that crisscross in back and fasten high at the sides. The shop is willing to trim, line, and rehabilitate sweaters. It can remove ribbed waistbands and turn them into collars, convert cardigans into surplice blouses or boleros, and camouflage most thin places with appliqués of fabric, ribbon, and lace. The smallest fee is $5.

America House, at 32 East 52nd Street, has collected a relaxed assortment of hand-wrought gold and silver modern jewelry. Small gold sunburst earrings and scatter pins are studded with hammered knobs. Four Russian lapis-lazuli beads enhance feathery gold earrings that curl up the outer side of the ear. A large moss-agate brooch, as fiery as an opal, is surrounded by prickly gold rays. Delicate silver necklaces of Arabic-calligraphy links dangle five concave silver forms that

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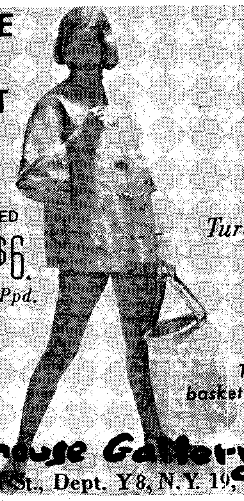

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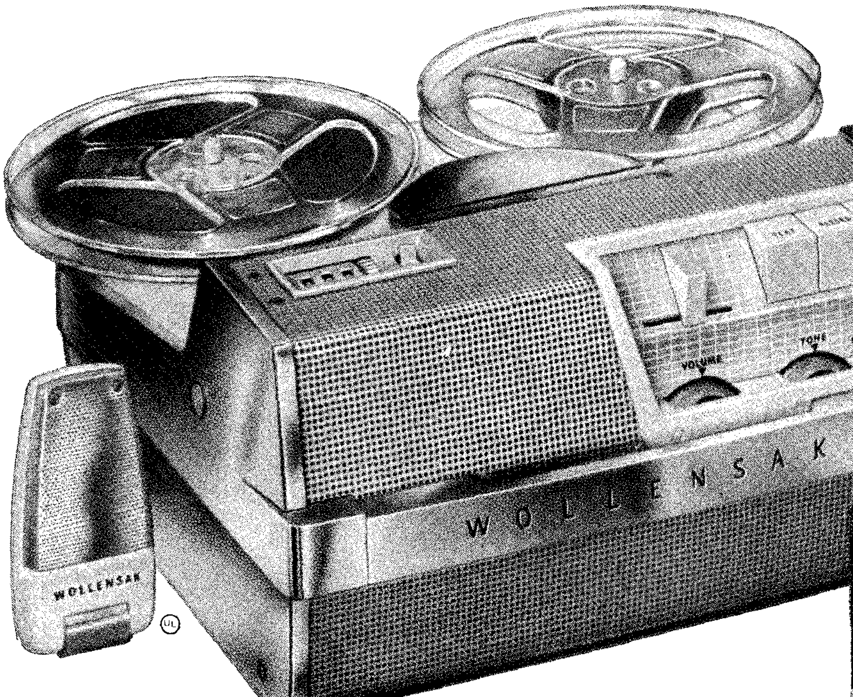

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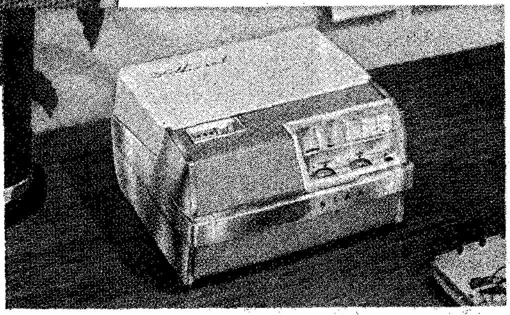

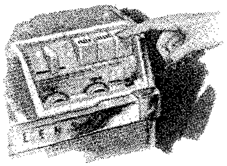

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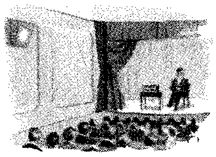

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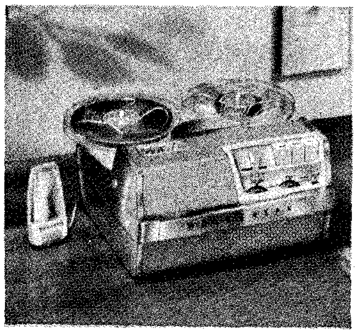

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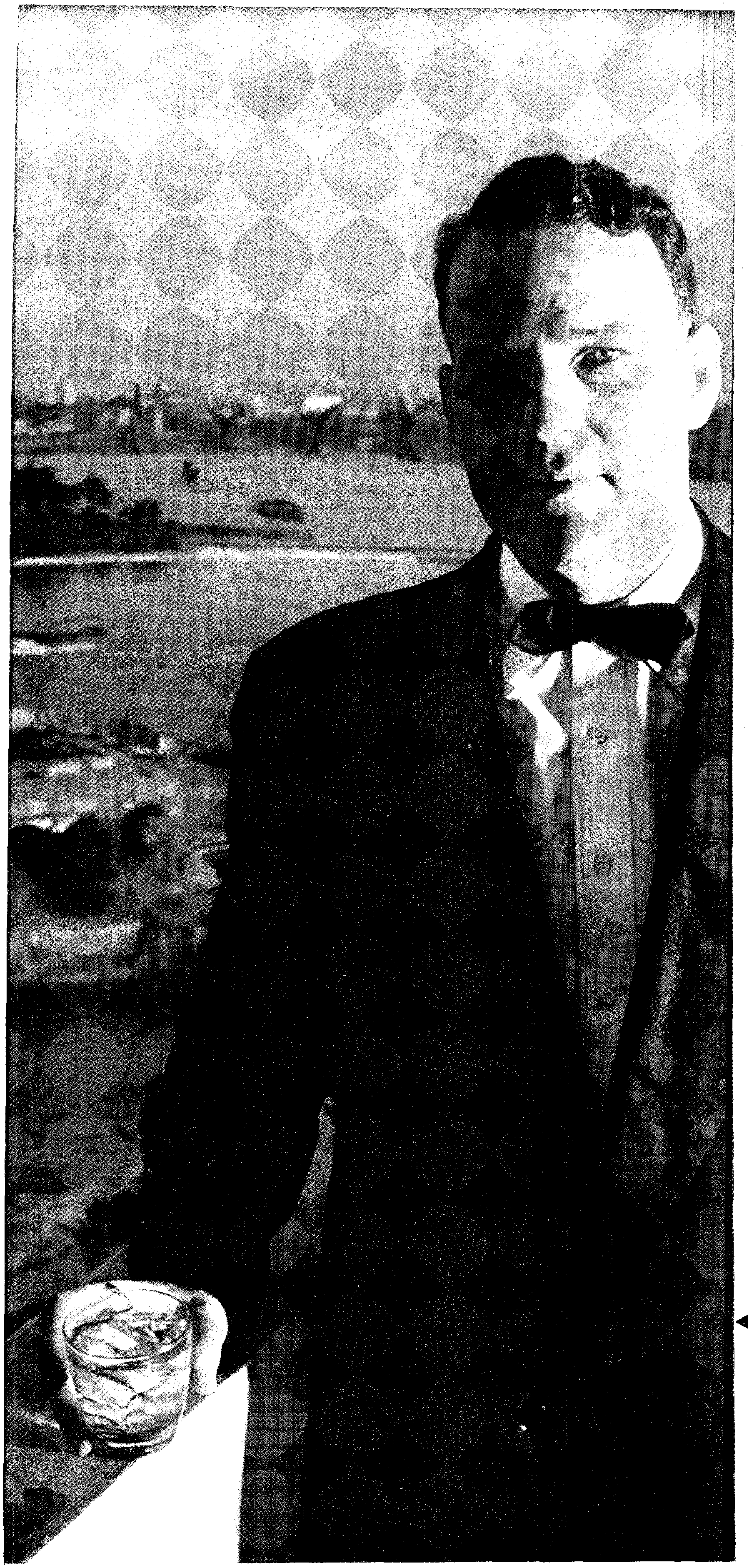

"I brought back a lot of new ideas from Puerto Rico—including rum on the rocks!"

says Lawrence Earle
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"Suddenly I notice everybody talking about Puerto Rico—and its *rum*," says Larry Earle. "Now that I've been there, I know why.

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"Puerto Rico is fascinating for other reasons too. Quiet beaches. Glittering night life. First-rate fishing and grand opera. It's a vacation paradise."

◀ "I could see mountains, ancient fortresses and sun-washed beaches from my hotel in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Earle. "Here's where I discovered rum on the rocks." Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Rum Promotion Division, Dept. R, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19 resemble sea anemones. This would show off to good advantage against a basic black dress. A Ubangi choker of thirty-two silver slivers, suspended from a wire necklace so closely strung with tiny red beads that it looks like red cord, weighs less than an ounce. A three-strand silver bangle bracelet is caught with a silver bee. Silver chignon pins are topped with silver tuning forks or free-form calla lilies. Prices commence at $24, including the luxury tax, and run well up the scale ($770). —M. M.

•

THE LADDER

Tumbling among its stones,
a ghost of the forest green,
under the leaning ferns
the stream purls on unseen.
A trembling of the leaves,
only a thread of sound,
like quiverings of light,
among the trees is wound;
like flutterings of wings,
quick dapplings of the sun,
a brilliance, singing there,
is there, and quickly gone.
Echoes of moonlight sent
into the limpid dark
like a thousand fireflies
repeat a velvet spark;
the stream's voice suddenly
is vistas far, yet near;
it hesitates and bends
to whisper at the ear.
Or else out of the mist
of morning is released
a mirthful sound of waters,
by the waking birds increased,
increased by early sun
that, golden-bright and brief,
has touched the wind awake
upon each darting leaf,
as if the forest stretched
itself into a cry
of grown and tangled voices
under the unseen sky.
Yet how distinctly clear
the waters dropping low
repeat upon the stones
a progress as they go;
and if they hurry on,
their mingling with the rain
seems but a turning wheel
that spins a coarser skein.
And yet the waters' thread
sometimes is silken-spare,
a glowing silken ladder
raised on the vibrant air;
between the unseen and unknown,
far on in the forest, there
rises a silken ladder
into the depthless air.

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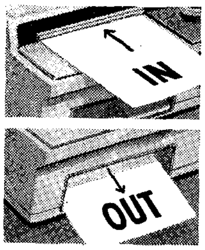

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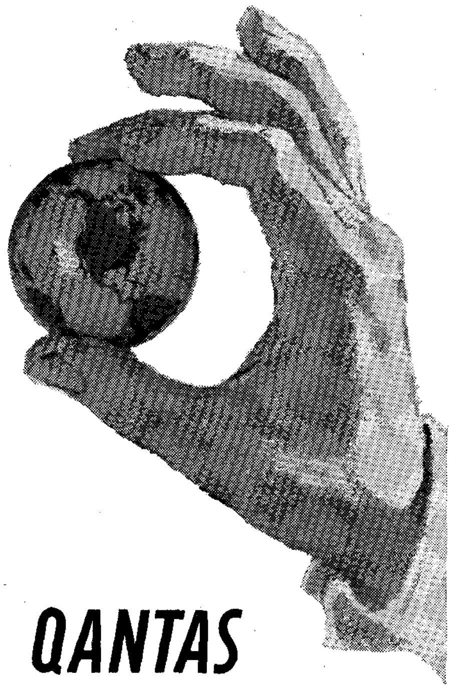

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BIG TREE SWAMP

SOME years ago, in the course of my work as a government anthropologist, I went South to study Indian arts and crafts. The assignment seemed routine, and promised no special excitement. A map I looked at in the Washington office of the Indian Service showed the peninsula I was bound for to be long, narrow, and flat. The only spot that had a suggestion of particular interest or mystery about it was an eye of land right in the middle, labelled "Big Tree Swamp."

The first two weeks in the field I spent making preliminary surveys. I toured the coast of the peninsula, driving comfortably on the highway that followed it, and visiting one after another of the commercial "Indian villages" that dotted it. Coconut-fibre dolls, plaited baskets, and patchwork garments were displayed for sale in most of the clustered huts that made up these villages, but I could find no one who would discuss the crafts with me. The Indians were blasé. I was just another female tourist, to them, and so I found I was getting nowhere with my work. Finally, I went to the regional Indian Agency and asked the superintendent's advice.

"You'd better go in to Big Tree," he said. "The Indians back there don't see many whites, and they're willing to talk. If Washington wants you to organize a crafts coöperative for them"—I winced at this, since the *Indians* were supposed to want to organize, and I was supposed, as part of my job, to help them—"the Big Tree Indians are the ones who need it. They haven't any way to sell what they make. We're sending a truck in tomorrow, and you can go along. It leaves at seven in the morning. The teacher and his wife have a spare bedroom in the school, and you can stay there. Stock up a month's groceries for yourself—we may send the next truck sooner, but you never know. The teacher calls us on the two-way radio every evening. I'll tell him you're coming, and he'll get a guide to take you around among the Indians."

The superintendent spoke so casually that I walked out of his office and drove to the nearest supermarket without reflecting very much on what I might be getting into. I shopped carefully, giving consideration to the probable lack of ice in the swamp, and the possibility that I might have to cook on a wood stove. A month's supplies filled two carts, and I was clumsy wheeling them into line at the cash register. Inadvertently, I bumped the man ahead of me.

He turned, showing me a broad, flat Indian face and a pair of furious eyes. When he saw that I was a woman, he calmed down.

"Excuse me," I said. "I'm very sorry."

"It's all right, lady," he said.

I began unloading my carts. If I thought about the man at all, it was to conclude that he was probably an Agency employee; what I had heard of his English was unaccented, and he was evidently used to shopping in supermarkets. Also, he was dressed like any average customer. He wore gray-and-white striped seersucker pants and a soft gray work shirt, which was stretched by the width of his flat shoulders. When I left the market a few minutes later and saw him putting his purchases into an enormous truck that had an Indian Service license, my half guess seemed confirmed.

I reported to the Agency at half past six the next morning. My supplies were loaded into the vast truck I had seen at the market, and I was stowed on the front seat, next to the driver—a small, chipper gingersnap of a man, who spoke with a marked Cockney accent. His name was Brainard, he told me, and he had been born in the Bahamas, of English parents, but had lived on the fringes of Big Tree Swamp most of his adult life, and could "speak Indian." "I know all about these Indians," he boasted. "I know more than any other white man, I guess—lots of things they don't want anybody to know. But they trust me, most of them."

While he sat talking, I was aware of people climbing quietly into the truck body, which was separated from us by a partition, and when we started off, I had the impression that the truck was almost full.

THE truck—Mr. Brainard called it "the swamp wagon," and later I understood why—bowled along the hard-surfaced highway for a couple of hours. We looped around the end of the peninsula and went halfway up the other side, and then veered inland. The road was still paved, and with asphalt, but this was not the smooth asphalt of the highway. This paving was rippled by heat and by the unevenness of the sand on which it had been laid. I turned to look back at some of the pines that had begun to appear, conspicuous after the palmettos and scrub that lined the coast

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road, and jumped. "What's the matter?" Mr. Brainard asked.

"I forgot we had passengers," I answered, laughing. "The back's full of men."

"Sure. Sure," he said. "Giving them a hitch home. They've been in town, shopping. It helps them, and it won't hurt us to have some extra hands if we should get stuck."

"No, it won't," I agreed.

"Men do *all* the shopping," my companion went on, and then he said, "Look out! Pavement's gone! Must have washed out in the storm last night." We began jolting over a broken road, which soon became simply a dirt one. "Probably have rough going from here on in. Yes—they don't let the women go into town if they can help it. They say it isn't good for them. Puts ideas in their heads. So the women get left at home, and the men go to town and buy everything the women need."

"Not the cloth for the patchwork!" I exclaimed. I had assumed, without thinking much about it, that the women would choose their own materials.

"Sure. Why not? The men speak some English, and most of the women don't. Ain't supposed to. Women hardly ever talk to any men except those in their own families, and they sure wouldn't talk to strange white men in stores."

"Ladies don't do it," I said, under my breath.

"That's right," Mr. Brainard said. "There's lots of things Indian ladies don't do. They wouldn't be caught dead sitting on this seat with me. But they've got over being surprised if white women do things they don't. They figure whites have their own rules."

The dirt road, rough as it was, ended after a time, and we drove along a sand track. Then that gave way to a trail, to which we drove parallel. I fell into a prolonged misery of trying to stay on my side of the slippery leather seat and keep out of the driver's way when he reached for his various levers and shifts. Sometimes we dropped violently into huge holes, and then he left his seat, snaked a winch chain, attached to the front axle, around the nearest tree or stump, climbed back in, and meshed an assortment of gears, and the truck pulled itself out like a spider climbing its own web. At times, the holes were so deep or the swampy ground so slippery that all our passengers had to get out and push; sometimes Mr. Brainard left me to drive, and joined them. Before the day was out, I had mastered the intricacies of the compound shift.

It was dark when we reached the

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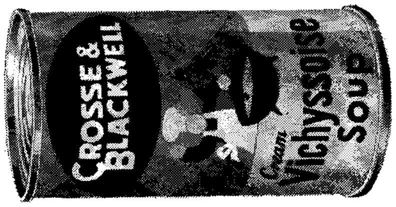

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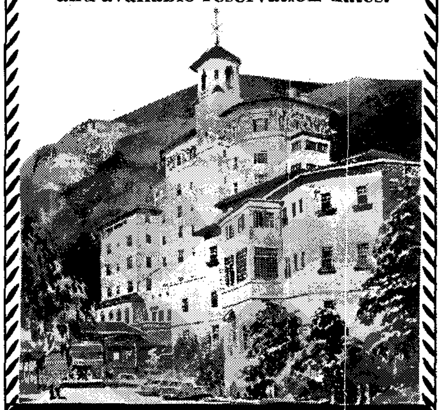

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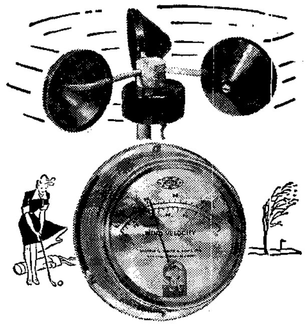

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"hammock" in the swamp where the government school was located. Our passengers gathered their goods and vanished into the blackness, and the schoolteacher and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Meade—came out to greet me. "You made good time," Mrs. Meade remarked. "Only eight hours from the blacktop, Mr. Brainard says."

I was too tired to pretend casualness. "It seemed like eight weeks," I said. "I'd think it would be better to come in through the swamp in a canoe."

"It is," she agreed. "It's all we use, in here. The trouble is you can't put as much in a canoe as you can in the swamp wagon. Now, we never figure on anybody's going to work the first day here. You just stay in bed and rest tomorrow morning. We'll have a guide and a dugout for you the next day."

"Where shall I put the groceries?" I asked.

"We'll unpack them and sort them in with ours," Mrs. Meade answered. "We can take turns cooking, and all eat together. I wish I'd known sooner that you were coming. I'd have asked you to bring some fresh meat. Well, maybe Jim Osceola will go hunting the end of the week, and get us some venison. We'll get him to guide for you. He speaks English, and he's used to white people. . . ." Her voice grew faint. I was still on the seat of the swamp wagon, and my ears, like my eyes, were closing under the load of my weariness.

I SLEPT through much of the next day, but on the second morning I felt that I could resume living. There was a smell of coffee in the air, and I got up and dressed, and went into the Meades' kitchen, where Mrs. Meade was frying eggs. "Jim Osceola brought them," she told me. "He's kept hens ever since he came back from government boarding school, though he has to fight the bull snakes and the skunks for the eggs and chicks. He's out on the steps now, if you want to speak to him. He says he'll guide for you."

I thanked her, and went out through the screened back porch. A man in a brilliant patchwork shirt rose from the steps when he heard me coming, and as he turned toward me, I recognized my acquaintance of the supermarket. "Good morning," I said.

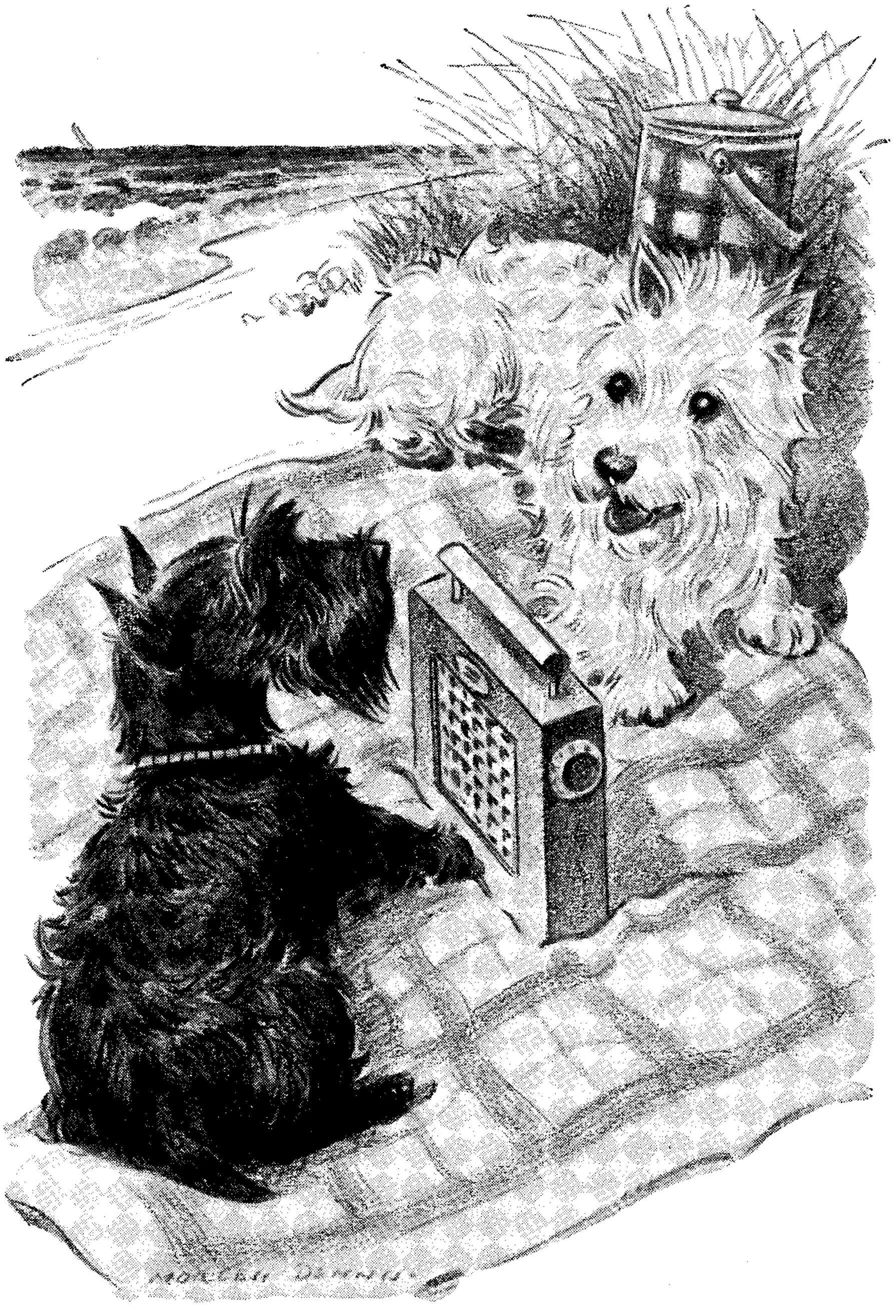
"Good morning," he answered. "You want a guide?"

"Yes."

"Where do you want to go?"

"I want to visit people's homes, and talk to the ladies. Can you interpret for me?"

"If their husbands is home." He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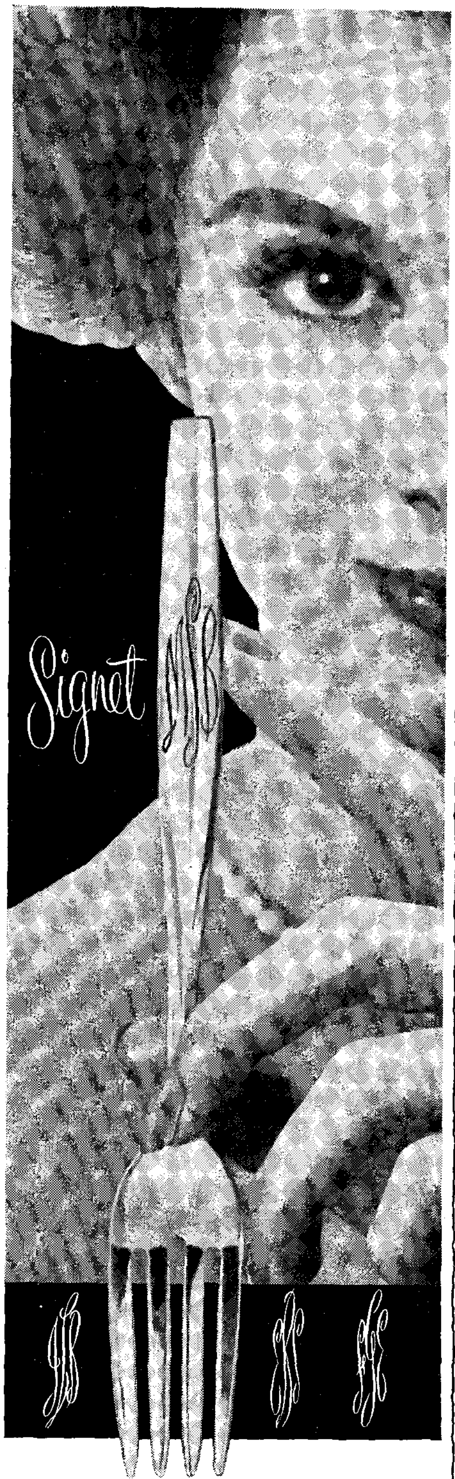

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grinned, and I remembered some of Brainard's remarks on the way in.

"We can start with your own family," I said. "Perhaps your wife—"

"We'll start with my sisters," he said. "You go eat. Change your shoes—you can't go in them high heels. Get a snake kit. They won't let you off the hammock without one. You don't need it when you're with me, because the Indians have a treaty with the snakes to leave each other alone, but the government people don't believe that. I'll get the dugout. We can start in an hour."

An hour later, when I had had breakfast, changed into sneakers, and strapped a snake-bite kit to the belt of my denim skirt, I found Jim waiting on the steps again. (Long experience in other parts of the country had taught me never to wear slacks on field trips with Indians. Pants are not feminine; ladies don't wear them.) I looked at the broad back, blurred by the screen, and prayed silently that I might not breach any unknown taboos. "I'm ready," I said.

"All right," said Jim, rising. "Come on."

He led the way across the sandy hammock—its floor a good three feet higher than the level of the surrounding swamp—to a palmetto stump on the far side. A log, somewhat hollowed out, was tied to the stump's exposed root by a twist of heavy brown wrapping cord. "Get in, lady," Jim said, and I scrambled into the stern of the dugout. He untied the cord, stepped in amidships, his back to me, and picked up a pole that lay on the bottom. Without further conversation, he struck the pole into the mud and shoved. We were off.

ALL day, Jim and I threaded the waterways, travelling from one hammock to another. I watched his back. When we reached a hammock, and he had tied the dugout to a handy stump, he led the way, along trails invisible to me, to settlements that I could not have found. The shelters were arborlike affairs, thatched with branches of the palmettos that grew all around. Jim then sat with the men and I with the women, on the benches that were the only furnishings of these structures. No man looked at any woman. Instead, the men sat with their backs turned to the women, who, for their part, sat with their eyes on their basket-plaiting or sewing, their children, or sometimes—fleetingly—the backs of the men. In each place, I did as the other ladies did. By the end of the day, I had learned how to behave, and while I could have said of

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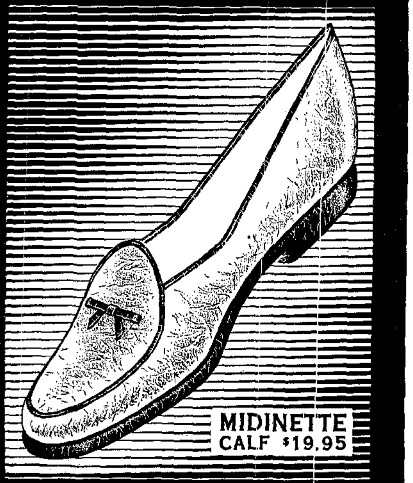

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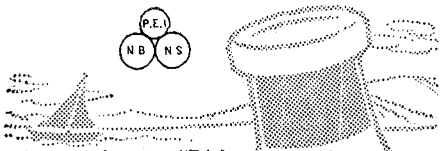

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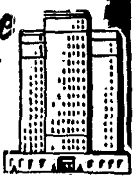

Jim's face only that it was an Indian's and broad, I could have described the back of his shirt in minute detail.

The days went on, and I grew better and better acquainted with Jim's back. His face, too, gradually became familiar to me, though it still was seldom more than a blurred semi-profile turned toward me on the few occasions when we spoke, and it seems, when I look back, that we spoke very little. Speech was unnecessary. We went from hammock to hammock, visiting each one two or three times, and the women showed me their work and—largely in pantomime—how they did it. Sometimes Jim interpreted; sometimes, if there was a girl present who had been to boarding school, he did not. On these occasions, he sat silent, regarding the ground, waiting for me to be ready to go on.

We never made plans in advance for a day's work. Each morning, Jim rose from the back steps as I came out, and walked ahead of me down the path. We took our places in the canoe, and went on our rounds. Jim seemed to know which hammock I would want to begin with. In the evening, we returned to the school, and he led me from the water's edge to the house and then vanished into the scrub. Sometimes he went in one direction, sometimes in another. I had no more idea where his home was after I had been there two weeks than I had on the day of my arrival.

One day, Jim said to me, "I got to be off work awhile."

"All right," I said. I had had guides before. Sooner or later, they all got tired of guiding and wanted to return to their own world for a time. I had learned that they were more likely to come back if I made no objection.

"We got a green-corn dance coming up," Jim explained. "What we call a busk. My old daddy, he's the dance chief—kind of like a minister in your religion. He'd be hurt if I wasn't there for the dance."

"It's all right. Go on," I said. My past guides had seldom explained their reasons for wanting to be away, but when they had, and the reasons had involved a ceremony or festivity, the explanation usually constituted an invitation to attend it. "May I go to the dance?" I asked.

"White people don't," said Jim flatly.

"Then I won't try to," I assured him.

He was silent a moment. "I be gone eight days," he said, finally. "Four days for getting ready, and four days for the dance. Then I be back."

"Is everybody going?" I asked. "All

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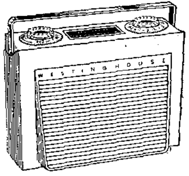

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the men? If they are, I'll stay at the school and work on reports. Your sisters? Your wife? I've never met your wife, you know." I knew he had a wife, and I had hinted—cautiously—that I would like to meet her, but he had ignored the hints.

"Everybody going," Jim said. "And you can't get no other guide. You stay at the school. My sisters—everybody. All going."

Brainard came to the school that evening, and I mentioned the busk to him. "I'm going," he told me. "I been lots of times. They like for me to sit with the old men. I'm the only white person they let come around."

"I'd like to go," I said. "Jim doesn't seem to think it's a good idea, though."

"It isn't," he answered seriously. "Things get kind of rough. They save up all the punishments for the year, and then they really lay into each other at the dance. You wouldn't like it."

"No," I said. "I suppose not."

"Whipping with thorns or palmetto blades—it's nothing for you to see," he went on. "You stay home. The dance is no place for you."

QUITE often during the next week, I thought of what Brainard had said. Jim's father was a chief—a priest. Jim himself might be in line for ceremonial office, and I wondered if perhaps one of his duties was to whip wrongdoers. That might explain why he didn't want an outsider present. He mightn't want me to see him doing something that he knew would be, by my standards, cruel.

On the ninth morning, Jim came back. My reports were finished and in their envelopes, ready to mail when I got "outside." Word had come on the two-way radio the evening before that there were messages from Washington waiting for me at the Agency. In two more days, Mr. Brainard's swamp wagon was going to make its monthly trip, taking me out. This would be my next-to-last trip with Jim.

I had finished breakfast, and was waiting for Jim to appear on the path beyond the porch. He had never been late before, and I had about decided to give him up. Now, surprisingly, he stood facing me. "You ready?" he asked. I nodded.

He stepped aside and let me lead the way down to the bayou. I was momentarily startled by this change in his behavior, but when we were in the canoe, he turned his back on me, as always, and began to pole. He had on, I noticed, a handsome new patchwork shirt—one I had never seen be-

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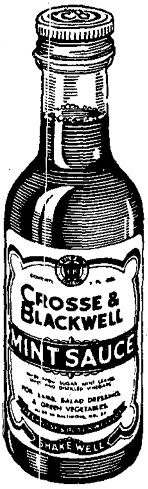

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fore. Its colors were jewel-bright, its patterns complex. I watched it swing and stretch with his movements, and as I watched, its colors and patterns began to blur and fade. Or not to fade but, rather, to streak and run together, as if the red in the patterns were being smeared over the other colors. "Jim!" I screamed.

He thrust the pole deep into the mud to hold the canoe, and looked at me over his shoulder. "What?" he said, almost stupidly.

"What happened to you? You're bleeding! Go back to the school. You're hurt."

"If you want to," he muttered.

We were no more than a dozen strokes from the school landing, but by the time we reached it he was soaked with blood from neck to heels. I tied the canoe clumsily, and we stumbled up the path. Mrs. Meade was nowhere in sight. I made Jim sit on a stool on the screened porch, and helped him out of the terrible shirt. Then I saw his back.

The skin was gone, and considerable flesh with it. The flat shoulder muscles lay exposed as if they belonged to a cadaver in a dissecting room. I wondered how the man could move at all, let alone pole a canoe. "Jim, what could you do that was bad enough—"

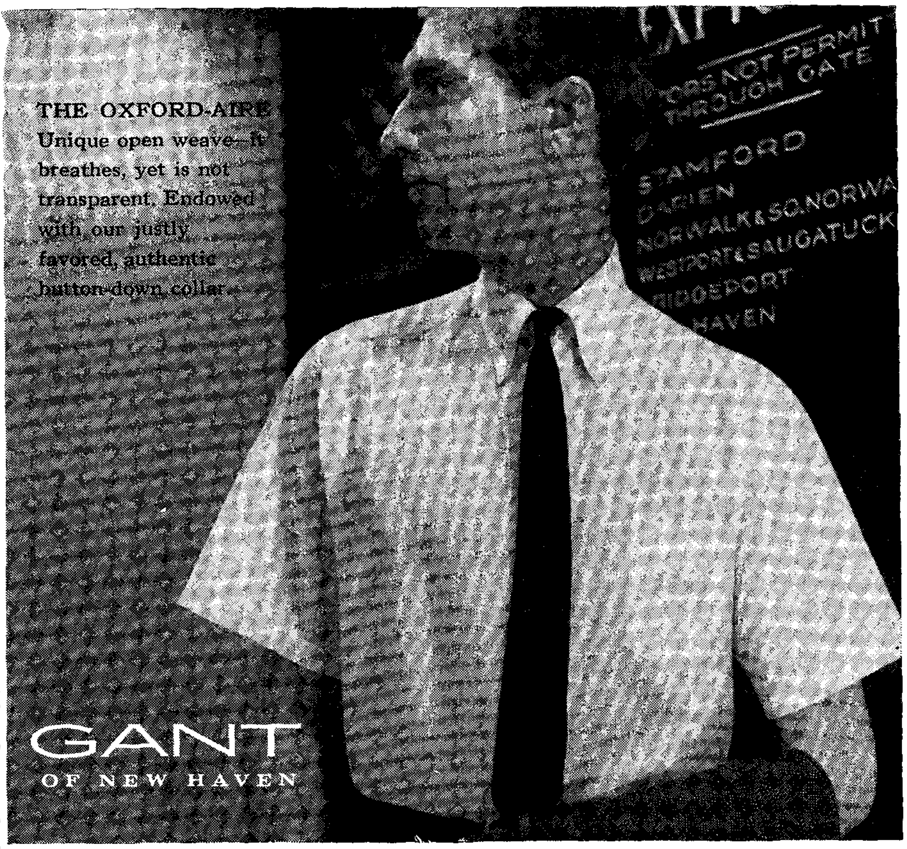
"I didn't want you to find out they whipped me," he said.

I told him to wait, and went inside. The first-aid kit, fortunately, was never locked, and I took out everything I thought I could use. While I bathed the wounds and tried to dress them, Jim talked. At first, it was a slow, incoherent muttering. I think he was a little delirious with pain and exhaustion. I didn't want to listen, but he rambled on and on, and the same words came again and again, gradually forming a coherent whole.

"Us Indians are funny. We have our own ways of doing things. We been hiding in the swamps a long time. We don't go nowhere much. We don't have nothing to do with other people, if we can help it. We got our own ways, we want to keep them.

"How come both them girls are so pretty? How come it's so hard to make up your mind to one girl? I never thought anybody'd find out. One living outside, and one in here. That's why I never answered you when you talked about meeting my wife. You're such a nice lady, I didn't want you to meet the one here and then later on find out about the other one.

"I never told nobody. Maybe Brainard found out. He finds out anything



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he wants to. He speaks enough Indian. He could guess. He'd tell."

"Be still, Jim," I said. "I can't do anything for you if you keep on twisting around."

He sat silent and motionless for a minute, and then the words flowed again. "They're nice girls. I like them both. The one outside, she speaks English. I went to boarding school with her. It wasn't me got her in trouble—it was my buddy—but she come to me, crying, so I married her. I love that first little boy of hers. We have two of our own now, and I feel about him just the way I feel about them."

"Be quiet," I said. "You must sit still."

"This one here, she don't have no babies. Maybe she can't. My daddy picked her for me, and I had to marry her. Chiefs' sons are supposed to have babies, but the girls got to belong to the right families. I suppose I ought to have told my daddy about my other wife. He *might* have let me keep her and not marry this one.

"It's easy to have two wives when you come and go, like me. It's good. It's like being at home all the time, whether you're here or outside. I got to be at the Agency a lot of the time, interpreting. A man needs a wife."

"Yes," I said, trying to soothe him. I began to sprinkle sulfa powder over his back. "A man needs a wife, but he ought to choose."

"He ought to choose. That's what my daddy says. He ought to choose. The old Indian way was for us to have just one wife, he says. But I didn't want to choose."

"Be quiet, Jim," I said again. "Sit still. The bleeding will stop soon if you're quiet. Then you can go home."

"Go home to my Big Tree wife," he said. "Yes. I'll do that. She's the one I'll keep. Maybe if I stay home more, we can have babies. The other one—she'll get a different man without any trouble. All those girls outside, they can get men if they want them. I'll go home to my Big Tree wife, and see if I can sleep for a while." He rose, and stood looking at me. "Thank you for fixing me up," he said. I picked his shirt up from the floor and handed it to him, the screen door closed quietly behind him, and, while I stood watching, he vanished into the scrub.

—ALICE MARRIOTT

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

CHARLES TRENET is probably best known here as a night-club entertainer—a small and sprightly Frenchman who, wearing a funny little hat and affecting a boyish, wide-eyed look, used to visit us every now and again (he has been neglectful in recent years) to sing French songs, most of them of his own composition. Now it appears that he is likely to be remembered longer for his songs than for his performing, which I recall as somewhat perfunctory. They are extremely skillful products; in fact, after listening to a new M-G-M record that offers a sampling of the stuff he has turned out over the past twenty years or so, I should say that he is probably the most accomplished contemporary French songwriter I know of. This record, entitled "Y a d'la Joie!" (the name of one of his earlier pieces, included here), offers slickly attractive performances by a large orchestra, under the direction of Guy Luypaerts, of works that range from the comically grotesque ("La Java du Diable") to the broadly melodic ("En Avril à Paris"). Trenet achieves an individual kind of lyricism in his best works; an outstanding example of this is a lovely waltz, "L'Ame des Poètes," which derives a good deal of its charm from artful pauses in the melodic line. Other appealing pieces are "Coin de Rue," a nostalgic utterance; "Les Chansons de la Nuit," which has a very pretty melody; and "Boum," a lighthearted thing that was one of Trenet's first big successes. Because the Luypaerts performances are entirely instrumental, they afford a convincing demonstration of Trenet's unusual talents as a popular composer; this is something that vocal renditions might not get across, since French vocalists can make practically any song sound like the careless jabberings of a street urchin—a pleasant enough effect in many cases, but not one that is calculated to set off a tune to advantage.

BEFORE getting off the subject of French songs, I'd like to mention a couple of new recordings of some that were popular in Paris cafés around the

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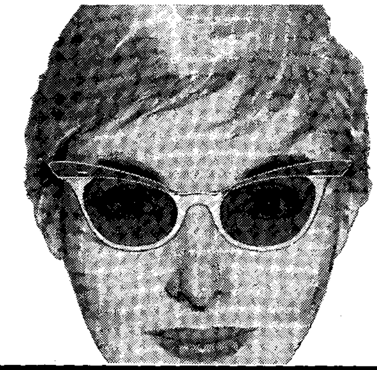

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turn of the century. The records are called "Chansons—1900" (Columbia) and "Chansons de la Belle Epoque" (Vanguard), and each of them employs several able chanteurs and chanteuses. Certain of the numbers are heard on both records, and a few are fairly common in current repertoires. "Le Fiacre," a farcical bit about a romantic triangle, sung by Jacqueline François in Columbia's roundup and by Micheline Dax in Vanguard's, is still capable of provoking a snicker, and a couple of the sentimental efforts, like "Reviens" and "Quand l'Amour Meurt," also heard on both records, stand up almost as well. The tradition of the French café concerts is a rich one, and an entertaining account of them can be found on the back cover of the Columbia recording. One interesting bit I learned from it is that featherbedding, a theatrical practice I had associated solely with our own time, was practiced spiritedly in the days of Napoleon III, when, to protect the legitimate theatre from the competition of the café concerts, café entrepreneurs were required by the police to hire half a dozen or more extras, who sat onstage, behind the performers, and idled the time away as best they could.

NOW for a brief mention of some other new records:

BRIGADOON—This charming, richly scored musical by Lerner and Loewe appeared just before the advent of the long-playing record, and although Victor has since transferred its original-cast, 78-r.p.m. album to 33⅓ speed, the present version—taking advantage of today's superior recording techniques, and also including one or two numbers not found in the earlier one—makes its predecessor practically obsolete. Running through what is certainly Mr. Loewe's most warmly romantic score, equipped with attractive lyrics by Mr. Lerner, are such persuasive soloists as Shirley Jones, Jack Cassidy, Susan Johnson, and Frank Porretta, as well as a superbly drilled chorus and a good orchestra, conducted by Lehman Engel. I found it all delightful, though I wish Miss Jones and Mr. Cassidy had blended their voices when they were supposed to during parts of the entrancing duet "From This Day On," instead of delivering all their lines independently. (*Columbia*)

A DATE WITH DELLA REESE—A recording made in a Chicago night club called Mister Kelly's and benefiting from the excitement inherent in a public performance. Miss Reese, getting off a dozen standards with the help of a sensitive jazz trio, emerges as a powerful singer and a unique stylist. There is a good deal of humor in her work, and some of it even creeps into her renditions of ballads, giving them an agreeable touch of tartness. (*Jubilee*)

THE FABULOUS DORSEYS IN HI-FI—This two-record collection of instrumental performances turned out by the Dorsey Brothers' band shortly before Tommy's death is all pretty commercial, but there

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are a few things to be said for it. First, it preserves for us in glowing reproduction the sound, as well as some of the more striking arrangements, of one of the best disciplined and most impressive of the swing bands—the Tommy Dorsey orchestra. (It is this outfit, rather than Jimmy's, that is emphasized in these readings.) Second, it is filled with Tommy's characteristically appealing trombone solos. And, finally, it was carefully planned to cover three major categories of the band's work—ballads, swinging spirituals, and originals by the band's arrangers. (*Columbia*)

Harold Arlen, "Blues-Opera" Suite—André Kostelanetz and his orchestra. One side is devoted to a suite from Arlen's long-awaited "Blues-Opera." Since "Blues-Opera" is based on the composer's 1946 Broadway musical "St. Louis Woman," this record amounts to a medley of tunes from that show, with a couple of other Arlen melodies, among them "One for My Baby," tossed in for good measure. It is a rather disappointing introduction to the new work; at any rate, I found myself really interested only for a minute or two, when an unfamiliar and engaging minuet bobbed up about halfway through. On the other side, the Kostelanetz mechanism grinds out four Arlen standards—"Stormy Weather," "Out of This World," "Blues in the Night," and "That Old Black Magic." (*Columbia*)

Las Vegas, Prima Style—Louis Prima, singer and trumpeter, and Keely Smith, singer, with jazz sextet. Recorded during a performance in one of the gambling town's ornate booby traps, this is a hearty recital by a man with fairly elementary musical instincts but a great deal of drive and humor. Miss Smith's work matches the clarity and directness of the star's, and the sextet follows along expertly. (*Capitol*)

—D. W.

•

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

[*From the Geneseo (Ill.) Republic*]

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My Neighbors

It seems to have been broadcast throughout the neighborhood that I've been slaughtering my neighbor's chickens. The way I heard it, it made me feel so bad that I feel that I owe you a public explanation and apology.

For several months around 50 leghorn roosters have been visiting us daily, but usually they have stopped in the garden. However, lately there was one venturesome rascal which went to our chicken yard and flew in with our laying hens. My wife tried to catch it and clip its wings, but since he was a high flyer, she couldn't get him. So, I shot the rascal. A very dear friend of yours witnessed this vile act and took the chicken home rather than have it wasted.

The roosters have now dwindled down to a dozen or so. I noticed that eight were dead in the road one day and the remainder are only scratching up the grass in the yard, so maybe it won't happen again. I'm mailing you a check for payment of the rooster I shot, but I'm confused about who to make it to, since you penned up my sow and demanded $20 feed bill, and your wife said to make the check to her, as the feed belonged to her; and I've heard the chickens belong to the boy. I trust that you will give it to who deserves it.

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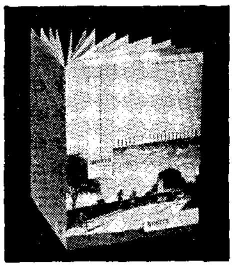

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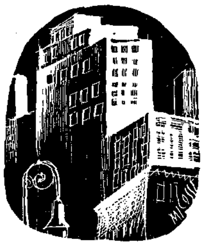
THE SKY LINE

The Disappearance of Pennsylvania Station

FOR perhaps two years, I have watched, with silent misgiving, the reorganization of the interior of Pennsylvania Station. As the extent of the demolition grew, my bewilderment grew with it. I could hardly believe that any rational purpose could justify the devastation that was being worked, and as the bottoms of the row of great stone columns that run from north to south across the station were chipped away and covered with a light-hued plastic, my bewilderment became incredulity. So I waited, hoping that some brilliant stroke of planning, beyond any notions I could form from the unfinished work, would turn the phantasmagoria my eyes beheld into a benign dream. But now that the scheme has taken shape, it is plain that I waited in vain. As things are going, I fully expect that Jules Guerin's begrimed mural maps, which adorn the walls above the concourse and which were once, not unjustly, described as one of the few examples of successful mural art in the country, will give way to colossal color transparencies or winking whiskey ads. The only consolation is that nothing more that can be done to the station will do any further harm to it. As in nuclear war, after complete destruction has been achieved, one cannot increase the damage by doubling the destructive forces.



THE Pennsylvania Station, now half a century old, was the collaborative product of Alexander Johnston Cassatt, the Pennsylvania Railroad's president, and Charles Follen McKim, of McKim, Mead & White, who got the commission in 1902 and finished the job in 1910, after four years of building. The purpose Mr. Cassatt had in mind was to provide a magnificent, monumental structure that would serve the railroad well and embellish the city. "Certain preliminary matters had to be settled with President Cassatt before McKim could begin to think of the design," Charles Moore, McKim's biographer, notes. "The company had a notion of utilizing the very valuable air space above the station by building a hotel. Mr. McKim argued that the great Pennsylvania Railroad owed the metropolis a thoroughly and distinctly monumental gateway." And professional and civic pride won out over cupidity. But, unfortunately, the spirit of adventure had gone out of American architecture. Except for Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, and a handful of their followers, no one any longer had the courage or the imagination to create new forms native to our own culture and the century. So the station was cast in the classic form of the Roman baths of Caracalla; indeed, McKim had intuitively prepared himself for this commission, in 1901, by assembling a gang of workmen in those very baths, so that he could study the aesthetic effect of the huge scale of the structure on the crowds passing under its arches. The punctuating beat of the rows of vast classic columns, without and within, of Pennsylvania Station turned out to be the dying note of the classic revival that had begun in 1893 with the Chicago World's Fair. But though the classic forms were symbolically dead and functionally meretricious, McKim's handling of the main elements of the design for the station was superb. The basic practical problem, created by the fact that the railway tracks, in order to pass under the East and Hudson Rivers on their way out of town, were far below ground, has, it is true, never been properly solved. Above the track level is a second level, along which one makes one's way from the trains to the subway lines on Seventh and Eighth Avenues; above this is a third level, containing the concourse and the ticket offices, and flanked by the taxicab ramps. Even this level is well below ground, and it is reached from east, west, north, and south by broad stairways from the streets surrounding the station. The ambiguity of the many exits from the trains, some leading to the second level and some to the third, is baffling to anyone attempting to meet a person arriving on a train, and creates a certain degree of confusion for the traveller seeking a taxi or a subway. Even worse, the inadequacy of the escalator system handicaps the passenger with heavy baggage much more today than it did in those fabled days when porters were numerous and did not become invisible when a train arrived. In these respects, the Thirtieth Street Station in Philadelphia and the Union Station in Washington, even with their two levels of railway tracks, are more satisfactory, despite the fact that the system of widely spaced double exits in the Philadelphia station makes meeting an incoming passenger difficult without prearrangement.

But, apart from these vexatious lapses, the general plan of Pennsylvania Station had a noble simplicity that helped it to work well. A broad, unobstructed corridor, running from east to west, was the visible expression of the station's axis, from Seventh Avenue clear through to Eighth Avenue. McKim made good use of his eight-acre site, which covered two entire blocks, by providing a sunken entrance, at the concourse level, for vehicles on both the north and the south sides of the station—far more adequate than the accommodations at Grand Central. If one approached the station by car, one had to walk but a short distance to the ticket windows and the trains. The ticket offices, the big waiting rooms, and the ample concourse, capable of embracing the largest holiday crowds, were at right angles to the axis and flanked the broad corridor. McKim, wishing to keep the axis and corridor clear, even placed the information booth in a northern corner, in a niche formed by the men's waiting room and some of the ticket booths, but wiser heads soon moved this important facility to the center of the ticket hall, so that passengers could approach it from the four points of the compass. McKim's plan had a crystal clarity that gave the circulation the effortless inevitability of a gravity-flow system, with pools of open space to slow down or rest in when one left the main currents. Movement is the essence of transportation, and movement is what McKim's plan magnificently provided for. Amplifying this spaciousness were the great columns and the high ceilings of both the main entrance corridor (leading west from Seventh Avenue and lined with shops and restaurants) and the ticket hall, waiting rooms, and concourse—the scale gigantic, the effect not only imposing but soothing and reassuring, as if a load were taken off one's chest. In this terminal, meant to encompass crowds, there was no sense of crowding; the ticket hall was as long as the nave of St. Peter's. The shopworn tags of McKim's classic decoration receded from consciousness, and what remained was a beautiful ordering of space, whose proportions veiled the inappropriate decorative pomp and nullified the occasional irritations of the ascent from or descent to the trains. Even the fifty-year accumulation of grime on the travertine walls of the interior has not

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"a smart, sassy romp!"

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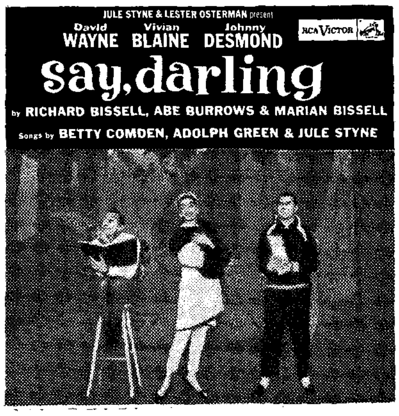

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robbed this building of its essential grandeur, which now suggests what one is aware of in the musty subterranean passages of a Roman bath. There is never too much of that quality in a city. It comes from a princely sense of magnificence, a willingness to spend munificently on a purely aesthetic pleasure, instead of squeezing out the last penny of dividends. American railroad stations as late as twenty-five years ago compared favorably with those of England and the Continent, because of their interior serenity and dignity as well as the fact that they were then altogether free of advertisements—a point the European traveller often remarked on, with pleased surprise, as a contradiction in the land of the almighty dollar.

NO one now entering Pennsylvania Station for the first time could, without clairvoyance, imagine how good it used to be, in comparison to the almost indescribable botch that has been made of it. To take the most favorable view of the new era, let us enter the main approach, from Seventh Avenue—the only element left that faintly resembles the original design. But the spaciousness of the corridor, with its long view, has been diminished by a series of centrally placed advertisements—a large aluminum-framed glass box for posters; then that standard fixture of today's railroad station, a rubber-tired confection from Detroit suggesting to the guileless traveller the superior claims of private motor transportation; then another poster box, holding an illuminated color photograph of a steak dinner. These nagging intrusions are only a modest beginning; in time, the top of this great, barrel-vaulted corridor will probably, like the concourse, be punctuated with transparencies and flying signs. Happily, these obstacles serve an aesthetic function; they soften the shock that one encounters at the head of the stairs to the main floor. There one discovers that almost the whole interior arrangement has been swept away. The broad east-west corridor has vanished, and in its place a huge plastic crescent canopy, brittle, fragile, and luminous, opens out, fanlike, across one's view—a canopy slanting upward at an awkward angle and suspended in midair by wires from the sturdy-looking stone columns of the original design; i.e., a masterpiece of architectural and visual incongruity. This vast arched canopy drenches the space below it with diffused fluorescent light, illuminating a semicircle of ticket counters and, behind

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New . . . and designed with your comfort in mind! Allen-A **walkers** are cut freer than briefs to provide snug support without binding or chafing . . . cut briefer than boxers to permit free leg movement without riding up. Swim-trunk smart, with patented Nobelt® waistband of live rubber that breathes with you. In soft-spun cotton knit, $1.50. Try a pair! Or buy the box of 6 at $8.75. The Allen-A Co., Piqua, Ohio.

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Monday thru Friday:
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When in COLUMBUS...
Enjoy food at its very best
Marzetti's
ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST RESTAURANTS
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Home of Marzetti's Famous Dressings
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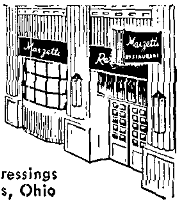

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Ultra-modern accommodations, a breathtaking view across Vineyard Sound. Sailing, fishing, historic spots, golf all nearby. NEW Swimming Pool and PENTHOUSE Deck Rooms. Famous Dome Restaurant, cocktail lounge. Low off-season rates now.
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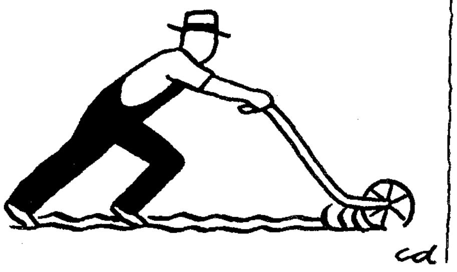
them, clerks at ranks of desks. The semicircle completely blocks the main channel of circulation to the concourse; moreover, it conceals the bottom half of the great window that once marked the western end of the station's axis. The counters of the ticket office are laid out in saw-tooth indentations—open and without grillwork, like the ones in the newer banks—and a closed-circuit television set beside each counter presents the intending traveller with a visual summary of the accommodations available for the next week or so on whatever train he has in mind. This saw-toothed arrangement and the abandonment of the framed booth are the only elements in the design for which the most charitable observer can say a good word; let the reader linger over this moment of praise. The rest of this new office is a symposium of errors. To provide enough space in the rear for the booking clerks, once housed in the innards of the station, the designer wiped out both waiting rooms, for which a wholly inadequate substitute has been provided by a few benches on the concourse. To reach these, and the trains, one must walk all the way around the ticket counters. And the large central information booth has disappeared, to be replaced by a tiny counter tucked away north of the stairs from the Seventh Avenue entrance in such a fashion that people making inquiry at it obstruct one exit to the subways. "Meet me at the information booth" is now, at any busy hour, a useless suggestion. "Meet me at Travelers Aid" would be more to the point. To conceal the information booth so neatly and to block so effectively an exit is a feat that only emphasizes the quality of this renovation—its exquisite precision in matching bad aesthetics to a bad plan.

AND there are other places in Pennsylvania Station where this carefree treatment has been equally successful. There are separate counters for buyers of coach, parlor-car, and sleeping-car tickets, but since the counters are identified only by numbered orange, green, blue, or red signboards, one must consult an index board beforehand. The use of colors is an excellent



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Father's Day is June 15

THE ONE AND ONLY BarcaLounger PATENTED THE WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE CHAIR

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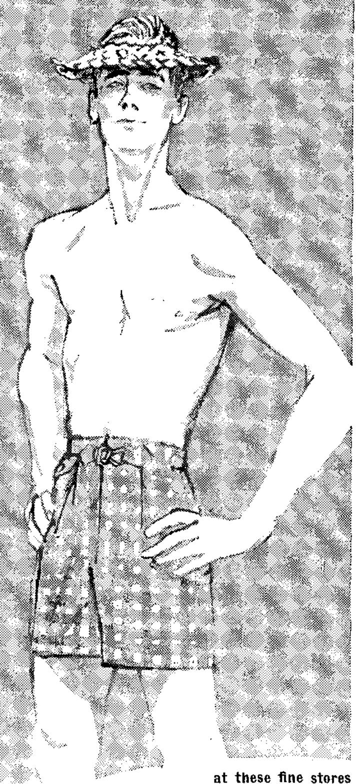

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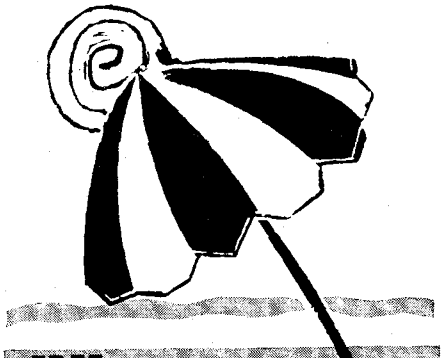
Tom Bass ....Bethlehem
or write CORBIN, LTD., 385 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.



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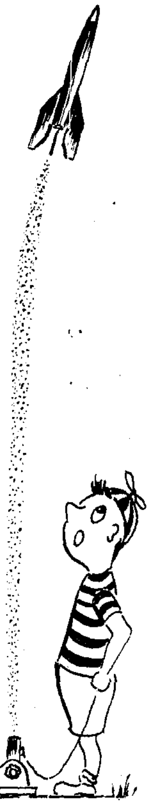
means of identification for all but the color-blind. Unfortunately, though, the numerals, which are white, do not show up clearly against the light green, and they virtually dissolve into the dull orange; only the red and blue backgrounds have a decent visibility. (Bold numerals, like the ones used in the central Rome railroad station, would remove the need for color identification.) No one can claim that this feeble, reticent color scheme represents an unwillingness to introduce a strong discordant note, for of such notes there is a jarring plenitude—the greenery-yallery walls next to the train hall, the stark white and black of the telephone booths, the effulgent stainless steel of the new shops and booths that have been erected on the main floor; in short, a West Forty-second Street garishness and tawdriness characterize the whole reconstruction. With this over-all design to establish the level of taste, the fevered illuminations of the soft-drink machines are fitting embellishments of the general chaos.

But these are minor matters; the great treason to McKim's original design, and the overpowering blunder, is the conception of these misplaced ticket counters, with their background of ticket clerks busily acting their parts under television's myriad eyes. If treated rationally and straightforwardly, the change-over to open counters with television equipment and doubled space for ticket selling could have been accomplished without destroying a single important feature of the whole station. But rational considerations of fitness, function, and form, with a view to the ultimate human decencies, seem as unimportant in the reconstruction of Pennsylvania Station as they do to some of our designers of motorcars. One suspects that the subversion of McKim's masterly plan was due simply to the desire to make the whole design an immense advertising display, and, in fact, this design now centers on the suspended canopy, which not merely provides a ceiling of light for the office space below but juts out many feet beyond the counters, as if it had the function it might serve in the open air—of offering shelter against rain. The purpose of such a design, psychologically speaking, is possibly to convince the railroad user either that the Pennsylvania Railroad has gone modern and that the old station can be as pinched for space, as generally commonplace, as a bus terminal, or else that it can be as aerodynamic in form as an airport terminal. The effort to shorten the time needed to make reservations is



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a laudable one, though it may be doubted whether electronic feathers will do much to improve a system whose worst bottleneck is not communications but wholesale advance bookings by business corporations (often far in excess of their needs), which create the difficulty of allotting too little space to too many. But let us nevertheless assume that the new installation provides handsome gains in efficiency. These gains must be weighed against serious losses of efficiency at other points. There is no reason, for instance, that the booking clerks should occupy the space once given over to waiting rooms. As a result of this pointless dramatization of the process of ticket selling, the waiting passengers are now squeezed onto a few benches, many of them a constant obstacle to passenger circulation.

WHAT on earth were the railroad men in charge really attempting to achieve? And why is the result such a disaster? Did the people who once announced that they were planning to convert the station property into a great skyscraper market and Fun Fair decide, finding themselves thwarted in that scheme, to turn their energies to destroying the station from the inside, in order to provide a better justification for their plans? Or did the management see pictures of the new Rome station and decide that it would be nice to have a station equally up-to-date, and even more flashily so? But they forgot that though the Rome booking hall is in effect a canopy, it is a free-standing structure poised dynamically on its own base, serving not as a piece of phony stage decoration but as a shelter for its activities. To transport the idea of a canopy into Pennsylvania Station, whose overwhelming quality, aesthetically, depends upon its free command of space, was to nullify not merely its rational plan but its height, its dignity, and its tranquil beauty. If the planners had cut the height of the main level in two by inserting another floor above it, they could not have debased the original design more effectively than they have by introducing that mask of light, suspended by wires. This glaring device was not necessitated by the television system of communication. The special merit of such a system is that the headquarters of the operation can be miles away from the place where the information registers. To disrupt the whole flow of traffic through the station so as to put the system on display is a miscarriage of the display motive.

Behind this design, one must assume,

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Denmark's Liqueur Delight
Since 1818

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All your guests will enjoy it!

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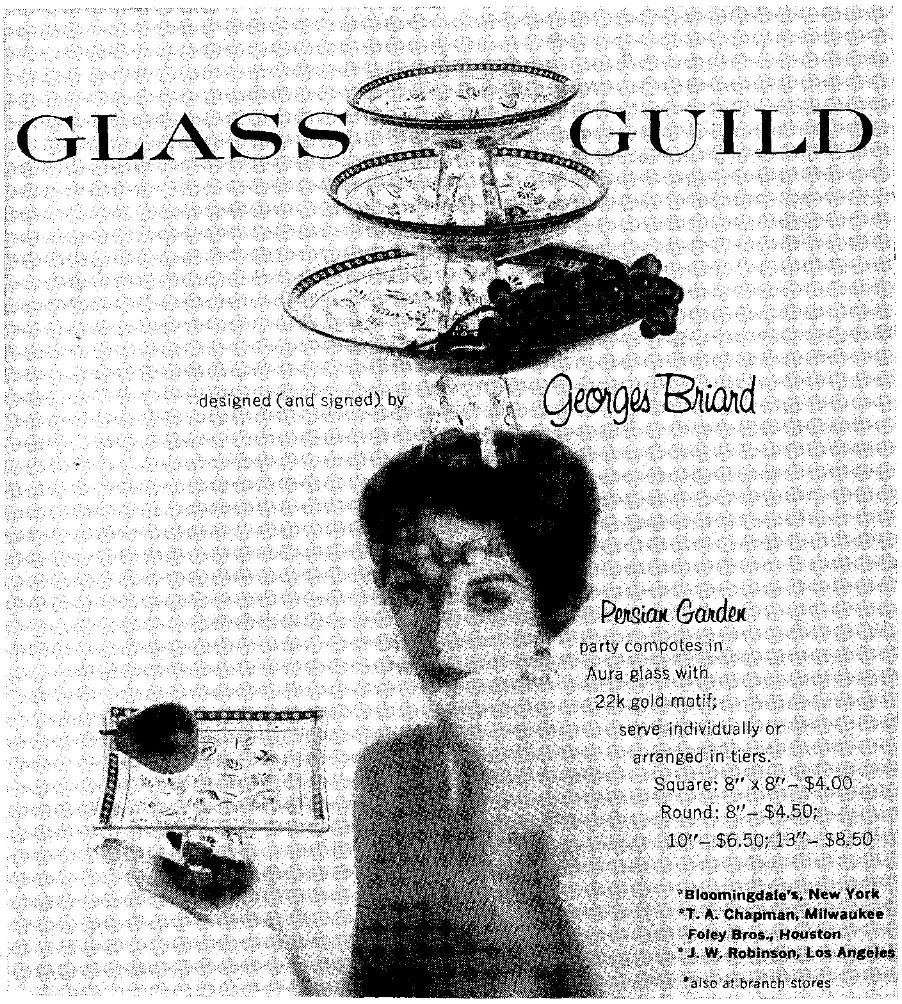
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Persian Garden
party compotes in
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serve individually or
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Square: 8" x 8" – $4.00
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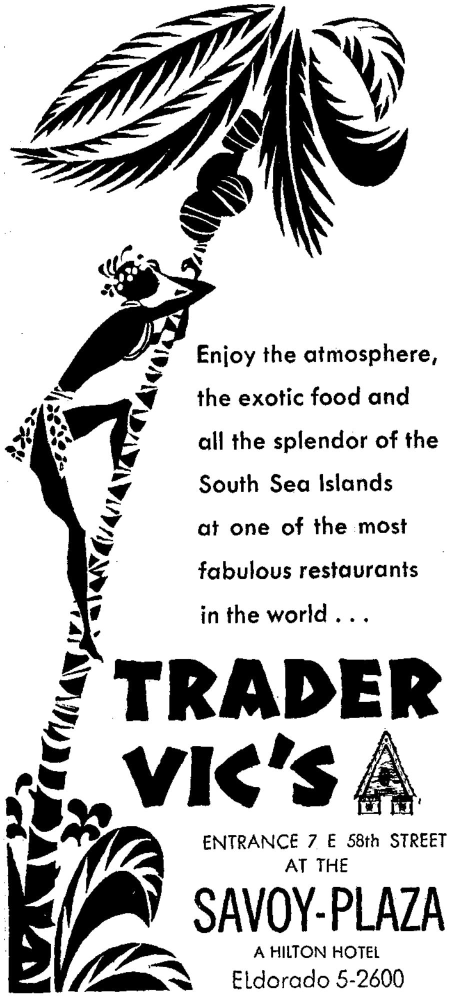

Enjoy the atmosphere, the exotic food and all the splendor of the South Sea Islands at one of the most fabulous restaurants in the world . . .

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was the notion that has made automobile manufacturers add airplane fins to their earth-bound products. This shows a loss of faith in their trade, on the part of railroad men, that may hasten the demise of the railways. If they had sufficient pride in their own method of transportation, they would emphasize the things that make it different from air or motor transportation—its freedom from tension and danger, the fact that planes stack up interminably over airports in poor weather, the fact that a motor expressway, according to surveys, can handle only four thousand people an hour, while a railroad line can handle forty thousand people an hour. This capacity for coping quickly with crowds that would clog the best highway facilities for hours is the special achievement of the railroad. What the railroad does superbly the motor expressway does badly, and planes, even though they travel at supersonic speed, cannot do at all. This was boldly dramatized by McKim in the great vomitoria he designed to handle the crowds in Pennsylvania Station. Everything that clutters up a railroad terminal either physically or visually must accordingly be rated as bad design, and, ultimately, because of its retarding effect on convenience and comfort, as bad publicity, too.

Some of the engineering ingenuity that was spent in devising the vast electronic jukebox of Pennsylvania Station might well have gone into repairing the crucial error in McKim's design—the failure to carry the system of circulation into its final stage; that is, an adequate method of passing immediately to and from the trains. As it is, a beautiful trip out of town can be soured in a few minutes by the poverty of mechanical means for changing levels and for transporting hand baggage. Moving platforms, escalators, lightweight two-wheeled luggage trucks, like the carts at a supermarket; identification signs for baggage lockers, so that one might recognize at a distance where one left one's bags, just by looking at the color of one's key; a well-identified enclosure for meeting—such highly desirable improvements as these are untouched by the present innovations. The lack of improvements in these essential matters is a symptom of the bureaucratic fossilization in railroading, and that backwardness cannot be overcome by jazzing up the ticket service. If the Pennsylvania Railroad had given thought to these inefficiencies and discomforts and inconveniences, it would have treated the improvement of the ticket services with the same sharp eye on the business of

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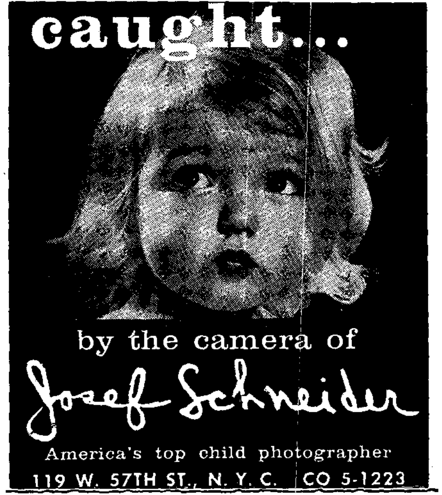

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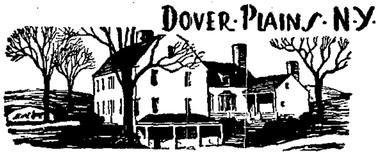

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railroading, and with the same readiness to keep the original design quietly up-to-date, without sacrificing the qualities in it that are timeless. Such a thorough renovation might be even more expensive than the present disarrangement, but it would pay off by improving every aspect of the service, instead of simply faking a loudly "modern" setting in the hope that the passenger will forget the many ancient coaches and Pullman cars, with their shabby upholstery, that are still in service.

But no sort of renovation of Pennsylvania Station makes sense until the railroad is ready to commission the one operation that would really cause it to look fresh and bright without benefit of fluorescent lighting—a complete cleansing of its soiled interior. The plaster has begun to crack and peel in the Seventh Avenue corridor; the mural maps are almost invisible; and, as if to accentuate the dirt, the thrifty management has merely scoured the columns and walls to a height of ten feet, making the worst of a bad job. As for the vast blaze of light from the low ceiling in the renovated portions, its chief effect at night is to make the train hall look as though it were under an air-raid blackout. If it was sad that Alexander Cassatt should have died in 1906, without seeing his great station erected, it was a mercy that he did not live until 1958, to witness its bungling destruction. It would take even mightier powers than these old railroad titans wielded to undo this damage.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

"He hasn't had one bite to eat since 8 o'clock," Mr. Cliburn said, talking pure Texan. "I carried him out to the doctor just to see if he was all right. He was, but he's got to have some rest."—*The Times.*

It loses a lot in the translation.

•

In Warsaw, the Bulgarian team gave a confident and combinative play, and the minimum score, 1:0 for Bulgaria, is mostly due to the only deficiency of the players—lack of hits in the opponents' goal.—*Bulgaria Today, published in Sofia.*

That'll do it.

•

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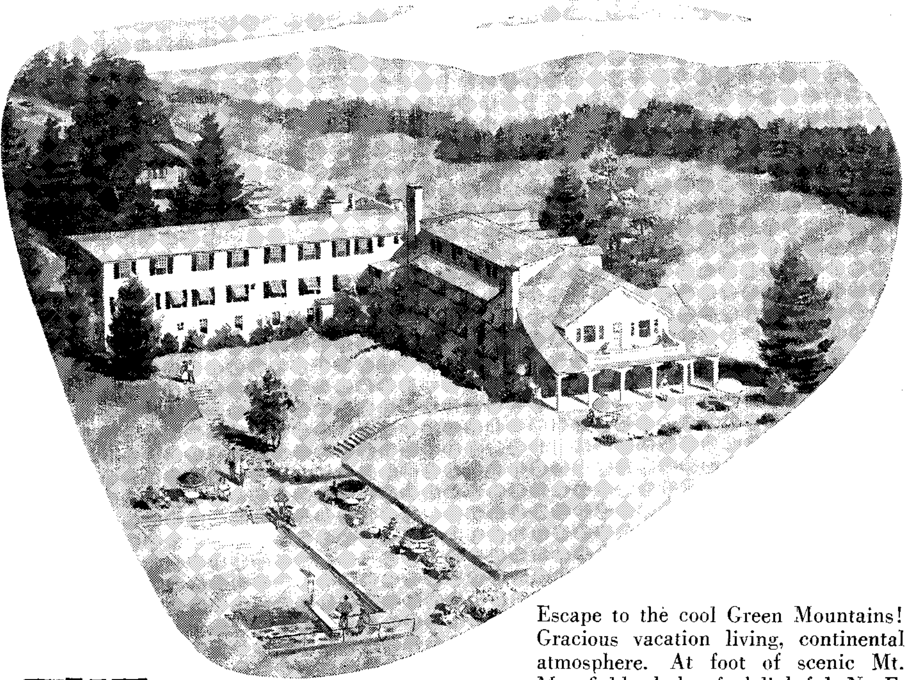

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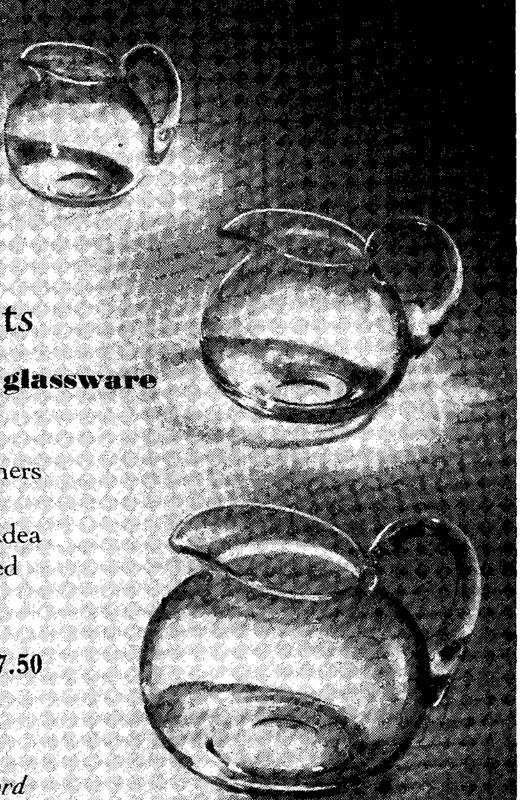

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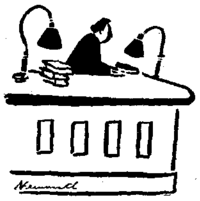
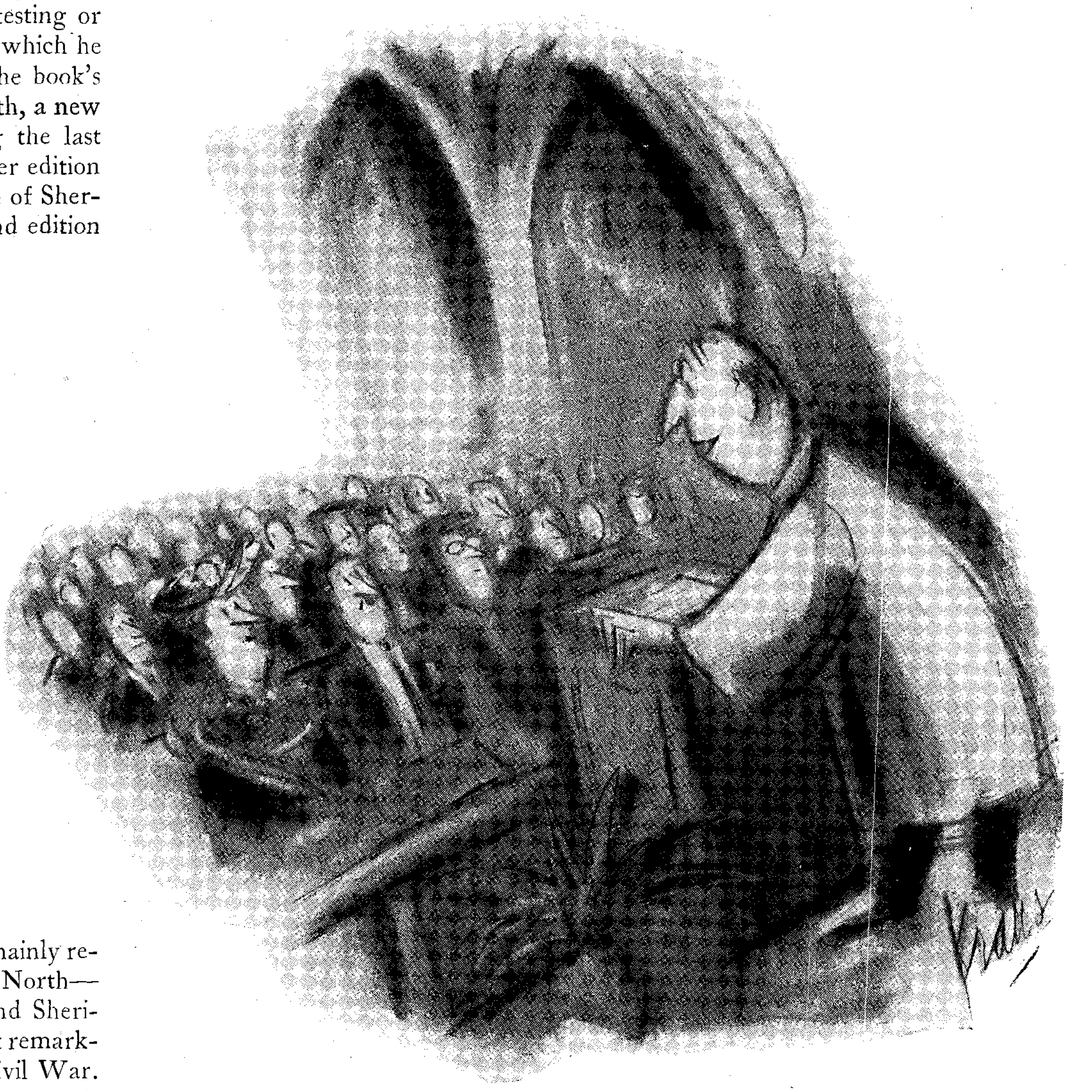
Uncle Billy



THE "Memoirs of General William T. Sherman," first published in 1875, has been reissued by the University of Indiana Press. It was an excellent idea to reprint this book, but before going on to recommend it, the reviewer must regret that it is impossible—except for the foreword by B. H. Liddell Hart, the British military expert—conscientiously to recommend this new edition. The Indiana Press has for some reason brought out the text of the "Memoirs" in the form in which it first appeared and on which Sherman later improved by a considerable revision and expansion. He corrected, in a later edition, the errors that had been brought to his attention, added a chapter at the beginning on his early life and another at the end on "After the War," and included as an appendix a whole group of letters, contesting or supplementing his statements, which he had received at the time of the book's first appearance. After his death, a new chapter was added describing the last years of his life, so that the later edition of the book covered the whole of Sherman's career. Sherman's second edition has been in circulation ever since 1886 and was reprinted by D. Appleton & Co. as late as 1931. Why, then, has the Indiana Press revived the incomplete edition without even correcting its errors or supplementing it with an index? Is a question of copyright involved? The editors should, in any case, explain. This press has announced the republication of a whole series of important Civil War books, but the inclusion of this long-out-of-date text of Sherman does not inspire confidence in the editing.

SHERMAN'S "Memoirs" was the first of the volumes written by the three great soldiers who were mainly responsible for the victory of the North—it was followed by Grant's and Sheridan's—and it is one of the most remarkable books produced by the Civil War. It is of almost equal importance with Grant's "Personal Memoirs," but as different from this latter as Sherman's personality was from Grant's. Grant is lucid and simple, but in this very lucidity and simplicity there is something a little uncanny. We feel that he is sensitive and shy, and that a good deal is left untold. Sherman, in one of his letters to Grant, speaks of him as "guarded" and "prudent," while he himself is "outspoken" and "careless." The writer of the "Personal Memoirs" is the aloof and dispassionate Grant who withstood the ordeals of battle without so much as blinking at shot or shell, who controlled his disparate armies by manipulating with consummate tact the cross-purposes and jealousies of his generals, who planned and directed, from a standpoint that commanded a wide and long view, his complicated operations. We know that this cost him an effort, subjected him to a terrible strain, and that his self-discipline sometimes broke down, but this was never allowed to show in what he wrote. Grant's style is not literary and yet it is good; it is pure in its economy and precision. It reflects the clairvoyant vision of a mind unexcited by whiskey and unclouded by the shadow of failure. Grant's sensations, his personal problems, his political opinions in connection with the war are hardly allowed to impinge on it. But Sherman gives a quite different impression. The man is all there in his book; the book is the man speaking, and the speaker is, for his purposes, an accomplished writer.

For Sherman was a good deal better educated than Grant—as Grant says that Sherman sometimes used to tell him—and from a somewhat higher social stratum. His father had been a lawyer and one of his grandfathers a judge, and he had been brought up in the household of Thomas Ewing, the



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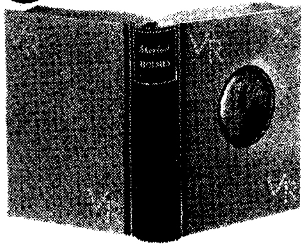

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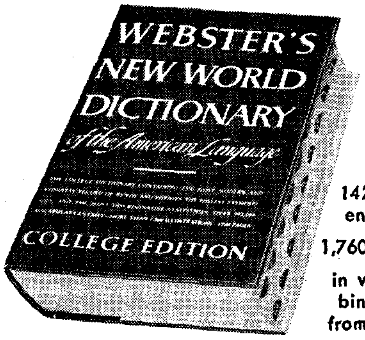

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"Logician of the West," who had been senator from Ohio in the thirties and then served in the Cabinets of Harrison and Taylor. He had a trained gift of self-expression and was, as Mark Twain says, a master of narrative. His dispatches and reports to Washington had already given evidence of this, but his memoirs are quite amazing. The vigorous account of his prewar activities and his conduct of his military operations is varied in just the right proportion and to just the right degree of vivacity with anecdotes and personal experiences. We live through his campaigns as we do not do Grant's—effectively, in their different way, though these latter are also presented. He tells us what he thought and what he felt, and he does not make any pretense of feeling anything he did not feel. His frankness and self-dependence, his rectitude in whatever he undertakes—in the panic of '55, he was almost the only banker in San Francisco who managed to get through it solvent—and his contempt for petty schemes and ambitions, together with a disregard for many conventional scruples, make Sherman, for all his harshness, a figure whom we not only respect but also cannot help liking. Though he declared that war was "all hell" and though the Southerners thought him a devil, his soldiers called him "Uncle Billy," and he was popular both before and after the war as a talker and dancer and diner-out. He is supposed also to have been phenomenally popular with women. Like Eisenhower, Churchill, and Hitler, he was an amateur painter—in water color. He had a great appetite for the theatre and was always quoting from Shakespeare, and he read the novels of Dickens over and over again.

William Tecumseh Sherman—he was named after a Shawnee chief much admired by the elder Sherman—was characterized correctly by Henry Adams as "a transplanted New Englander; a variety grown in ranker soil." The family had been in New England from the early seventeenth century, but Sherman's father had migrated from Connecticut to Ohio, and the son combined with a Pilgrim rigor the large ease and free movement of the West. The first two hundred pages of the "Memoirs" are occupied with Sherman's adventures as a young officer in California during and after the Mexican War—voyages and shipwrecks, rough overland journeys, Sutter's Fort and the Gold Rush; then banking in St. Louis and San Francisco (also, at that time, a precarious business), and an attempt,

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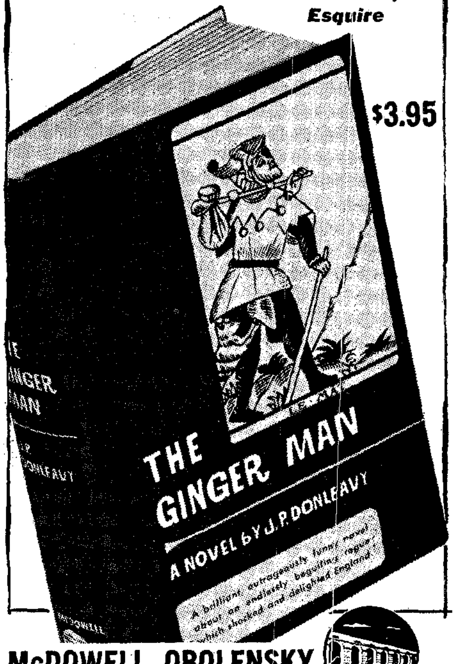
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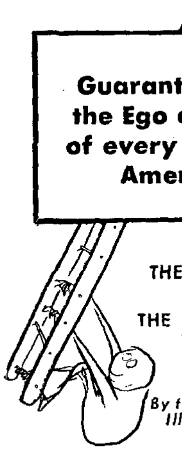

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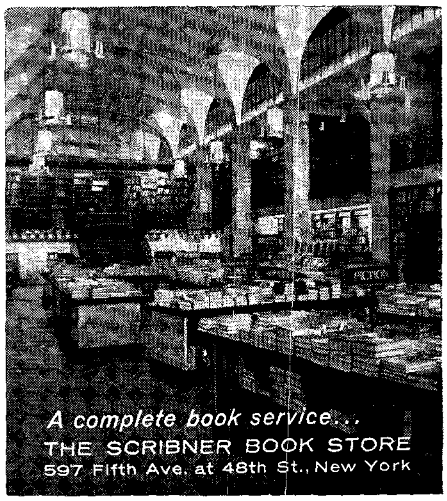

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as the officer responsible, to prevent in the latter city the murderous activities of lynch law. Don't believe for a moment, says Sherman, that, as they tell you, the Vigilance Committee was justified by the lawlessness of those days; "they were recruiting the worst elements in San Francisco, but they had succeeded in capturing our arsenal, and, unarmed, we were helpless against them."

In 1860, after many wanderings, Sherman thought he was settling down as head of a military academy that had been newly established in Louisiana. But the war put an end to this. When Louisiana seceded from the Union in January, 1861, he announced that he could no longer hold his post and, in spite of much pressure, resigned. In May he was appointed a colonel of infantry, and he saw his first action at Bull Run in July. In spite of his service in the West, he had never been in battle before, and he writes of it with his usual candor. Rereading, he tells us in his "Memoirs," one of his old reports brought back to him "the whole scene of the affair at Blackburn's Ford, when for the first time in my life I saw cannon-balls strike men and crash through trees and saplings above and around us, and realized the always sickening confusion as one approaches a fight from the rear; then the night-march from Centreville, on the Warrenton road, standing for hours wondering what was meant; the deployment along the edge of the field that sloped down to Bull Run, and waiting for Hunter's approach on the other side from the direction of Sudley Springs, away off to our right; the terrible scare of a poor negro who was caught between our lines; the crossing of Bull Run, and the fear lest we should be fired on by our own men; the killing of Lieutenant-Colonel Haggerty, which occurred in plain sight; and the first scenes of a field strewed with dead men and horses. Yet, at that period of the battle, we were the victors and felt jubilant."

When the day turns against them, an incident occurs that, in retrospect, one can see to have been significant: "A slow, mizzling rain had set in, and probably a more gloomy day never presented itself. All organization seemed to be at an end. . . . Some of [the men] were so mutinous, at one time, that I had the battery . . . unlimber, threatening, if they dared to leave camp without orders, I would open fire on them." An officer said to him, "Colonel, I am going to New York today. What can I do for you?" "I answered: 'How can you go to New York? I do not remember

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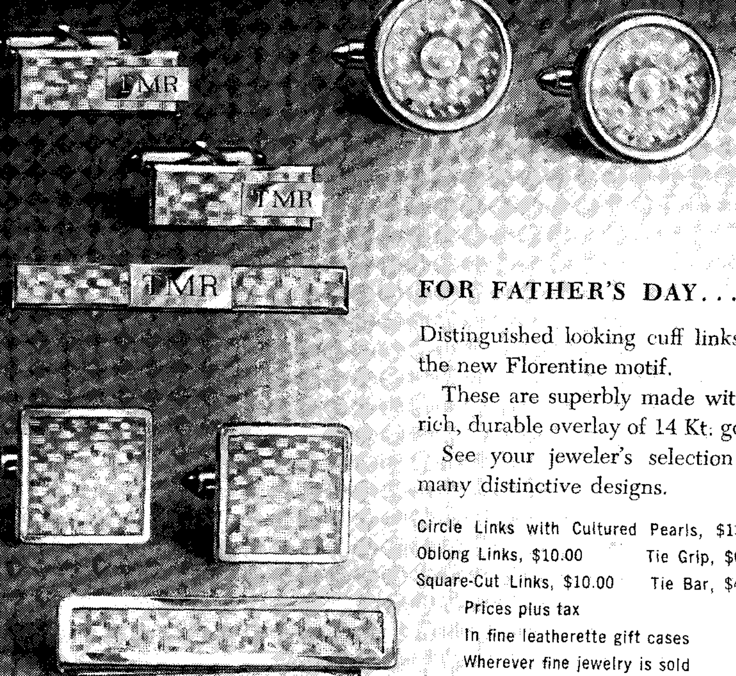

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to have signed a leave for you.' " He replied that he had engaged to serve for only three months and had already served longer than that. He was a lawyer and had neglected his business and now proposed to go home. "I noticed that a good many of the soldiers had paused about us to listen, and knew that, if this officer could defy me, they also would. So I turned on him sharp, and said . . . 'If you attempt to leave without orders, it will be mutiny, and I will shoot you like a dog! Go back into the fort *now*, instantly, and don't dare to leave without my consent.' " The man obeyed. On the same day, President Lincoln arrived in a carriage for the purpose of stimulating the morale of the troops. He would invite them at the end of a speech "to appeal to him personally in case they were wronged." The officer whom Sherman had rebuked—with pale face and lips compressed—"forced his way through the crowd to the carriage, and said: 'Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to speak to Colonel Sherman, and he threatened to shoot me.' Mr. Lincoln, who was still standing, said, 'Threatened to shoot you?' 'Yes, sir, he threatened to shoot me.' Mr. Lincoln looked at him, then at me, and stooping his tall, spare form toward the officer, said to him in a loud stage-whisper, easily heard for some yards around: 'Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it.' The officer turned about and disappeared, and the men laughed at him. Soon the carriage drove on, and, as we descended the hill, I explained the facts to the President, who answered, 'Of course, I didn't know anything about it, but I thought you knew your own business best.' I thanked him for his confidence, and assured him that what he had done would go far to enable me to maintain good discipline, and it did."

This is the characteristic note of Sherman, which sets him off—in the early phase of the war—from many of the generals of the North as well as from those of the South. It is impossible to read of this phase without getting the impression that there was a certain amount of comedy about the first squaring-off of the combatants. They did not really want to fight; it was something of a gentlemen's game. The South took the thing as a tournament, and in the North the dilatory McClellan, general-in-chief till March, 1862—though he, too, had to act with severity in putting down the mutinies that followed Bull Run—was the great promulgator

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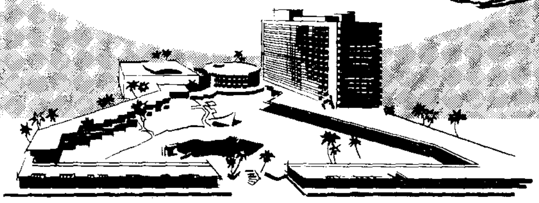
of this spirit. "The trouble with many of our generals in the beginning," said Grant to John Russell Young, his companion and chronicler on his trip around the world, "was that they did not believe in the war. I mean that they did not have that complete assurance in success which belongs to good generalship. They had views about slavery, protecting rebel property, State rights—political views that interfered with their judgments." It was Sherman and Grant who changed this.

LET us accompany Sherman on his famous campaign, which begins in the spring of 1864, when Lincoln has just had Grant made commander-in-chief of all the Union armies and when Grant has turned over to Sherman, now a brigadier general in the regular army, the Division of the Mississippi. Sherman's pursuit of General Joe Johnston has brought him by July to Atlanta, and he is launched on an independent adventure which is to inaugurate modern tactics and to set a new record for ruthlessness in the conduct of the Civil War. The introduction to the new reprint of the "Memoirs," by Liddell Hart, is devoted to a discussion of these innovations. The author of a book on Sherman, Liddell Hart acknowledges his own indebtedness for his "theory of strategy and tactics in mechanized warfare" to his study of Sherman's campaigns, and he asserts that the methods of Rommel and other German commanders in World War II were influenced by translations of his, Liddell Hart's, writings. The perpetrator of "the march to the sea" does seem to have invented the blitzkrieg. He successfully broke away from the old-fashioned battle in form, in which one side is lined up against the other. While Grant engaged the enemy in Virginia, Sherman made a grand tour of the South, cutting loose from his base of supplies, reducing his transport and equipment to a minimum, and feeding his troops on the country. In Sherman's campaigns, engineering emerged as a major factor in modern warfare. Sherman's troops became immensely efficient at destroying the enemy's railroads, and so adept at rebuilding bridges and repairing the railroads that were useful to them that one of the inhabitants, says Sherman, exclaimed, of a blown-up tunnel that had been meant to block the invaders, "Oh, hell! Don't you know that old Sherman carries a *duplicate* tunnel along?"

Sherman's story of all this exploit must be the most articulate and



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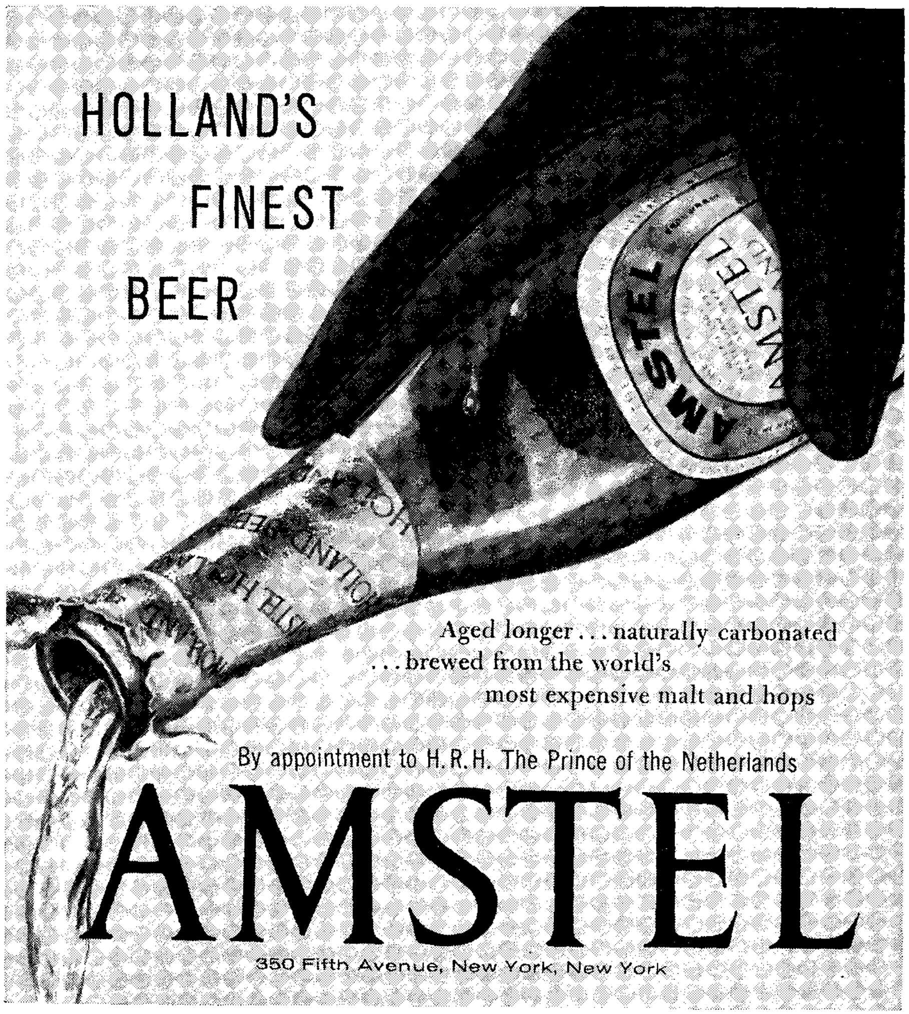

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engrossing ever written by an important general. It creates the appalled suspense of a kind of Grand Guignol horror, as we follow this intrepid and disciplined man, in many ways so sympathetic, going further and further in destructiveness, and recounting the process with the utmost exactitude and without the slightest compunction. The personality of Sherman was rather complex; he alternated between contradictory impulses, but he was passionate in everything he did. His love of his men was real, his devotion to his family touching. He wept when General McPherson was killed and the news had to be communicated to the girl whom Sherman, by forbidding him furlough, had prevented him, just before, from marrying, as he had wept when he heard the news of South Carolina's secession, and he had been so overcome by the tears of his Louisiana cadets when he had to resign from the seminary that, unable to make them a farewell speech, he had simply, an onlooker reports, "put his hand on his heart, saying 'You are all here,' wheeled on his heel and was gone." He had very much liked the Southerners in his early days, when he was stationed in South Carolina, and the spontaneous affection toward old Southern friends that continues to manifest itself throughout the war as a natural generosity will, afterward, in his policy toward the enemy, come to conflict with such statements as that in a letter to Sheridan, on the eve of the march to Atlanta: "The problem of war consists in the awful fact that the present class of men who rule the South must be killed outright rather than in the conquest of territory." But he was given, when severely taxed, to morbid apprehensions and obsessions. He had become so despairing of success in Kentucky in the autumn of '61, so irrationally convinced that the enemy outnumbered the federal forces, that his superiors came to see that he was quite unnerved and sent him home for a rest. For a time he was suicidal, and his wife, in much anxiety, wrote to his brother John, then senator from Ohio, "If there were no kind of insanity in your family and if his feelings were not already in a marked state, I would feel less concern about him, but as it is, I cannot bear to have him go back to St. Louis haunted by the specter and reading the effects of it in any apparent subordination of officers or men. It will induce and fasten upon him that melancholy insanity to which your family is subject." Sherman was to write Chief-of-Staff Halleck three years later, after the success of the Atlanta

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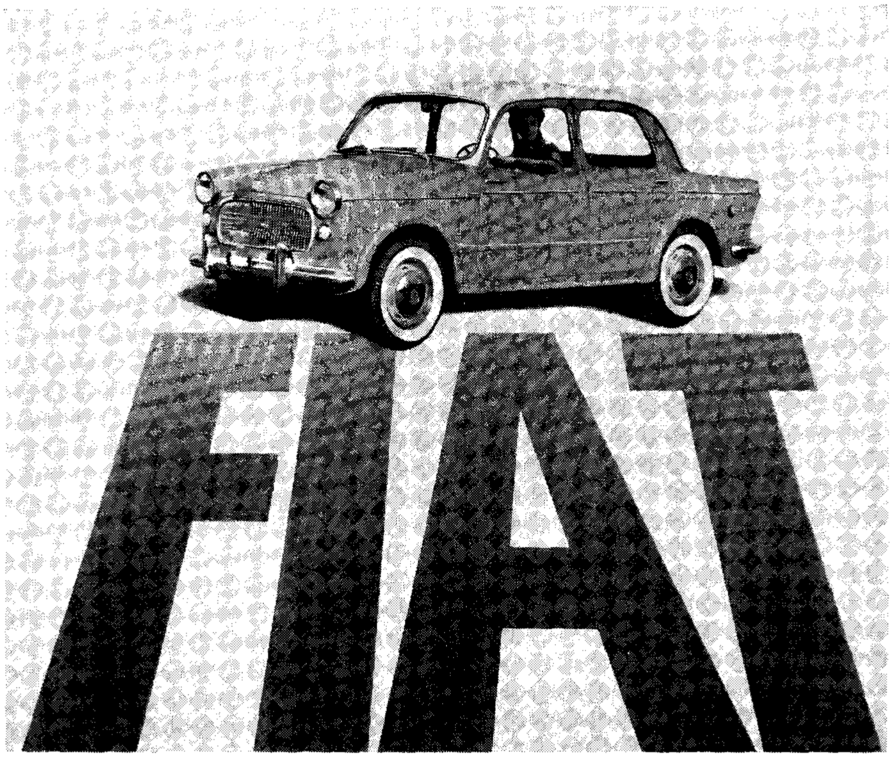
campaign, "I owe you all I now enjoy of fame, for I had allowed myself in 1861 to sink into a perfect slough of despond, and do believe I would have run away and hid from dangers and complications that surround us."

But in the course of the Atlanta campaign it is evident that a "manic" elation is coming to compensate for his earlier demoralization. He later demanded of the Confederates whether they had not begun "to burn the houses of Union men in Kentucky and carry off the slaves of Union men in Kentucky" at a time when "I, poor innocent, would not let a soldier take a green apple, or a fence rail to make a cup of coffee," and it was not Sherman but Grant who had inaugurated the policy of "living off the country." Destruction at this point in the war was more or less the order of the day; Grant had instructed Sheridan to strip the Shenandoah Valley of "crops, animals, negroes, and all men under fifty years of age capable of bearing arms." Houses, however, were not to be burned. But already, in the Vicksburg campaign, Sherman, at that time the commander of one of the two corps of the Army of the Mississippi, had begun to show ominous signs of pursuing a more brutal policy. When Confederate guerrillas had fired on certain Mississippi steamboats not involved in Union operations, he warned Memphis that for every such incident ten families would be expelled from the city, and when, a few days later, this happened again, he burned a village near where the attack had occurred, and threatened to fill some boats with captive guerrillas and use them as targets for his cannon. One has already, reading Sherman's account of the Vicksburg campaign, been struck by a certain ineffectiveness and a certain insouciance in his efforts to protect property. When he has walked in, on one occasion, in a fine house on Lake St. Joseph, on a federal soldier with his feet on the keys of "a magnificent grand-piano" and sent him about his business, he has ordered the Negroes on the place to bring back furniture they have taken, and directed an old Negro servant to stand on the porch and tell soldiers that "the property belonged to Mr. Bowie, who was the brother-in-law of our friend Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore." He sent a wagon to rescue two portraits, "but before the wagon had reached Bowie's, the house was burned, whether by some of our men or by negroes I have never learned." And a hotel in Jackson had burst into flames a few moments after Sherman had assured the



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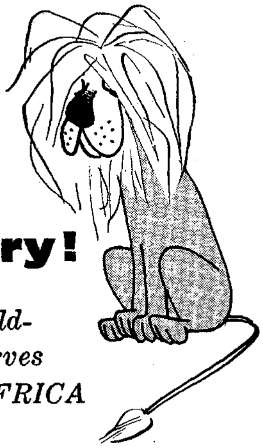

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owner that he had no intention of burning it.

And now we are chilled as we read and realize that this once overanxious and panicky but now firm and clear-headed man is about to let his ruthlessness rip. Yet we cannot help sharing his excitement, we cannot help being carried along. This is the true exhilaration of conquest, something that gets away out of bounds of the checks of civilian life. This is the real exaltation of leadership. "It is related of Napoleon," says Sherman, "that his last words were, '*Tête d'armée!*' Doubtless, as the shadow of death obscured his memory, the last thought that remained for speech was of some event when he was directing an important 'head of column.' I believe that every general who has handled armies in battle must recall from his own experience the intensity of thought on some similar occasion, when by a single command he had given the finishing stroke to some complicated action. . . . To be at the head of a strong column of troops, in the execution of some task that requires brain, is the highest pleasure of war—a grim one and terrible, but which leaves on the mind and memory the strongest mark; to detect the weak point in the enemy's line; to break through with vehemence and thus lead to victory; or to discover some key-point and hold it with tenacity; or to do some other distinct act which is afterward recognized as the real cause of success. These all become matters that are never forgotten. Other great difficulties, experienced by every general, are to measure truly the thousand-and-one reports that come to him in the midst of conflict; to preserve a clear and well-defined purpose at every instant of time, and to cause all efforts to converge to that end. . . . Some men think that modern armies may be so regulated that a general can sit in an office and play on his several columns as on the keys of a piano; this is a fearful mistake. The directing mind must be at the very head of the army—must be seen there, and the effect of his mind and personal energy must be felt by every officer and man present with it, to secure the best results. Every attempt to make war easy and safe will result in humiliation and disaster."

We are aware, as we read the "Memoirs," that an appetite for warfare is emerging, and that it grows as it feeds on the South. "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it," he was to write to the people of Atlanta; then later, to one of his generals, that Sheridan, if the latter came to join him, would

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be "a disturbing element in the grand and beautiful game of war, and if he reaches me, I'll make all North Carolina howl." And there was evidently, for Sherman, a certain relation between the cruelty and the beauty. He was quite different in this from Grant, who told Young that he "never went into a battle willingly or with enthusiasm. I was always glad when a battle was over. I never want to command another army. I take no interest in armies. When the Duke of Cambridge asked me to review his troops at Aldershot, I told his Royal Highness that the one thing I never wanted to see again was a military parade. When I resigned from the army and went to a farm I was happy. When the rebellion came I returned to the service because it was a duty."

Neither Sherman nor Grant for a moment questioned the paramount importance of saving the United States; it was not to free the slaves they were fighting, but inspired by the political ideal which Walt Whitman and others called "Unionism." In Sherman's case, we feel that he is constantly sustained by a genuine indignation against the "disloyalty" of the "rebels." "He could not comprehend or tolerate," says the writer of the posthumous chapter of the "Memoirs," "any minimizing of the principles of Supreme National Authority, or of the absolute right of the government to the use of force in vindicating the supremacy of the nation." And a demon possesses him now to humiliate and ruin the Confederacy. Yet of course it is his opponents whom he sees as demonic. "It will be," he wires Grant, "a physical impossibility to protect the roads, now that Hood, Forrest, Wheeler, and the whole batch of devils, are turned loose without home or habitation. . . . I propose that we break up the railroad from Chattanooga forward, and that we strike out with our wagons for Milledgeville, Millen, and Savannah. Until we can repopulate Georgia, it is useless for us to occupy it; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people will cripple their military resources. By attempting to hold the roads, we will lose a thousand men each month, and will gain no result. I can make this march, and make Georgia howl! We have on hand over eight thousand head of cattle and three million rations of bread, but no corn. We can find plenty of forage in the interior of the State."

Now, Sherman was not religious. He has moments when he falls into the Biblical language that so often set the tone

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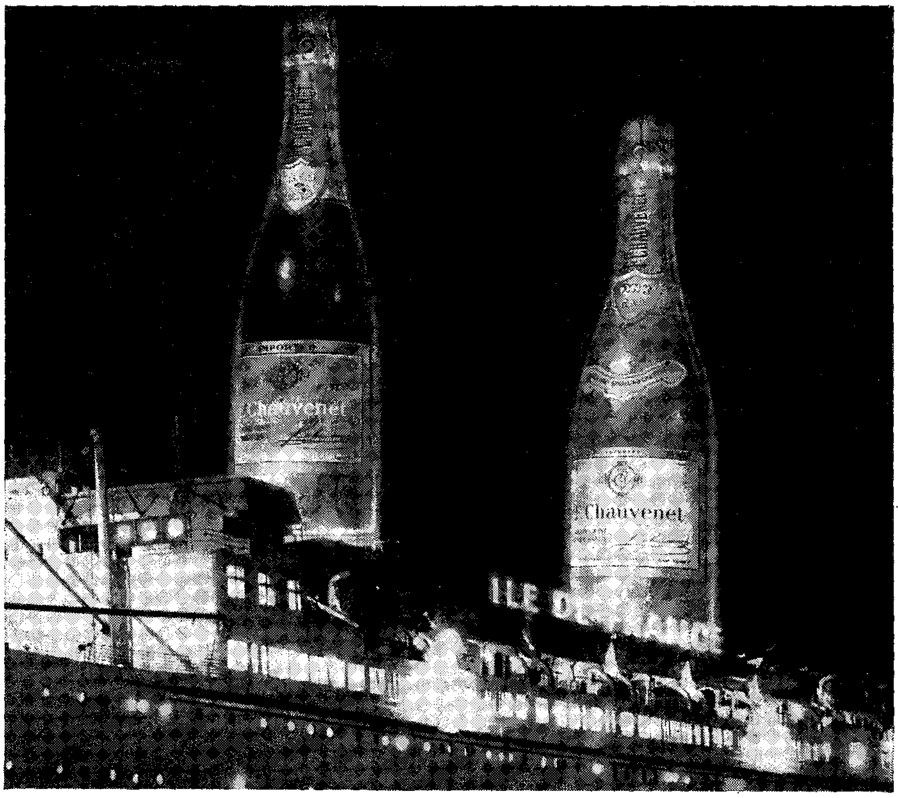

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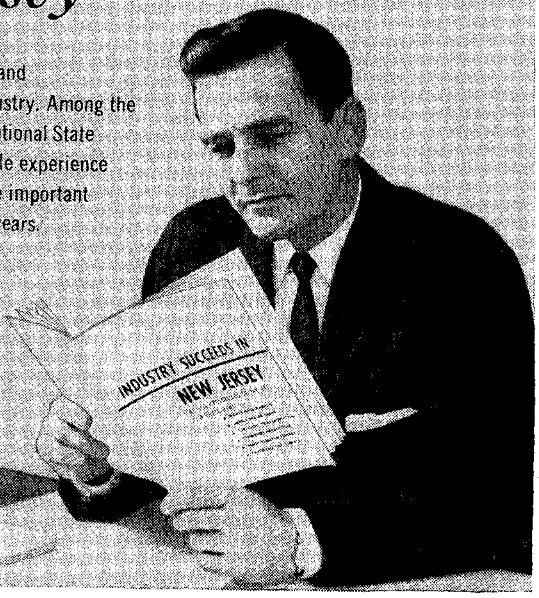

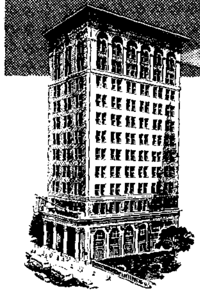

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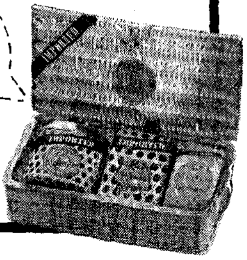

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for the North: "God himself," he declared to the Tennesseans when they protested at his cruel reprisals for the firing on Mississippi steamboats, "has obliterated whole races from the face of the earth for sins less heinous;" but he admitted in his later years that he "guessed he did not believe in anything," and he was far from sharing the common New England delusion of the apocalyptic character of the war. He had no use for the Abolitionists; he thoroughly disapproved of John Brown, and thought that, within a certain area, slavery should be admitted to the territories. He said that "if the people of the South had stood by the Constitution, I for one would have fought for the protection of the slave property, just as much as for any other kind of property." When invited in Louisiana, at the time of his residence there, to give his views on the Negro problem, he recommended a prohibition against the splitting-up of families by sale and a repeal of the statute that made it a crime to teach Negroes to read and write. In letters to his brother-in-law, he was expressing himself even more strongly than this: "I would not if I could abolish or modify slavery. I don't know that I would materially change the actual political relation of master and slave. Negroes in the great numbers that exist here must of necessity be slaves. Theoretical notions of humanity and religion cannot shake the commercial fact that their labor is of great value and cannot be dispensed with," and he discusses the advisability, when his wife shall be joining him there, of "buying a nigger" for the household. "But it is inevitable," he adds, as if to anticipate objection. "Niggers won't work unless they are owned, and white servants are not to be found in this parish." At that time, he thought slavery unfortunate, but for the reason that the fear of slave revolt was unsettling to Southern society. He incurred the disapprobation of the Abolitionist North by driving away the Negroes who attempted to follow his army, except in the case of such males as he thought could render definite service, and he was horrified and astounded when, just before the end of the war, he heard for the first time from Stanton that there was serious question in Washington of giving the Negro the vote. He wrote his brother, when the war was over, that the problem before the country was not to "enlarge the privilege" of voting but "gradually" to "curtail it, in order to have stability and security."

It cannot even be said that Sherman

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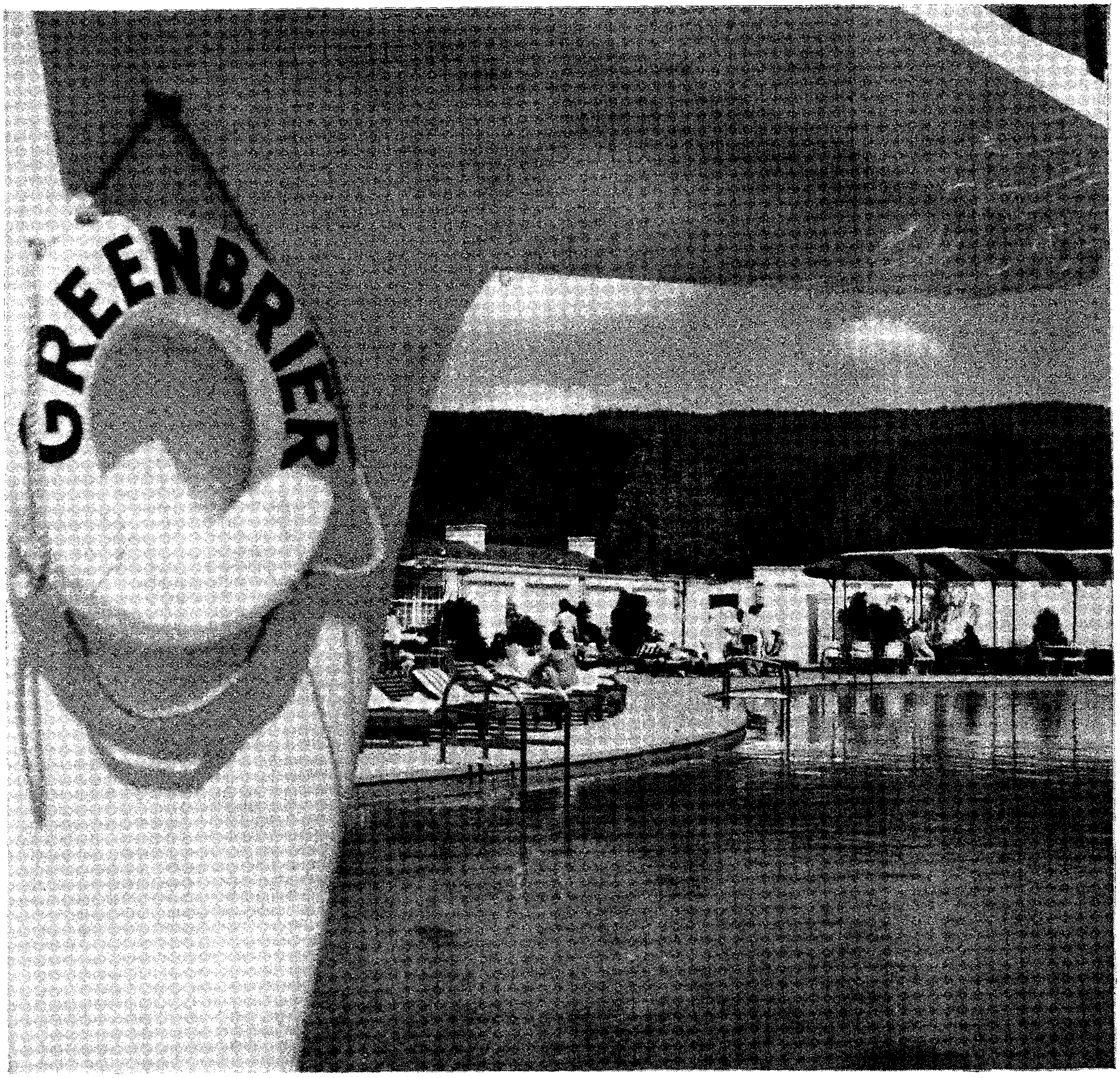

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was fighting in any sense for democracy. The man who said "Vox populi, vox humbug" and who wrote to his wife, at the time when he was becoming a reputation, "Read history, read *Coriolanus*, and you will see the true measure of popular applause," the great leader who described himself as "almost a monarchist" and who is said to have asserted repeatedly that, in the interests of winning the war, every newspaper in the country ought to be suppressed can hardly be regarded as a democrat. He had been all for abolishing the governments of the "rebellious" Southern states and, by depriving them of a voice in their own affairs, reducing them to virtual subjection "for years to come" after victory. He even at one point recommended that the South should be recolonized by the North and that a first step toward this should be made by sending four million Northerners south of the Ohio River to live on confiscated farms and plantations. So Grant, after his terms in the Presidency, was to admit, "Looking back over the whole policy of reconstruction, it seems to me that the wisest thing would have been to have continued for some time the military rule. Sensible Southern men see now that there was no government so frugal, so just, and fair as what they had under our generals. That would have enabled the Southern people to pull themselves together and repair material losses. As to depriving them, even for a time, of suffrage, that was our right as a conqueror, and it was a mild penalty for the stupendous crime of treason." Grant was as little preoccupied with the ways of God as Sherman—though even he fell at least into the language of the popular New England mythology when he told Young that "it was only after Donelson that I began to see how important was the work that Providence devolved upon me"—but both had the power of the Union behind them and were being driven by it, and we can catch from the pages of Sherman the sensation of the will to dominate and the ecstasy of its satisfaction which in the past have made people believe that they were fighting as instruments of God and in our own time as instruments of "History."

ON September 7th, after taking Atlanta, the now confident and towering Sherman announces to General Hood, commander of the Confederate Army of Tennessee, that he "deems it to the interest of the United States" to banish the whole population. The reasons he submits to Halleck are that he

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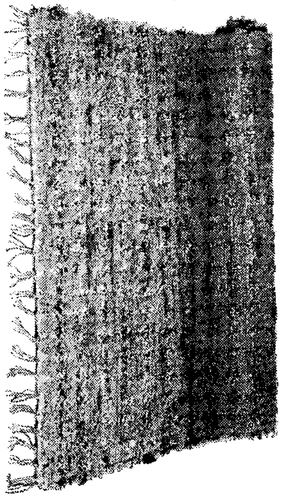

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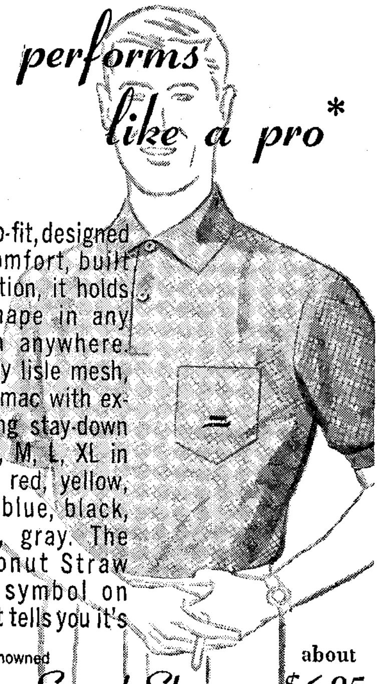

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needs the houses of the city for military storage and occupation; that the continued residence of the population would eventually compel him to feed them, which he cannot afford to do; that it is dangerous to have them around and a nuisance to have to guard them; that "listening to [their] everlasting complaints and special grievances" would take up too much of his officers' time; and that he wants to contract his lines so as not to include "the vast suburbs," which "will make it necessary to destroy the very houses used by families as residences." Hood replies that, in the situation, he has no choice but to comply. "And now, sir, permit me to say that the unprecedented measure you propose transcends, in studied and ingenious cruelty, all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war. In the name of God and humanity, I protest, believing that you will find that you are expelling from their homes and firesides the wives and children of a brave people."

An extraordinary polemic ensues. Sherman slangs back at Hood. He declares that the Confederates had burned their own houses when they found it convenient for their purpose and that they had "defended Atlanta on a line so close to town that every cannon-shot and many musket-shots from our line of investment, that overshot their mark, went into the habitations of women and children." And he goes on to a political indictment: "In the name of common-sense, I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such a sacrilegious manner. You who, in the midst of peace and prosperity, have plunged a nation into war, dark and cruel war—who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of peaceful ordnance-sergeants, seized and made 'prisoners of war' the very garrisons sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians, long before any overt act was committed by the (to you) hated Lincoln Government; tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into rebellion, spite of themselves; falsified the vote of Louisiana; turned loose your privateers to plunder unarmed ships; expelled Union families by the thousands, burned their houses, and declared, by an act of your Congress, the confiscation of all debts due Northern men for goods had and received! Talk thus to the marines, but not to me, who have seen these things, and who will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best-born Southerner among you! If we must be

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enemies, let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to do, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in due time, and he will pronounce whether it be more humane to fight with a town full of women and the families of a brave people at our back or to remove them in time to places of safety among their own friends and people."

To this Hood replies that such houses as the Confederates had had to destroy had been sacrificed in self-defense, and that the danger to the civilians in Atlanta had been due to the failure of Sherman to give notice "of your purpose to shell the town, which is usual in war among civilized nations. . . . The residue of your letter is rather discussion. It opens a wide field for the discussion of questions which I do not feel are committed to me. I am only a general of one of the armies of the Confederate States, charged with military operations in the field, under the direction of my superior officers, and I am not called upon to discuss with you the causes of the present war, or the political questions which led to or resulted from it. These grave and important questions have been committed to far abler hands than mine, and I shall only refer to them so far as to repel any unjust conclusion which might be drawn from my silence. You charge my country with 'daring and badgering you to battle.' The truth is, we sent commissioners to you, respectfully offering a peaceful separation, before the first gun was fired on either side. You say we insulted your flag. The truth is, we fired upon it, and those who fought under it, when you came to our doors upon the mission of subjugation. You say we seized upon your forts and arsenals, and made prisoners of the garrisons sent to protect us against negroes and Indians. The truth is, we, by force of arms, drove out insolent intruders and took possession of our own forts and arsenals, to resist your claims to dominion over masters, slaves, and Indians, all of whom are to this day, with a unanimity unexampled in the history of the world, warring against your attempts to become their masters. You say that we tried to force Missouri and Kentucky into rebellion in spite of themselves. The truth is, my Government, from the beginning of this struggle to this hour, has again and again offered, before the whole world, to leave it to the unbiased will of these States, and all others, to determine for themselves whether they will cast their destiny with your Government or ours; and your Government has resisted this fundamental principle

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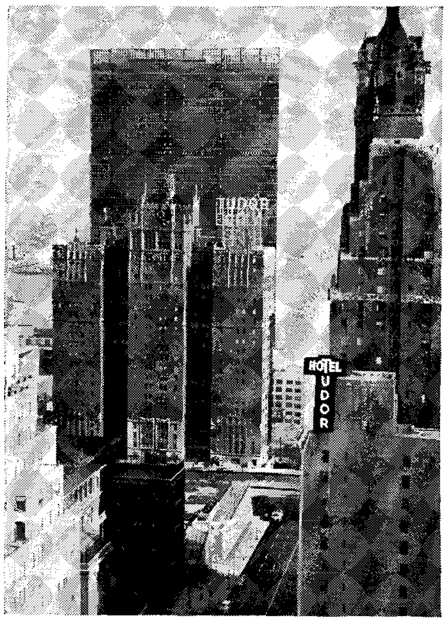
of free institutions with the bayonet, and labors daily, by force and fraud, to fasten its hateful tyranny upon the unfortunate freemen of these States. You say we falsified the vote of Louisiana. The truth is, Louisiana not only separated herself from your Government by nearly a unanimous vote of her people, but has vindicated the act upon every battle-field from Gettysburg to the Sabine, and has exhibited an heroic devotion to her decision which challenges the admiration and respect of every man capable of feeling sympathy for the oppressed or admiration for heroic valor. You say that we turned loose pirates to plunder your unarmed ships. The truth is, when you robbed us of our part of the navy, we built and bought a few vessels, hoisted the flag of our country, and swept the seas, in defiance of your navy, around the whole circumference of the globe. You say we have expelled Union families by thousands. The truth is, not a single family has been expelled from the Confederate States, that I am aware of; but, on the contrary, the moderation of our Government toward traitors has been a fruitful theme of denunciation by its enemies and well-meaning friends of our cause. You say my Government, by acts of Congress, has confiscated 'all debts due Northern men for goods sold and delivered.' The truth is, our Congress gave due and ample time to your merchants and traders to depart from our shores with their ships, goods, and effects, and only sequestrated the property of our enemies in retaliation for their acts—declaring us traitors, and confiscating our property wherever their power extended, either in their country or our own. Such are your accusations, and such are the facts known of all men to be true. . . . You say, 'Let us fight it out like men.' To this my reply is—for myself, and I believe for all the true men, ay, and women and children, in my country—we will fight you to the death! Better die a thousand deaths than submit to live under you or your Government and your negro allies!"

Sherman retorts to this that he was not bound—"see the books"—by the laws of war to give notice of the shelling of Atlanta, a fortified town, with magazines and arsenals, and that "we have no 'negro allies' in this army; not a single negro soldier left Chattanooga with this army, or is with it now." But he agrees that—though Hood has begun the dispute "by characterizing an official act of mine in unfair and improper terms"—"this discussion by two soldiers is out of place, and profitless." This



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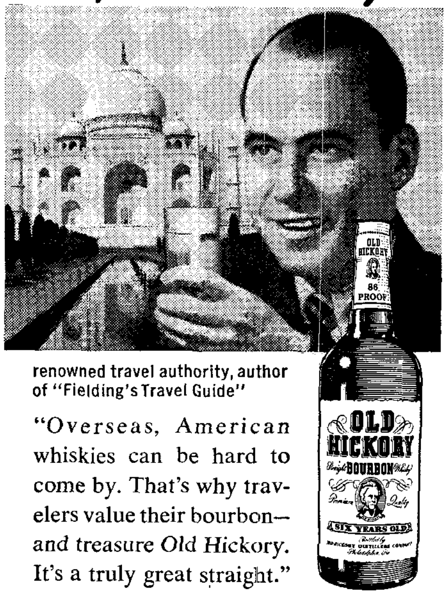

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browbeating was part of a policy of deliberate intimidation. Sherman was anticipating the *Schrecklichkeit* exploited by the Germans in the First World War as well as the blitzkrieg of the second. "My aim . . . was to whip the rebels, to humble their pride, to follow them to their inmost recesses, and make them fear and dread us. 'Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'" And he explains that he had come to realize that terrorization itself was "a weapon."

Some idea of the consternation caused in the South—and even for a professional soldier like Hood—may be formed from reading the writings of the once popular novelist John Esten Cooke. Cooke was an amiable Virginian who lived in a world of chivalry and the fantasies of romantic fiction. It was said of him that, by marrying a Page, he had allied himself with all the first Virginia families to which he was not already related. His war novel, "Surry of Eagle's-Nest," which was once in every Southern library, combines his own first-hand experience as officer of horse artillery with an absurd melodramatic story: "When, drying her eyes, she [the heroine] turned and looked at me with a smile, those great violet orbs made my pulses leap" and "He [the villain] became livid, and uttered the hoarse growl of a tiger at bay. 'Who are you?' he cried, with a flash of fury in his bloodshot eyes. . . . And, grinding his teeth audibly, he left the room." But, in spite of the authenticity of a good deal that Cooke relates in the chapters that deal with the war—the pages of which are studded with asterisks referring to notes: "His words," "Historical," "A real incident"—these memoirs of Jackson and the other Southern generals and of the engagements that Cooke had taken part in seem almost as dreamlike as the imagined romance. In typical Southern fashion, Cooke had served under his own "kin," his cousin-in-law Jeb Stuart, whom he regarded as the "Flower of Cavaliers" and who is represented in "Surry" and in a biographical sketch Cooke did of him as the jolliest fellow in the world, performing prodigies of gallantry but always ready for a hearty laugh. He will not stand for drinking or swearing but he incurs the disapproval of one of the sterner generals by recruiting two well-known minstrels, who perform on the banjo and violin and whose presence or even the mention of whom will at once set Jeb Stuart's feet shuffling. The dashing Confederates in "Surry" are always

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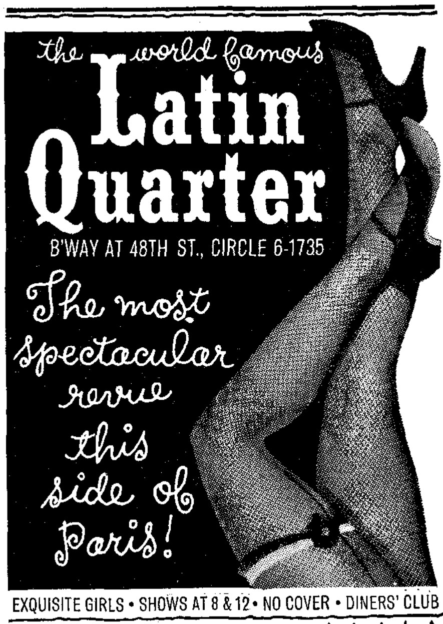
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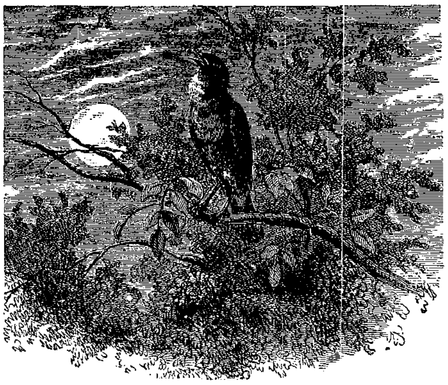
capturing federal wagons full of champagne and lobster salad, and feasting on them with roguish delight. When the hero is captured by McClellan—whom, apparently on account of his gentlemanliness, Cooke calls the greatest soldier on the Union side—he is hospitably received by the Northern general and converses with him at length in a scene which is a model of punctilious deportment. Surry, the narrator-hero, has a brother on the Union side—as Cooke had a West Point uncle—and they are always running into one another, fraternally embracing on the battlefield and talking about the family and the old plantation.

Nothing could contrast more strongly with the war world of Sherman's "Memoirs," yet the knightly companions of Cooke are present in Sherman's picture. "The enemy had no infantry nearer than the Tallahatchee bridge, but their cavalry was saucy and active, superior to ours, and I despaired of ever protecting a railroad, presenting a broad front of one hundred miles, from their dashes." And in Sherman's remarkable analysis of the elements that go to compose the Confederacy that is contained in his report to Halleck of September 17, 1863, he lists, "Fourth. The young bloods of the South: sons of planters, lawyers about towns, good billiard-players and sportsmen, men who never did work and never will. War suits them, and the rascals are brave, fine riders, bold to rashness, and dangerous subjects in every sense. They care not a sou for niggers, land, or anything. They hate Yankees, *per se*, and don't bother their brains about the past, present, or future. As long as they have good horses, plenty of forage, and an open country, they are happy. This is a larger class than most men suppose, and they are the most dangerous set of men that this war has turned loose upon the world. They are splendid riders, first-rate shots, and utterly reckless. Stuart, John Morgan, Forrest, and Jackson are the types and leaders of this class. These men must all be killed or employed by us before we can hope for peace."

Cooke had once been detailed in Maryland to search the house of a Union captain for United States Post Office money. This officer had taken to his bed and was ostensibly in violent pain, with his anxious wife at his bedside. A little daughter took Cooke through the house, and he was overcome with embarrassment at having to ransack feminine wardrobes. He began to suspect that the captain had the money



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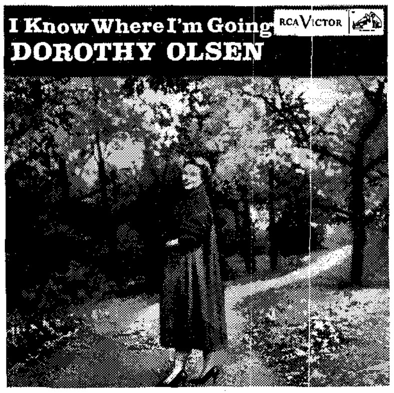

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hidden under his mattress and was playing at illness to protect it, but Cooke could not bring himself to make him move, and refused to search any more houses if the ladies objected to it. One can imagine the effect of the methods of Sherman—unexpected, outraging, implacable—on such a man as John Esten Cooke. It is not at all surprising to find him, after the war, protesting to George Cary Eggleston that fighting is "fit work for brutes and brutish men," and that he realizes that, in modern warfare, "where men are organized in masses and converted into insensate machines, there is nothing heroic or romantic or in any way calculated to appeal to the imagination."

Sherman occupied Atlanta two months; then, restless and eager for action, he set the city afire and started out on his march to Savannah. "Behind us," he writes of his morning of departure, in a lyrical mood uncommon with him, "lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in the air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city." The soldiers sang "John Brown's Body." "We turned our horses' heads to the east; Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became a thing of the past. Around it clings many a thought of desperate battle, of hope and fear, that now seem like the memory of a dream; and I have never seen the place since. The day was extremely beautiful, clear sunlight, with bracing air, and an unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds—a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest. Even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out to me as I worked my way past them, 'Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us in Richmond!' Indeed, the general sentiment was that we were marching for Richmond, and that there we should end the war, but how and when they seemed to care not; nor did they measure the distance, or count the cost in life, or bother their brains about the great rivers to be crossed, and the food required for man and beast, that had to be gathered by the way. There was a 'devil-may-care' feeling pervading officers and men, that made me feel the full load of responsibility, for success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this 'march' would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool." Though their foraging, he says, "was attended with great danger and hard work, there seemed to be a charm about it that attracted the

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soldiers. . . . No doubt, many acts of pillage, robbery, and violence were committed by these parties of foragers, usually called 'bummers;' for I have since heard of jewelry taken from women, and the plunder of articles that never reached the commissary; but these acts were exceptional and incidental. I never heard of any cases of murder and rape." But later, in South Carolina, he writes Grant that he "will burn the houses where the people burn their forage;" and he will threaten Hardee at Savannah that unless he surrenders the city, he, Sherman, will "feel justified in resorting to the harshest measures" and will "make little effort to restrain my army." He laughs when one of his generals speaks of a town called Barnwell as "Burnwell." "If the people raise a howl," he writes Halleck, "about my barbarity and cruelty, I will answer that war is war and not popularity-seeking. If they want peace, they and their relatives must stop the war." This is the Sherman of Matthew Brady's horrendous and bristling photograph taken just after the end of hostilities, to pose for which the General was still evidently unable to relax his fierce and obdurate frown or to subdue the almost animal hackles of his barber-proof red hair and beard.

In Grant's memoirs we are seldom permitted to look upon the dreadful results of carnage and devastation. Only, I think, upon one or two occasions does he mention the dead and wounded. They are among the things screened off, made invisible, by that abstract and over-all vision which seems otherwise so transparent. Sheridan, too, in his account of his battles, ignores the debris of the battlefield. It is said that he could not bear to look at a corpse, and it is only when he is later reporting the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, to which he had persuaded Grant to send him as an observer, that he surprises us by describing the results of the carnage and expressing the utmost horror at sights and smells which he seems hitherto to have ignored. But with Sherman the actualities are there with us all the time, together with his own personal attitude toward them, which mingles at moments with its grimness an expression of human regret or a brief note of admiration for the audacity of the enemy. He speaks of a "poor" farmer whom they had to rob of his cattle, of the "poor" starving mules whom he had had to have shot, of "poor Columbia," South Carolina, which he had not really meant to destroy. Before this occurred, it had been mentioned to him that there

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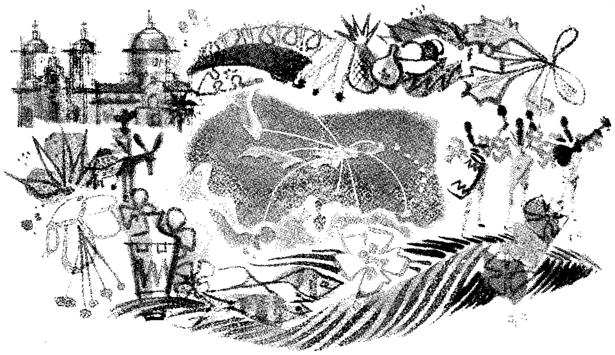

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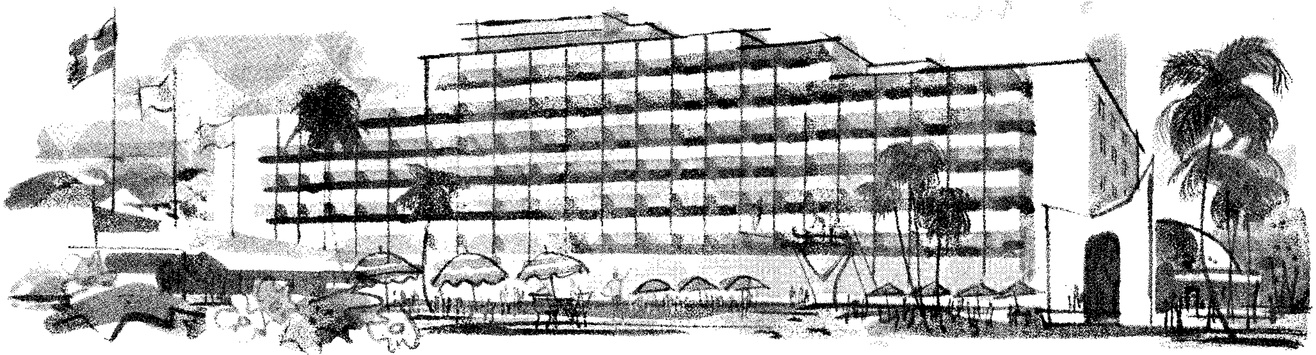

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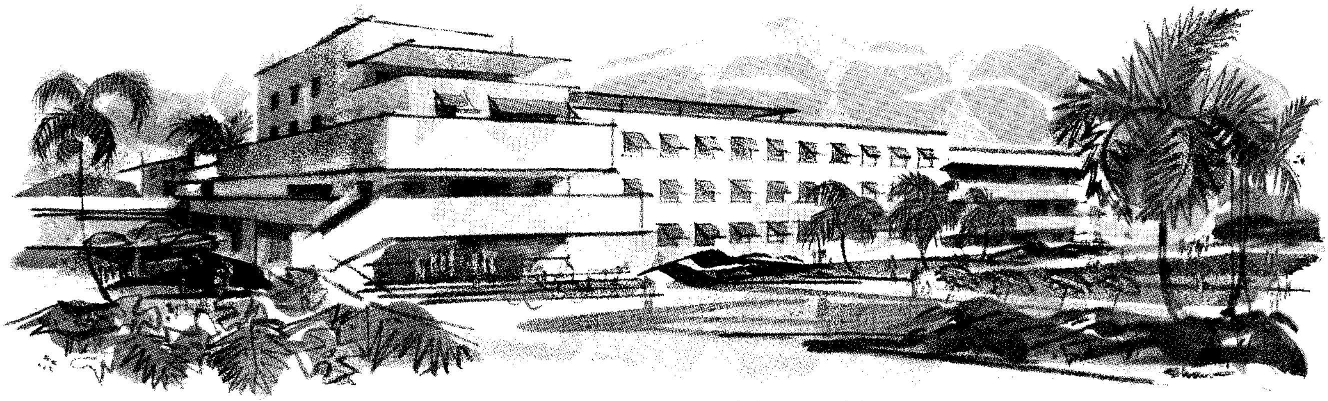

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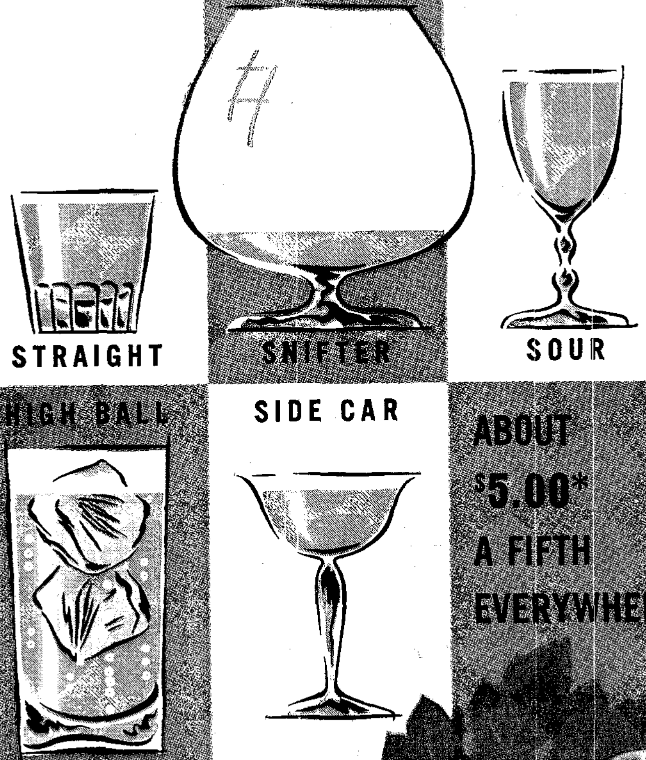
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was a lady in town who had known him, in the forties, when he had been stationed in South Carolina. He walked to her house and was rather surprised to discover that her chickens and ducks had not been carried off by his soldiers, and to find "a general air of peace and comfort that was really pleasant to behold at that time of universal desolation; the lady in question met us at the head of the steps and invited us into a parlor which was perfectly neat and well furnished." He inquired about her family and said that he was pleased to see "that our men had not handled her house and premises as roughly as was their wont. 'I owe it to you, general,' she answered. 'Not at all. I did not know you were here till a few minutes ago.' " She produced for him a treatise on water color that he had given her, with an inscription, in the days when they had both liked to paint. With this she had kept off the troops, who, says Sherman, "in five minutes more, would have rifled her premises of all that was good to eat or wear. I made her a long social visit, and, before leaving Columbia, gave her a half-tierce of rice and about one hundred pounds of ham from our own mess-stores."

Only rarely does he strike a false note—as when he castigates as "wanton mischief" the shelling of his troops by the enemy when the Federalists were encamped just outside Columbia, though he himself had been firing what he minimizes as "a few shells near the depot, to scare away the negroes who were appropriating the bags of corn and meal which we wanted" and "three shots at the unoccupied State-House," or when he becomes excessively indignant over the planting of "torpedoes" in his route. "This was not war, but murder, and it made me very angry. I immediately ordered a lot of rebel prisoners to be brought from the provost-guard, armed with picks and spades, and made them march in close order along the road, so as to explode their own torpedoes, or to discover and dig them up. They begged hard, but I reiterated the order, and I could hardly help laughing at their stepping so gingerly along the road, where it was supposed sunken torpedoes might explode at each step." It is noteworthy as showing the passionate reaction of Sherman to everything that happened that Sheridan, in telling of a similar incident—a mined road and Confederate prisoners made to dig out the torpedoes—is neither amused nor indignant.

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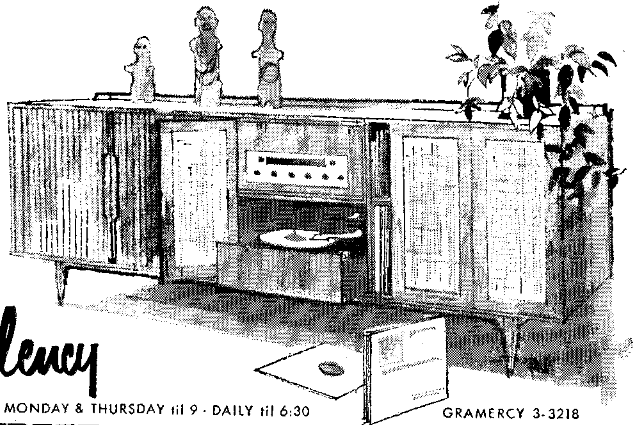

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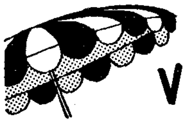

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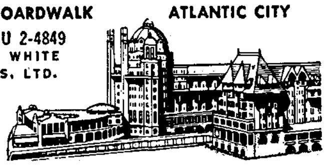

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brakes on his depredations. When Savannah readily surrendered, he of course confiscated its cotton, but he treated the inhabitants with leniency and even fed them out of his stores. The terror had been successful. Two of the Confederate generals entrusted their families to Sherman's protection. They knew very well, says Sherman, that the newspaper reports in Savannah had been wildly exaggerated.

When the Attila of the South had finally established himself in Goldsboro, North Carolina, in March, 1865—after a march, he says, even more arduous, from swampland, bad weather, and difficult rivers, than his progress from Atlanta to the sea—he and Grant had a conference with Lincoln at City Point, Virginia. Here Lincoln explained his policy of allowing liberal terms to the enemy—presumably along the lines that he was to lay down, on April 11th, in the last of his public addresses: state governments loyal to the Union were to be encouraged in the Southern states, and the vote for the present granted to only "the very intelligent" Negroes or to "those who serve our cause as soldiers."

The second part of this program was more congenial to Sherman than the proposal of the "Radical" Republicans to give the franchise to the Negroes indiscriminately, and though the first part, as we have seen, was contrary to Sherman's views in certain of his harsher moods, he was now having one of his revulsions in the direction of generous feeling. He was writing his wife that the suffering of the South would already be "beyond comprehension. People who talk of further retaliation and punishment, except of political leaders, either do not conceive the suffering endured already, or they are heartless or unfeeling;" and to Grant's right-hand man Rawlins: "The South is broken and ruined and appeals to our pity. To ride the people down with persecutions and military exactions would be like slashing away at the crew of a sinking ship." When General Joseph Johnston surrendered to Sherman a few days after Appomattox, the latter gave him a drink and, although they had not before met, they called one another "Joe" and "Cump," their nicknames from West Point days. Sherman offered the Confederates terms that included Union recognition of the governments of the ex-Confederate states when they should have taken the oath of loyalty, and the Union's guarantee of the Southerners' "political rights and franchises, as well as their rights of person and property" as citizens of the

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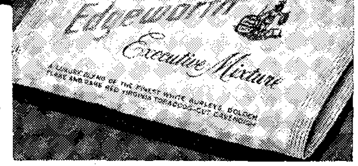
United States. He was assuming, as a result of his talk with Lincoln, that it would be only a question of the official formality of having this agreement approved by Washington, but in the meantime Lincoln had been murdered, and in the leaderless confusion that followed, these terms were overruled by Stanton, who attributed to Sherman dictatorial ambitions and seems even to have been fearing a *coup d'état.* He went to the length of arousing the press by publishing a garbled version of the peace terms proposed by Sherman and suggesting that the wrecker of Georgia had connived at letting Jefferson Davis escape with a considerable amount of gold. This charge was entirely false, but even if it had been true, it would not have been contrary to the desires of Lincoln—so far as Davis's escape was concerned—as he had intimated in one of his humorous parables in the course of the conference at City Point. Sherman, of course, was furious, and thereafter, during the period of the Reconstruction when the Republican Radicals in Congress were having it all their own way, found himself in the strange situation of having earned popularity in the South as its champion against federal oppression.

He had come to loathe the politicians and was never at home in Washington. Much shrewder than Grant in a worldly way and self-willed to the point of truculence, he managed to keep clear of the mess that developed, after Lincoln's death, as a result of the duel between Andrew Johnson and the Congress which tried to impeach him—a contest in which Stanton's retention of the office of Secretary of War was to become one of the principal issues. Grant found himself rather perplexed between the head of his department and the President, and Johnson made a desperate attempt to get Sherman to come to Washington and act as an intermediary. He wanted to promote him to the rank of Grant. Sherman flatly refused, explaining that during the years of the war he had spent, on an average, with his family only about thirteen days out of the three hundred and sixty-five and that he wanted to "make their acquaintance." When Grant became President in 1869, he made Sherman general-in-chief, but at the same time appointed as Secretary of War his guardian angel Rawlins, one of whose chief duties had been to stand between Grant and the bottle. The opinionated and obstinate Rawlins issued orders without consulting Sherman, but he died at the end of six



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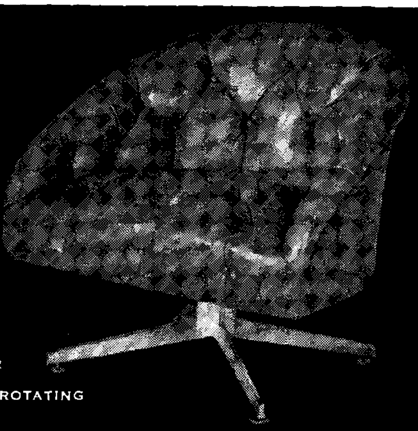

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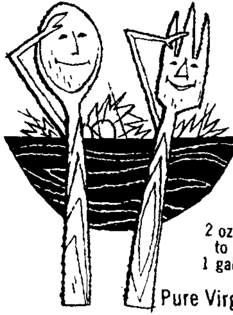

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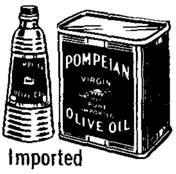

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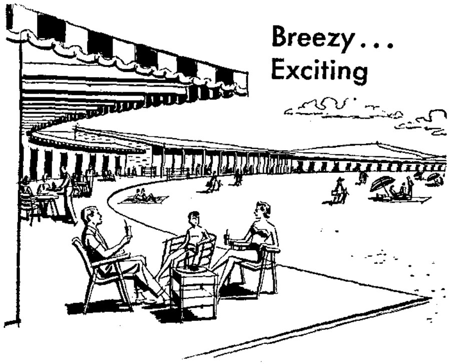

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months, and was succeeded, at Sherman's suggestion, by General W. W. Belknap, who constantly went over Sherman's head and gradually usurped his functions. Sherman protested to Grant, but got nowhere; then, accepting the situation with unusual equanimity, he indulged himself in a year abroad and on his return moved the headquarters of his department to St. Louis, where at his ease he discharged the routine of his office and worried as little as possible about what was going on in Washington. Belknap was forced to resign in March, 1876, as a result of having been exposed as a trafficker in sutlerships, and Sherman now agreed to return to Washington, "if assured of decent treatment." He retired in 1884, in the summer of which the heaviest kind of pressure was brought to bear by the Republican Party to compel him to run for President. Understanding himself and politics so much better than Grant had done, he emphatically wired the convention, "I will not accept if nominated and will not serve if elected."

ONE day, Sherman tells us, when, after the war, he was riding along Pennsylvania Avenue with Grant, his companion "inquired of me in a humorous way, 'Sherman, what special hobby do you intend to adopt?' I inquired what he meant, and he explained that all men had their special weakness or vanity, and that it was wiser to choose one's own than to leave the newspapers to affix one less acceptable, and that for his part he had chosen the 'horse,' so that when anyone tried to pump him he would turn the conversation to his 'horse.' I answered that I would stick to the 'theatre and balls,' for I was always fond of seeing young people happy, and did actually acquire a reputation for 'dancing,' though I had not attempted the waltz, or anything more than the ordinary cotillion, since the war."

If his dancing had somewhat lapsed, his passion for the theatre survived the war. At Nashville in 1863, when Sherman was visiting headquarters, he had persuaded Grant and two other generals to attend a performance of "Hamlet," at which they sat in the first row of the balcony. Sherman, as one of his companions reports, became "so indignant at the butchery of the play that he could not keep still" and kept making loud complaints. This caused so much embarrassment to the others, who were afraid that the audience of soldiers would recognize them and give them an ovation, that Grant, his superior of-

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ficer, was obliged to make him leave the theatre before the performance was over. Now, released from the war at last, Sherman thoroughly enjoyed his freedom and his prestige as a national character—though he developed an extreme antipathy to the war song "Marching Through Georgia," which so often greeted his appearance, and was heard to curse softly when, on one occasion, a chorus of Pullman porters, on a car in which he was travelling, tried to pay him a tribute by singing it. He loved attending Army reunions, constantly dined out, and was much in demand for after-dinner speeches. Even Chauncey Depew said of Sherman that he was "the readiest and the most original talker in the United States." He was pungent and unexpected. Typical is his answer to his critics in the preface to the second edition of his "Memoirs": "I am publishing my own memoirs, not *theirs*, and we all know that no three honest witnesses of a simple brawl can agree on all the details. How much more likely will be the difference in a great battle covering a vast space of broken ground, when each division, brigade, regiment, and even company, naturally and honestly believes that it was the focus of the whole affair! Each of them won the battle. None ever lost. That was the fate of the old man who unhappily commanded." Good also are his description of "military fame"—"to be killed on the field of battle and have our names spelled wrong in the newspapers"—and his program for visiting Europe—"Uncle Cump was travelling abroad," one of his nieces wrote, "and such an odd tour, not going first to England as was the custom, but first through the continent, then even to Egypt, saving England for the last, as he explained, so that he might be equal to those Englishmen when they mentioned their travels abroad." As was often the case with Westerners who had had the range of the early West, he liked to revisit those lands he had known when we were first invading them, and take account of what had happened since. St. Louis in the long run bored him, and he came to live in New York, where he frequented the Union League Club, chafed at dinners which were making him late for the theatre, and became one of the founders of the Players Club.

In only one important respect was Sherman's life in his later years sadly unsatisfactory: he did not fully realize his hope of establishing close relations with his family. One is struck, in reading his memoirs, by the relatively little

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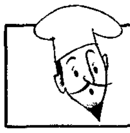

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amount of time that, even before the war, he seems actually to be living with his wife and children. They are always either just about to join him or have just been obliged to return to Lancaster, Ohio, the common birthplace of Ellen Sherman and Sherman. Their reunions were invariably fruitful—they had eight children through a period of many years—but one wonders about Ellen Sherman, and one can find one's curiosity gratified, or partially gratified, by the copiously documented biography "Sherman, Fighting Prophet," by the late Lloyd Lewis, to which I must also acknowledge my debt for much of my information not derived from Sherman's own book.

Ellen Sherman was the daughter of that Thomas Ewing, the senator and Cabinet member, who, at the time of his father's death, had made himself responsible for "Cump" and had taken him into his household. He had grown up with the Ewing children like sisters and brothers (while his mother still lived in the same block), and Cump had married Ellen at thirty. Mr. Lewis believes that her relations with Sherman were to remain always more or less sisterly. In some sense, she was perhaps not impressed by him in the way that his troops and the public were. She had been close to him from earliest childhood; she knew that he was rather erratic; she had seen him through his breakdown at the beginning of the war. Certainly their letters show that she did not allow herself to be very much influenced by him; her career was semi-independent. Her tendency seems always to have been—rather, one gathers, to Sherman's annoyance—to gravitate back to Lancaster, where her family were still living. Thomas Ewing, says Mr. Lewis, was as important to Ellen as her husband—she eventually, after his death, wrote a biography of him—and she was one of the few people closely associated with Sherman who never came under his domination. Thomas Ewing was a Presbyterian, but Ellen's mother had been Irish and a Catholic. Ellen had been brought up in her mother's religion, and her intensifying activities as a Catholic were to come more and more to constitute a barrier between herself and her husband. When at some point he had shown irritation with her for taking some Catholic line, she had protested, "Why Cump, why should you be surprised? You knew when you married me that I was a Catholic." "Of course I did," he replied, "but I didn't know that you would get worse every year." In the

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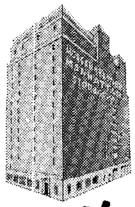

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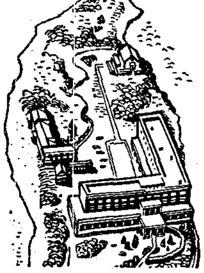

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teeth of the annoyance of Sherman, who could ill afford the extra expense but was unable to prevail against Ellen, she sent the children to parochial schools. During the war, she worked for Catholic charities, and her husband once wrote her objecting to her selling things at a bazaar—not, he said, on account of the Catholic auspices but because it was no role for a lady to serve customers behind a counter. When he discovered that she was bringing her influence to bear on General Dodge in St. Louis to set political prisoners free, Sherman wrote him, "You must not issue these orders and release these people simply because Mrs. Sherman requests you to do so. . . . I appreciate fully what you are doing, and why you do it, but, my dear general, you know you must cling to a soldier's duty." At the time when he was being urged to accept the Republican nomination for President, he gave as one of his reasons for refusing that Mrs. Sherman would keep the White House "full of priests." One of the tragedies of Sherman's life had been the loss of his eldest son. "He seemed," writes the father, "more than any of the children to take an interest in my special profession," but Willie had died at nine in Memphis of typhoid, in the autumn after the Vicksburg campaign. "Willie was, or thought he was," wrote his father, in reply to a letter of condolence on behalf of the Thirteenth Battalion, "a sergeant in the Thirteenth. I have seen his eye brighten, his heart beat, as he beheld the battalion under arms, and asked me if they were not *real* soldiers." And Sherman's plans, after the war, for a younger son were to be frustrated in a different way. "One day," reports a niece of Ellen's, "the General came in to dinner full of spirits, sparkling and happy. 'I was talking to Grant today,' he said. 'He's going to send Fred to such and such a preparatory school, and I'll have Tom go there, too, so Grant's boy and mine can be together. Later on, they can go to West Point together. That will be splendid. And Senator Blank wants Ellie and Rachel to go to such and such a school with his little girls. . . .' Aunt Ellen broke in: 'Cump, tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock Tom's going to Georgetown to the Jesuit College and tomorrow morning the girls are going to the Sisters' school around the corner—or tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock I'll take them all back to my father.' The General was terribly hurt, got up and left the table. He was mum for several days. But by the end of the week Aunt Ellen said he was reconciled to it and was helping Tom with his les-

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You might think the author of that paragraph was describing this decade if you didn't recognize the famous first sentence of Charles Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities," set in the time of the French Revolution.

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sons as though nothing had happened. He was tremendously loving with his family, very close to them and affectionate."

Tom later on graduated from law school, but then, to the bitter disappointment of his father, decided to enter the priesthood. "I can't get over Tom," said Sherman to a member of the family eleven years after this. "Why should they have taken my splendid boy? They could have brought over thirty priests from Italy in his place." He would not attend Tom's ordination. One sympathizes with Sherman in this, one is resentful at the triumph of Ellen; yet one guesses that there was something more than an accelerating Catholic fanaticism in her resolute and zealous devotion. She was perhaps trying to expiate a little the horrors and griefs of Georgia, and her son's recourse to the priesthood was perhaps the price paid by his father for the reckless elation of his march to the sea. In the interesting painting of Ellen Sherman by G. P. A. Healy, the cross that hangs on her bosom, unobtrusive though it is at first sight, becomes inevitably the center of the portrait.

Ellen died in 1888. When her husband was called to her bedside, he came running upstairs, calling out, "Wait for me, Ellen, no one ever loved you as I love you!" He fell immediately, after her death, into one of his terrible depressions and survived her little more than two years. He died in February, 1891; he had collapsed just after his seventy-first birthday, which he had spent in the room in which Ellen had died. He had been sitting in a rocking chair in front of the fire, rereading "Great Expectations."

—EDMUND WILSON

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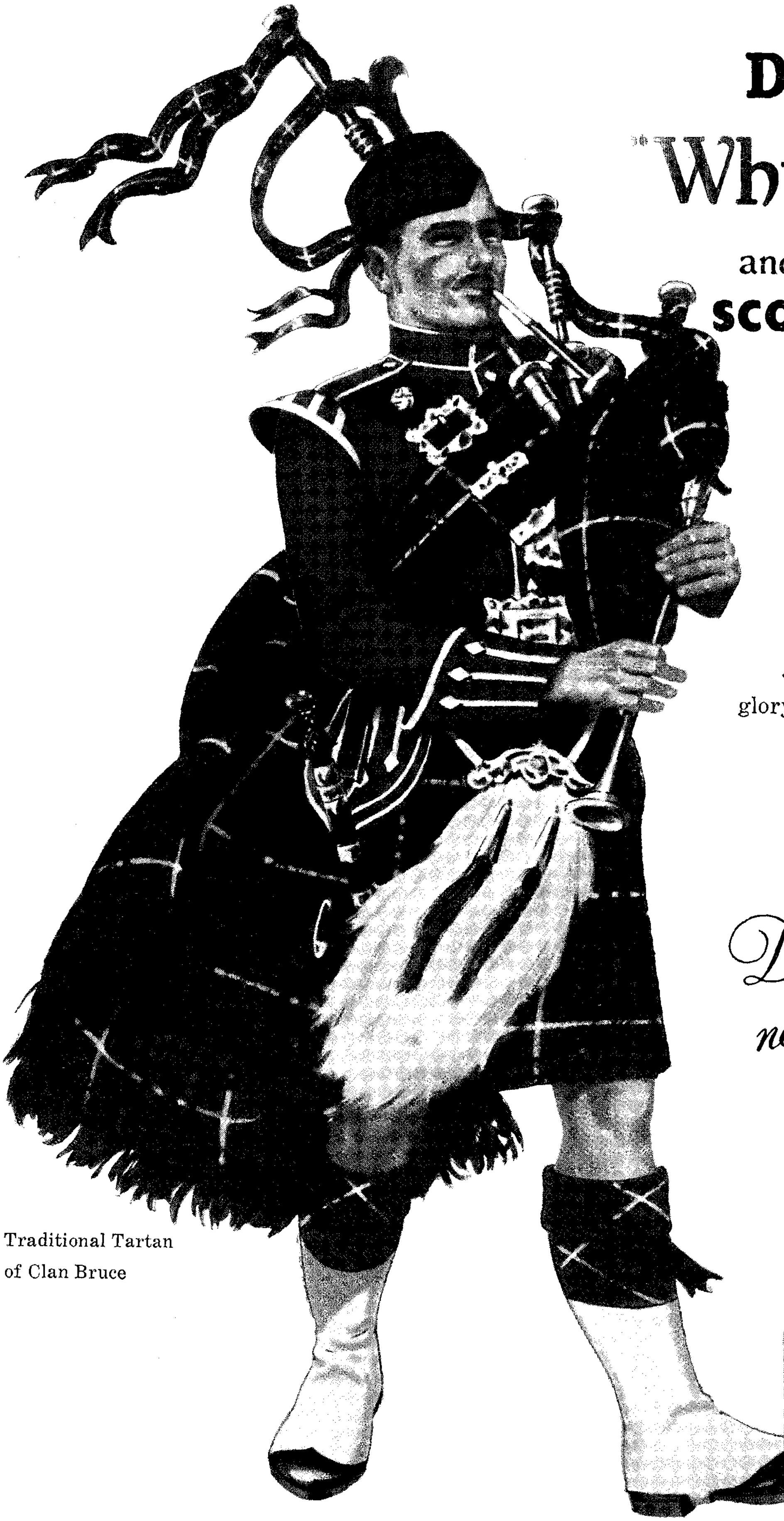

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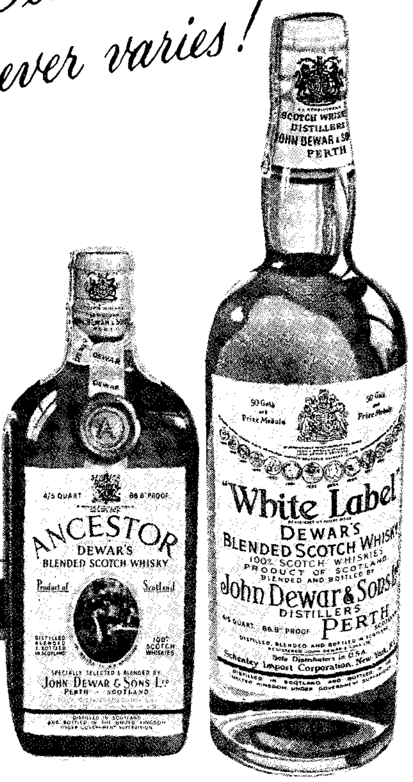
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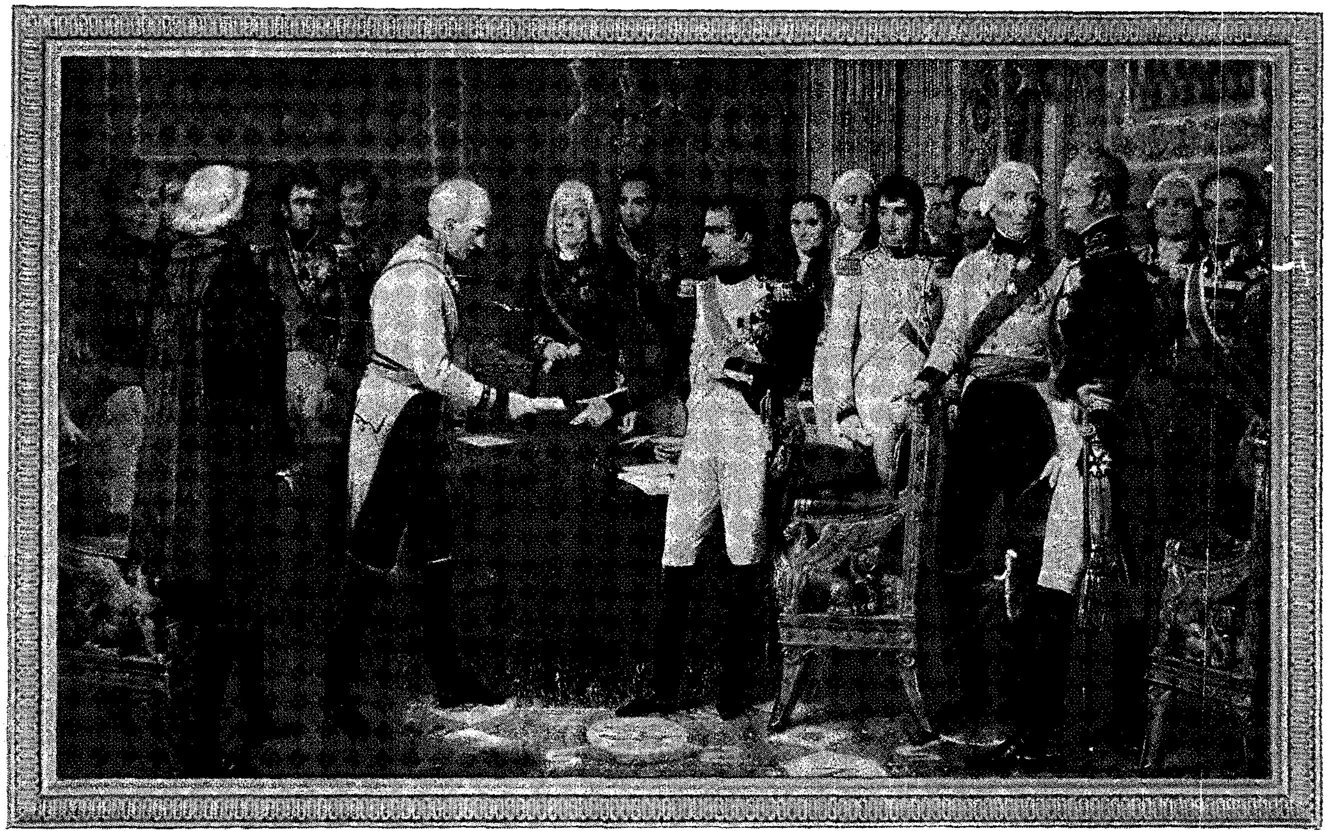

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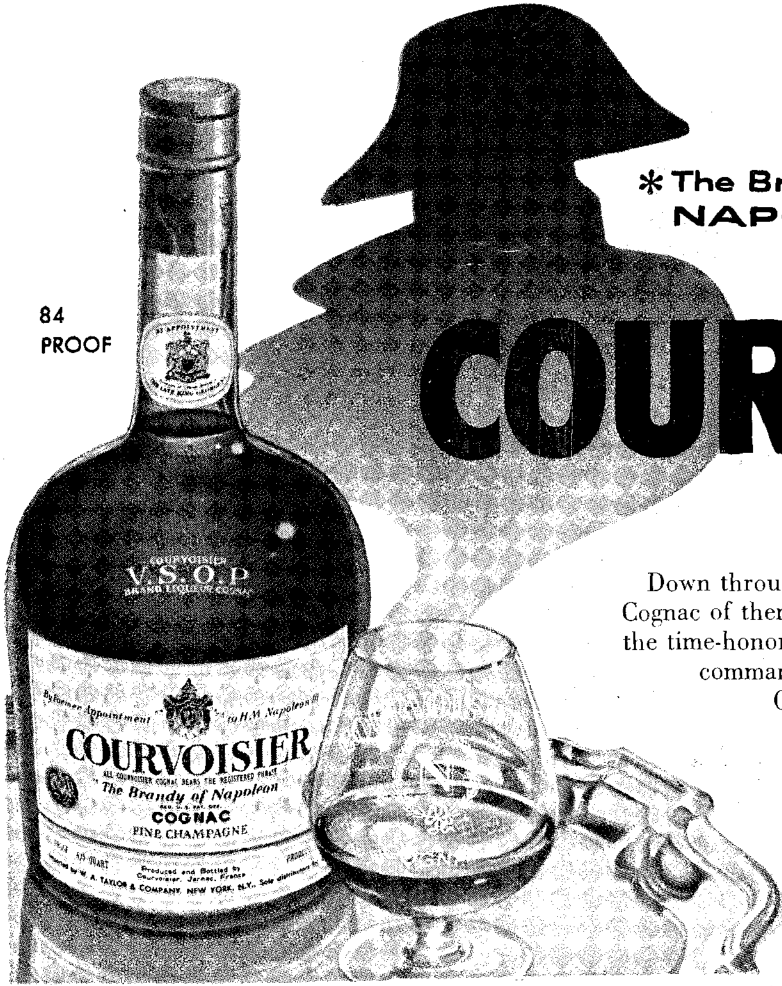

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